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WASHINGTON IRVING AT SUNNYSIDE, *act. c.* 71  
From a photograph of a picture taken on glass *c.* 1854.

# THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON IRVING

BY  
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PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH  
IN YALE UNIVERSITY

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## CHAPTER XVI

### AMATEUR DIPLOMAT

1829-1832

THE ENLISTMENT of the conservative Washington Irving as a lieutenant of the Jacksonian oligarchy has its humorous aspect. During his fourteen years' exile he had watched from afar the rise of the mighty forces in the West and South which culminated in this strident era of democracy, the twelve years, from 1829 to 1840, of the presidencies of Jackson and Van Buren. Yet, in 1829, he was not a Jackson man. He never liked, and never could like what Cooper called "the wine-discussing, trade-talking, dollar-dollar set"<sup>1</sup> of the New York demigods. Although his indirect association with politics through the Legation renewed his interest in American thought, an interest which was so evident in his youth and which was to draw him into disrepute during Van Buren's *régime*, his service to the government under Louis McLane derived from no specific party loyalty, but from other causes.

Chief of these was the identification of his family in America since 1800 with the commercial side of politics. Past were the days of his boyhood when the national leaders entered politics primarily for public service, honor, or power. Success in politics was now usually linked with success in trade. The question asked repeatedly of the Marquis of Lafayette on his visit to the country in 1824 was "What do you do for a living?" or "What was your father's business?"<sup>2</sup> The passion for money-getting now shaped permanently the trend of politics in America. In this development, from the time of William's service in Congress, as we have seen, Irving's middle-class family, merchants, had borne no inconsiderable part.<sup>3</sup> Of this very mixture of politics and influential business had been born Irving's appointment to the Legation in London. Indeed, a less detached person than this observer of manners might have scorned the distinction. But Irving's political convictions were less princi-

ples than tastes. The flower itself, this gentlemanly position at Court, was pleasant; to the soil from which it sprang he was indifferent.

Thus, through the connections of his lawyer brother, John Treat Irving,<sup>4</sup> and through his family's early association with the Van Burens, he became a member of a clique whose diplomatic policies were at variance with those of the preceding administration of Adams, with which by temperament he had been far more in sympathy. His present situation rested, in fact, upon the favor of that farmer-tavern-keeper's son, Martin Van Buren. John Randolph thought Van Buren poorly informed,<sup>5</sup> but the future president was able, fond of subtle stratagem; he was in truth the "Little Magician" in his management both of parties and of his devoted Andrew Jackson. He now dictated, through the President, the diplomatic policies of Louis McLane, boldly cutting through the ceremonials of Great Britain to arrive unofficially at an agreement concerning the perplexing issue of the West Indian carrying trade.<sup>6</sup>

McLane himself, in whose affairs Irving was to be entangled for years, was no weakling. He had already been mentioned as a candidate for the presidency of the United States, though he was to be outwitted by this shrewd fellow of Kinderhook. Three years Irving's junior, McLane had served ten years in Congress and two in the Senate.<sup>7</sup> Extremely ambitious, he had professed that his assignment to England had embarrassed him,<sup>8</sup> but at the time of Irving's arrival from Spain, he saw clearly possibilities for himself through a successful realization of Van Buren's reversal of the Adams policy in respect to the West Indian trade.<sup>9</sup> What he could not foresee was his recall in 1831 to be Secretary of the Treasury, and the consequences of Van Buren's arrival in England as an appointee to his own post.

Into these undercurrents, in which struggled more ambitious and more jealous men than himself, was plunged the loiterer of the Alhambra. How his friendships with both Van Buren and McLane eventually suffered we shall see.<sup>10</sup> At the moment he liked McLane, not comprehending until later the intense emulation in the character of his superior; just now he would have been shocked at Jackson's statement that McLane was always as much Van Buren's friend as "it was his nature to be the friend of anybody."<sup>11</sup> In November, 1829, Irving's fears were all for the difficult business in hand. He must aid McLane in settling forever, if possible, the question of the West Indian commerce.

This was an old wound. In 1829, England still continued her

venerable custom of exploiting relations with her colonies for the sole benefit of her own traders. Since 1818 the warfare of diplomatic retaliation had dragged on, by sealing American ports to British vessels sailing from places closed to American ships, by forbidding exportation to the West Indies of American products in British bottoms, and by competing penny for penny with British imposts. A crisis had come on July 5, 1825, when Parliament conceded Americans the same rights in the West Indies which were accorded English ships in American waters, *if* America accepted this offer within a year. This Congress was unable to do, partly because of hostility to the administration, partly because of the popular passion for protection. Albert Gallatin then went to London in behalf of American rights, but accomplished nothing. The policy of the New England Adams was characteristic; he would convince England of her folly. All this Van Buren and McLane now aimed to alter. The present government, they asserted, admitted the justice of Britain's claims and the error of America in not acceding to the offer of 1825. Unorthodox but practical, Jackson, Van Buren, and McLane urged friendly negotiations based on a change in American opinion.<sup>13</sup> With this problem and with its innumerable ramifications in European and American politics, the new Secretary was concerned.

Settling himself in his lodgings<sup>14</sup> he strove to forget the Court of Lindaraxa. By modern standards, it would seem that the most callow undersecretary in the diplomatic service was better trained for this intricate occupation than Washington Irving. At first, he himself underrated both his natural capacity and the demands of his new position, conceding that he was a mere experimenter,<sup>14</sup> but declaring that he would perform its duties in the intervals of finishing *The Alhambra*. His predicament was the result, he thought, not of his own ambitions but of the devotion of his friends. Let them not expect too much! Yet the keen Van Buren had not judged amiss; Irving was not ill-suited to his post. In Paris, Dresden, and Madrid he had listened intelligently to the barracks-room talk of some seasoned diplomats. From his official connection with the American Legation at Madrid, he was familiar with the routine of petty claims and adjustments which comprised the apprenticeship of a green *attaché*.

His standing, moreover, in this subtle business of wooing British good will, was not injured by his acceptability in the best circles of London society. His literary fame was a powerful asset. Even if he were a kind of demi-savage; even if his books lacked mascu-

linity; even if, because of the new laurels for Cooper, Bryant, and others, he was no longer the only distinguished American author; his name, nevertheless, was a talisman whenever McLane sent him on a mission. Everyone knew him; were not his writings identified with conservative English traditions? And now all the "Somebodys," to echo the sneering word of an English critic, questioned him respectfully concerning Spain.<sup>15</sup> He was forty-six years old. Portraits of him seem to reflect his greater maturity as well as the kindliness and tact which had always been his.<sup>16</sup> Van Buren, on arrival, was amazed at his *protégé's* popularity.<sup>17</sup> In Louis McLane's Chandos Street castle, beleaguered by anti-American prejudices, he was a stout and a placating ally. The humdrum tasks of signing passports and caring for the ills of destitute seamen he managed adroitly.<sup>18</sup> Alvan Stewart, counselor-at-law of the New York bar, who had been reading *The Sketch Book* during his long voyage to London, saw him at the Legation; thought him very gracious and in appearance very youthful for an author of some thirty years' standing;<sup>19</sup> was, in fact, proud of his representing America.

Nor was he merely an urbane underling. McLane's ambitions far outstripped his strength; he was tormented by an illness which ultimately left Irving in full charge of the Legation; after a training of eighteen months the latter was acting *Chargé d'Affaires*, responsible for this most vital of American diplomatic centers.<sup>20</sup> During his first months of service he wrote numerous letters for his "principal," as Moore called McLane,<sup>21</sup> to Earl Aberdeen, to Wellington, and to Van Buren, Secretary of State.<sup>22</sup> McLane's sickness not only drenched him with more correspondence but burdened him with actual decisions concerning his country's affairs. They form an interesting budget of letters, these communications of McLane and Irving to Washington. They reflect the struggle of our fifty-three-year-old republic to maintain its dignity in a country which remembered too distinctly the War of 1812 and watched the growth of the gawky federation across the Atlantic with suspicion. The Legation was in the midst of severe trials: the puzzling Canadian question, the West Indian issue, and the mutual distrust of England and the United States. It must be remembered that the latter was not a world power but still a growing child.<sup>23</sup> Even the carrying trade of the West Indies might well come last among English agenda which included what Irving called "this grand though terrible drama"<sup>24</sup> of the Reform Bill, with its implications about the time-honored government of England. Indeed, Irving came to understand how this question of the West Indies, which

to self-centered Americans seemed the issue of the ages, took on a different perspective in England in competition with internal warfare and international questions affecting Russia, France, Holland, and other Continental nations.

In any case, Irving soon found himself paying heavily in time and effort for his moderate salary of two thousand dollars.<sup>25</sup> As early as October 6, 1829, he had discovered that life in Chandos Street was "a complete interruption to all his literary avocations"<sup>26</sup> and that it would "require a great sacrifice of pecuniary advantages."<sup>27</sup> He even contemplated desertion, but feared, apparently, the family ire and concluded to go through with it: "I am willing," he said, "to give it a fair trial, for the satisfaction of my friends."<sup>28</sup> Soon, in spite of misgivings, he caught McLane's enthusiasm. Six weeks after his arrival he was deep in what he called "a delicate, a difficult & a laborious task."<sup>29</sup> He felt the challenge to subdue this eternal British negligence in a matter of such importance to his country. A patriotism such as he had not felt since 1814<sup>30</sup> surged up in him, and he found to his amusement that he was combating in his new rôle the very customs which had served him in *Bracebridge Hall*.<sup>31</sup>

He now denounced the English mania for field sports: "Every English gentleman who has an estate in the country or has access to that of a friend, makes a point of absenting himself as much as possible from town, to enjoy the hunting and shooting."<sup>32</sup> This could not, he was sure, be accidental. It was rather the "total unwillingness of the cabinet to enter into any negotiation upon the leading object of the mission, the arrangement of the West India trade. I really believe it was the previous determination of ministers to avoid any negotiation of the kind."<sup>33</sup> He was indeed jolted out of his sentimental theories of transatlantic brotherhood and stung by the real enmity of Englishmen toward America, and he was at pains to study causes — jealousy, perhaps, and contempt for the lost colonies, but also reasonable anger at American bigotry's response to the Act of 1825. These factors, he said,

and the tariff laws, have caused a general irritation in the country, and a belief in our national animosity to Great Britain which are shared both by statesmen and by the community at large. The cabinet, too, had some distrust as to the temper of our present administration and as to the real policy intended to be adopted by Genl Jackson; having been much crossed [?] in their opinions respecting the President by the misrepresentations poured [?] out by our public papers during the late election.<sup>34</sup>



Thus the essayist saw his dilettante fears in "English Writers on America" <sup>85</sup> realized a hundredfold. This was to be no child's play, this service of his country.

McLane's first objective was to extirpate or modify such rancor. At the time of Irving's appearance on the scene, the Minister's great fear was that the Legation would never reach the stage of formal negotiation. Yet, after some months of their new, informal policy he and Irving were both more at ease. The latter, in particular, was certain that the very willingness to discuss dangerous topics had cleared the air of some misunderstanding :

The conduct and language of ministers convey [?] it. Their whole tone is changed ; they are convinced of the sincerity of our profession & the soundness of our arguments, and there appears to be a real disposition in the cabinet to arrange the trade on a basis of mutual accommodation and advantage. <sup>86</sup>

It was a beginning, but a beginning only. The crux of the matter was the mutual exclusion of vessels of both countries from West Indian and American ports. Yet if this were suddenly ended, there would ensue heavy losses to Canadian capitalists who, because of these laws, had engaged in enterprises in the West Indies. <sup>87</sup> These merchants and shippers, by no means eager for a destructive change in rates, were now, in Irving's opinion, the real bars to negotiation. These

beset the ministry with their clamours and fill the newspapers with their remonstrances against any change in the present system. They declare that the gov [ernment] stands pledged through Mr. Canning, to continue the present course of trade. . . . The busy intrigues, the incessant misrepresentations and remonstrances of these men have completely embarrassed the ministry, and I am convinced are the real causes that prevent an immediate accommodation of the matters in dispute. <sup>88</sup>

In April, 1830, McLane offered a suggestion, in which Irving almost certainly had a part, that an Act of Congress would be pertinent, conceding rights to British ships as soon as England offered similar privileges. <sup>89</sup> With admiration for McLane and amusement at the surprise of the "haughty and somewhat supercilious court," <sup>90</sup> Irving waited for the next move.

They have not [he wrote] been able to reply to it, otherwise than by declaring a disposition and intention to accept it ultimately, and enter into an amicable arrangement of the trade. Still they are anxious to gain time, and most earnestly entreat that they may not be pressed

and hurried. They avow that there are circumstances which they cannot explain, operating to render it inexpedient at this moment to comply with our propositions, though they acknowledge that they must ultimately do so.<sup>41</sup>

The plan was conveyed to Van Buren on April 6, 1830, and within two months this Act of Congress was passed. After applause in London and the removal of British restrictions on October 5, 1830, Jackson was able to proclaim free intercourse with the islands,<sup>42</sup> and on November 6, some thirteen months after his arrival at the Legation, Irving could write Verplanck: "By the Present Packet we forwarded a Copy of the Order in Council passed yesterday re-opening the West India Ports to our Shipping. Thus the long Struggle is crowned with success."<sup>43</sup>

McLane's work as head of the Legation was now done, but he remained in London until halfway through the following year,<sup>44</sup> when he was recalled to become Secretary of the Treasury. In August, 1831, Van Buren sailed for England, to become his successor. What doubtful political maneuver lay behind this interchange and the appointment of McLane to a post for which he was unfitted,<sup>45</sup> is unknown, though its results for Van Buren were so favorable as to make suspicion pardonable.<sup>46</sup> The immediate consequence of Van Buren's appointment was, as we shall see, a necessary ending to Irving's tenure of office in the Legation.<sup>47</sup> For the time being, however, we should study his behavior as the virtual head of the Legation from June 22, 1831, to April 1, 1832;<sup>48</sup> for he was not, as the general impression runs, merely a decorative substitute for McLane. He had endured indeed a rigorous discipline while McLane lay abed, and, apart from trivial services for Van Buren in the matter of books, and the importation from Seville of wines for McLane and his nine domestics,<sup>49</sup> his official life had been wholly devoted to pressing questions of diplomatic procedure.

He was thus quite capable, after McLane's departure, of directing American affairs in Great Britain, and though his official dispatches during these last nine months in England suggest the same mastery of Anglo-American issues, he now wrote less of West Indian trade than of the new *régime* in France or of the smouldering war between Holland and Belgium, and even more in detail of the Reform Bill. He became naturally the informant of his government on events with which, from long residence abroad, he was better acquainted than with the local American issues. Indeed, his ignorance of these had made his work on the West Indian question difficult. He seemed, in fact, to a New York visitor "quite lost as

regards the distinctions and *principles*" of the American political parties, inquiring concerning the "federal" group, and asking who was now editor of the *New York Evening Post*!<sup>60</sup>

Of European events and intrigues, on the other hand, Irving had always been an intelligent observer, and he now laid up treasures of knowledge and judgment on which he was to draw effectively when he became Minister to Spain. He lacked, of course, the historian's perspective and the statesman's vision, but he could comprehend and could comment penetratingly upon issues of the moment, as now in his allusions to the policies of President Jackson. His sight long ago of Nelson's fleet at Messina had meant to him romance, but even then he had also followed closely the events which culminated at Trafalgar.<sup>61</sup> In Paris he had known Canning, and with Leslie he had discussed the meaning of the coronation of George IV. During Irving's stay on the Continent the Tory ministry of Liverpool had become increasingly tolerant, and had been followed by the Liberal Tory *régimes* of Canning and Goderich.<sup>62</sup> Irving's association with the Legation was during the mid-course of the ministry of Wellington, a Tory ministry compelled to introduce more generous reforms than those offered under Canning. From a distance he had watched the policies of Canning and of Huskisson and had noted the conciliations of Peel; now in this training school in Cavendish Square he became Peel's friend,<sup>63</sup> and in 1829 studied the reforms which were already the result of this statesman's initiative.

It was a broadening experience. Not since Burr's trial or his service with Daniel Tompkins had he become so immersed in the stream of things. He knew Huskisson, and described his death in a letter to McLane.<sup>64</sup> He watched Daniel O'Connell wring his concessions from Wellington's ministry; he saw this ministry totter and fall, giving place to the Whig ministry of Lord Grey; and in this year (1830) he shared England's excitement as the bitter struggle for parliamentary reform reached its climax. He hardly took sides; he was no agonized Carlyle; it was a spectacle, but a spectacle in which he now had a part. In his scouring of England for literary materials, he had seen her distresses, though he would not dignify *The Sketch Book* or *Bracebridge Hall* by describing them.<sup>65</sup> For his seeming indifference, he had been scalded by the democratic reviews; still he would not sink his essays by an analysis of poor-laws.

Yet his comprehension of the bad times in Birmingham, of the despair in the countryside, of the forebodings of the middle class, of which he himself was really a member, now came out in his official

writings on the Reform Bill. Viewed from this angle, Squire Bracebridge's laments about the decay of the old order reflect dimly the changes that were rocking England,<sup>56</sup> though the essays have slight connection with, say, the Birmingham Political Union's attack on the "rotten boroughs." Irving, because of preconceptions and lack of humanitarian principles, could never, like an Ebenezer Elliott, make this turmoil the subject of literature, but he now studied and discussed the power of English middle-class opinion, which was creating, through Lord John Russell (another friend of his) and others, the sweeping redistribution of seats and the ten-pound household franchise. On these matters he talked not only with Wellington, to whom he introduced Moore, but with the Canningites, with Lord Melbourne, and with Lord Palmerston.<sup>57</sup> Irving sailed for America before the final consummation of the Reform Bill, but he was in charge of the American Legation during its hottest battles. Deeply interested, he read widely in the writings of leaders on both sides, including William Cobbett, whose style he has been accused of imitating.<sup>58</sup>

Even as an obscure part of the vast literature on English political life about the year 1830, this correspondence, long buried in embassies and state departments, of our amateur diplomat is an engrossing record. Irving's first official dispatch as acting *Chargé d'Affaires* described his visit to Parliament to hear the King's speech from the throne.<sup>59</sup> In each house he attended the debates on the reform question, and noted "the great irritability which exists in both parties, and which, I am told, is quite unexampled in political life in this country."<sup>60</sup> On July 22, 1831, he pictured vividly to Edward Livingston, now Secretary of State, the fierceness of the opposition and the efforts of the Ministers to purchase support for their plans.<sup>61</sup> He commented on the device of creating new peers and on the turbulence of the political societies in the large manufacturing towns: "It is even surmised that tumultuous assemblages of the populace will beset the Lords on their way to Westminster Hall, to deter them from opposition to the bill."<sup>62</sup> Calling on Lord John Russell, he found him almost overcome by perplexity and fatigue. Irving was excited; told McLane that in such a crisis there was little time for American follies.<sup>63</sup>

These same letters to Livingston and McLane, who in June, 1831, dropped out of the fray, include also lucid summaries of the unrest on the Continent.<sup>64</sup> One point of the treaties of 1815 had been the restoration of the House of Orange, friendly toward England, and the union of Belgium with the Kingdom of the Netherlands.

Curious about the attitude of France toward this issue, Irving made, in August, 1830, a hasty journey to Paris, where he witnessed the coronation of Louis Philippe, who was subsequently to become his personal friend.<sup>66</sup> Irving now welcomed the cheerfulness of Paris over this bloodless victory for democracy; and he waited with interest for the inevitable sequel. This was the revolt of Belgium from her association with Holland. Such defection might well involve England and so, more remotely, America, and Irving sent off a batch of letters to Washington.<sup>67</sup> The Ministry of England regarded the breach of the treaties of 1815 less angrily than did certain other powers, but had no longing for a Belgium entirely dominated by France. To counteract this fond wish of French chauvinists, England hoped for opposition from the new "citizen king," but the situation was delicate.

*Concerning this and succeeding crises Irving wrote voluminously,*<sup>68</sup> describing the happy outcome, from the English point of view, in the emergence of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg as King of the Belgians. He was the intimate of the English Ministers and the uncle of the future Queen Victoria. Once more Irving could assure his government that there would be no war merely because of "a windy explosion in the Low Countries,"<sup>69</sup> an explosion which might have thrown all Europe into armed camps and thus have inflamed in America the powerful and mutually hostile English and French factions. All these plottings of principalities contrive to present the talents of our wanderer in a new and singularly fresh light, as, with deft hand, he paints the character of Leopold, analyzes the intrigues of the French, maps out the maneuverings of the Dutch, and depicts the fears of the English until the final mollification of "the vaporey Belgian and pugnacious Dutchman."<sup>70</sup> Whether of Boabdil or of Leopold, he could tell the story of an exciting day.

Nay, he could do more. He could manage for the Legation the business of such a day. His secretaryship had demonstrated, really for the first time, his aptitude for practical diplomatic affairs; this ability was to crown his life, a decade later, with its greatest honor, his appointment as Minister to the court of Isabella II of Spain. On this new road he walked, this idler, this writer of essays, with sure footing, perhaps to his own surprise and certainly to the amazement of his fellow countrymen. Direct from the enervating gardens of the Alhambra, he had become more than McLane's right-hand man. John Randolph, for example, was here, as eccentric as ever, and Irving wrote a confidential letter to the English Ministry concern-

ing the Virginian's "fantastic tricks."<sup>70</sup> As well as a tactful clerk in the Legation he was a discerning student of personalities and politics and even a modest influence in English diplomatic circles. His elation was pardonable; for the moment he had put down his fears of life in the busy world. So it always was. Action exorcised his diffidence and rejoiced him: "What," he cried, "a stirring moment it is to live in. I never took such intense interest in news papers. It seems to me as if life were breaking out anew with me, or that I were entering upon quite a new and almost unknown career of existence."<sup>71</sup>

Apart from his own satisfaction, the best testimony to Irving's success is in the applause of his colleagues and superiors. What did they think of him in his new character? In the ledgers of state departments one may search in vain for more than formal, meaningless compliments between these ministers and *attachés* of the past. But if Irving won the respect of McLane and Van Buren in confidential letters, his ability may rest beyond contradiction. This he did. McLane urged him persistently, when Irving obdurately refused to remain as Secretary in London, to accept a post at Naples,<sup>72</sup> and even in 1832 Van Buren recommended him to President Jackson as the one desirable incumbent for the Legation at Madrid. Indeed, Van Buren's cool and reliable opinion must at this juncture enlarge our conception of Washington Irving. For on the question of retaining him in the service, Van Buren was eloquent.<sup>73</sup> Nor was he, clear-headed judge of men, misled by the intimacy which had thriven in the Legation in 1831 and in his tour with Irving through England. For he, too, had originally shared Jackson's impression that Irving's "literary composition [?] had given his mind a turn [?] unfavourable to practical business pursuits."<sup>74</sup> He had been, he now told Jackson earnestly, altogether mistaken: "I think it," he said, "but just to correct the error. So far from it I have been both disappointed and pleased, to find in him not only great capacity but an active [?] and untiring disposition for the prompt and successful discharge of business."<sup>75</sup> It is enough. In the eyes of severe judges Irving was now more than the literary idler.

The extent of Van Buren's confidence in Irving appears in the bit of drama, already mentioned, enacted shortly before the latter's return to America. This incident we must momentarily anticipate before considering other aspects of Irving's life in London between 1829 and 1832. Allusion has also been made to the circumstances of McLane's recall. It may be wondered whether Van Buren and Jackson were ever quite sure of McLane, with his personal am-

bitions and his incurable leanings toward Federalism.<sup>76</sup> As Van Buren departed to take up McLane's duties, the old General bade him an affectionate farewell:

Had I you [said he] in the state department, and Eaton<sup>77</sup> in the war, with the others filled as they are, it would be one of the strongest and happiest administrations that could be formed. We could controule the little federalist leaven, in that high-minded, honorable, and talented friend of ours, Mr. McLane.<sup>78</sup>

Now the "talented friend" was in Washington, and Van Buren had arrived in London,<sup>79</sup> mighty enough to flourish, in spite of his friends' apprehensions, even when absent from the White House. He hoped also, presumably, by separating from the President, to diminish the well-founded gossip of his opponents that he was the manipulator of Jackson.<sup>80</sup> Yet, whatever his or Jackson's or McLane's ulterior purposes in this exchange, Van Buren now had the turn of luck which makes kings or presidents.

For in February, while suffering from a slight indisposition, he heard the news that his myopic opponents had blocked in the Senate the confirmation of his appointment.<sup>81</sup> He hastily rose and at the breakfast table sought out Irving, whom he found reading this very announcement in the journals, disturbed, but thoughtful, too, for that this affront meant the ruin of Van Buren was by no means a certain inference. Van Buren bore in his hand the letter inviting him to attend, as Minister of the United States, at the King's drawing-room. "Shall I go?" he asked Irving. His friend urged it; he must appear, even at the cost of misinterpretation and embarrassment,<sup>82</sup> even though Van Buren was dead officially. It was agreed, and at that moment Irving prophesied that the news really guaranteed Van Buren's election to the presidency.<sup>83</sup> It was so. If the Senate had allowed Van Buren to remain in England, it is more than possible that McLane would have been Jackson's running mate in 1832;<sup>84</sup> Van Buren's return to America did McLane no good.<sup>85</sup> But, more to the point, which Irving now stressed, Van Buren became, at the instant of his rejection, a political martyr. Jackson at once determined that he should preside over the body which had cast him off.<sup>86</sup> In 1832 he was elected Vice-President, and four years later President of the United States. Irving himself was not done with this political drama, in which Van Buren and McLane were really rivals. Its concluding scenes he was to share in America.<sup>87</sup>

Irving's sound status in London's political world now lent to his unofficial life stability. During his residence here seven years earlier

he had had no occupation, and his literary reputation was still a novelty. Now he was "Mr. Irving of the American Legation" and a writer whose work, apart from eulogies of *The Sketch Book* and abuses of *Tales of a Traveller*, was an integral part of contemporary literature. The reviews had ceased to dub him either the sensation of the age, the polished, feather-crowned savage, or, on the other hand, the cheapest of story-tellers. His place in letters, like his salary at the Legation, was not extravagant, but secure. This could be attributed not merely to the new Spanish histories, but rather to the general republication of all his writings, even on the Continent. In France, Germany, and Spain, translations had multiplied.<sup>88</sup> No American literary name save Cooper's was so widely known throughout Europe.

With his feet on solid earth, it mattered less to him that occasionally he was still damned in America as a "toad-eater, a sycophant, a courtier," and as "an alien to his country,"<sup>89</sup> and that there, and in England and in France, too, reviewers still made the most of his ancient faults—mildness and want of substance.<sup>90</sup> The *Revue Encyclopédique* in 1831 scoffed at him as the essayist who had extracted the utmost possible "d'un petit talent et d'un petit esprit."<sup>91</sup> Yet, in his stirring life in the diplomatic world, he put up with these buzzings. He knew, also, that in America he was toasted in all seriousness as "the pride of American literature"<sup>92</sup> and that in England it was customary to summarize his achievements almost with affection. The *Edinburgh Review*, though conceding that he was an imitator, continued to assert that he was undeniably a lover of England: "He brought us *rifacimientos* of our own thoughts—copies of our favourite authors: we saw our self-admiration reflected in an accomplished stranger's eyes; and the lover received from his mistress, the British public, her most envied favours."<sup>93</sup>

This was the burden of the critics—the *weight* of his reputation. When the *Maclise Portrait-Gallery* pictured him in longtailed coat, thoughtful in mien, hand under chin, it spoke of him as the author "who is so certain of enjoying in the future a definite and permanent rank among English classical writers. He is an elegant essayist, a refined humorist, a picturesque historian, and a graphic biographer."<sup>94</sup> *Fraser's Magazine* perhaps defined best the contrast in the reputation of the Geoffrey Crayon of 1819 and that of this substantial citizen of 1829:

Mr. Washington Irving came early in life among us, and has made himself a welcome denizen in our realm of literature. While he was yet a fresh importation, all the town were agog after him, as though



he were a gentle monster brought over for a nine days' wonder from some "Far off island in the western main."<sup>96</sup>

But now, *Fraser's* declared,

from being a nine days' wonder . . . Mr. Irving has very justly settled into the pride of Transatlantic authorship, and a standard writer among British men of genius. . . . Whether his genius lead him to expatriate further upon the exploits of the Zegris and Abencerrages, or take wings to survey new objects across the Atlantic and Alleghany heights, the literary labours of Washington Irving will always find a ready way to the understandings and hearts of Englishmen.<sup>98</sup>

Sentimental but, on the whole, true, this; more his own sensitive pride could not have desired. He felt his safety, too, in the regard of his fellow writers. Mary Howitt insisted on seeing him;<sup>97</sup> he was one of the great. He had resumed his intimacy not merely with Wilkie but with Lockhart,<sup>98</sup> and he dined with Scott and his family during the latter's visit to London in 1831.<sup>99</sup> Success and middle age were not without mournfulness: Byron was dead; Moore was less care-free; and this meeting with his master was pitiful. Poor Scott, enfeebled in body and mind, relived with him their days together on the Tweed, and Irving wept as he bade farewell forever to the man who had perhaps meant more to his writing than any other Englishman. Old friends and new friends, too — all did Irving honor now that he was approaching fifty. Disraeli admired him, setting down in *Vivian Grey*<sup>100</sup> his recollections of the American; Rogers made much of him; and Captain Marryat sought him out.<sup>101</sup> It was all very satisfactory, better than the feverish extremes of fame which tormented him after *The Sketch Book* and *Tales of a Traveller*. The petty scribblers could never overturn this firm structure of reputation.<sup>102</sup>

Moreover, in 1830 Irving's distinction as a public figure in England found recognition in an honor toward which he professed indifference but which, after all, he could hardly classify with elections to literary societies.<sup>103</sup> This event, which reverberated far more in America than his identification with the Real Academia de la Historia of Madrid, was recorded in the *Annual Report* of the Royal Society of Literature:

The Medals for the present Year were adjudged on Wednesday, the 3rd instant, to WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ., Author of the "Life of Columbus," "History of the Conquest of Grenada," &c. &c. : and to HENRY HALLAM, ESQ., Author of the "History of the Middle Ages," the "Constitutional History of England," &c.<sup>104</sup>

A year previously Irving's own William Roscoe had received the same reward, and Scott himself only three years earlier, to say nothing of others whom Irving had known and venerated, among them George Crabbe, Robert Southey, and Dugald Stewart.<sup>106</sup> This would do very well; this would please Ebenezer. And within a month he bowed his head at Oxford to receive the degree of LL.D. The ceremony of conferral, on June 15, 1830, was an odd contrast to his half-furtive stays at the University as a literary vagabond. "Diedrich Knickerbocker," shouted the undergraduates. "Ichabod Crane!" "Rip Van Winkle!"<sup>106</sup> Suddenly he felt as old as his graybeard of the Catskills.

We have now our last glimpses of him in his old social and literary sets. Throughout his labor and glory he remained still "half lamb, half lion." If he was stouter in girth and more settled in appearance, his engaging manners and good-humored smile were unchanged. R. M. Walsh, a member of the Legation staff, remarked that he was "the *enfant gâté* of the brightest and highest circles, the literary and fashionable worlds both striving to do him honor."<sup>107</sup> Walsh was too reckless of phrase, but surviving lists of engagements and dinner invitations<sup>108</sup> prove the demands upon him whenever he was out of the Legation. Once, at a theater, he heard an Englishman say: "Do you remember Washington Irving's description of a band of music? . . ."; his admirer then repeated, to the delight of the party, the entire description.<sup>108</sup> In addition, the house in Cavendish Square was a social center; from it Irving entered the formalities of the court<sup>110</sup> and, more eagerly, the gatherings of old friends and Bohemian parties of writers and artists. "Allow me, my dear Sir," wrote Lady Spencer,<sup>111</sup> almost as soon as he reached London,

gently to reproach you for not having renewed with me an intercourse from which I derived very great pleasure when it existed some years ago—I heard by chance the other day that you were at present in this town—And, tho' I imagine it is very probable that you have many more interesting avocations than this revival of our former acquaintance can possibly be to you, yet this cannot overcome my desire to see you once more, tho' at the risk [?] of engrossing unreasonably some of those moments which you know so well how to employ so profitably for the delight & information of us all—If you happen to be disengaged on Sunday next & will dine with me, for Lord Spencer is not in town. . . .<sup>112</sup>

The elegant summons was one of hundreds. It is not strange that Irving's journal ceased.

He had, in fact, drifted into one of those periods in his life when every moment of his leisure was devoured by social trifles. Lord Houghton fraternized with him at Holland House; <sup>118</sup> Leslic's new paintings had to be inspected; Payne, "fresh and fair as a rose," <sup>114</sup> looking, apparently, like the stock photographs of himself, was at his elbow with one of his perennial comedies; and here, too, was Peter Powell, still punning irrepressibly. Through many dinners Irving discoursed with authority on Spain, and, a privileged character, slept through others. Possibly these eccentricities alienated; Charles Greville complained that Irving lacked "sprightliness and more refined manners." <sup>118</sup> Indeed, his attitude of seven years earlier was reversed. Then he set down carefully the names of celebrities to whom he, a hopeful author, had been introduced. Now his letters hardly mention these; it is in their letters and journals that one finds the wish to meet *him*. S. F. B. Morse saw him at teas with Leslie, Newton, and Benjamin West; <sup>119</sup> and Mrs. Bulwer talked with him at dinner with young Disraeli and John Galt. <sup>117</sup>

Such a roster would include eminent persons of all classes in the year 1830—Lady Blessington, the Duke of Sussex, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Mahon, Henry Hallam, and B. R. Haydon. <sup>118</sup> Genial Dolgorouki was in London, and he and Irving equipped prospective travelers to Spain with letters to Wetherell and Mrs. Stalker. <sup>119</sup> Irving was merry at informal dinners, where he laughed at the antics of Moore, Lockhart, Sydney Smith, and Horace Smith. <sup>120</sup> One such party was hilarious as Theodore Hook sang his improvised songs. Campbell was there, and quite drunk. As Hook finished, Campbell's spirits rose to ecstasy. Tearing off his wig, he hurled it across the table at Hook, shouting: "There, you dog! Take my laurels! They are yours!" Momentarily, in the uproar, the claret jug stopped circulating. "I never fancied," cried Irving, as Campbell re-covered his shiny pate, "that those poetical locks were not of your own growth." <sup>121</sup>

His real crony during these last days in England was dear Moore, Moore, as lovable as ever, viewing his friend's success with unstinted approval, but forbidding, as in the party just described, his taking final farewell of his youth. Moore, always improvident, had learned with amazement of Irving's financial returns from the *Columbus* and the *Granada*, <sup>122</sup> and, as his biography of Byron now neared completion, vowed that he would be satisfied with but a tenth part of Irving's earnings from the *Columbus*. <sup>123</sup> His program for the rejuvenation of Irving was responsible for this never-ending social tempest. He had snatched Irving away from the Legation,

evening after evening, for entertainments at Lady Holland's, at Lady Donegal's, at Murray's, and at Kenney's; the gayety ended only when Irving's vessel cast off for America.<sup>124</sup> Round and round went the pair, with James and Horace Smith, Leigh Hunt, Luttrell, Rogers, and Jeffrey.<sup>125</sup> Usually, when ladies were present, Moore sang, without much coercion, and one has a characteristic sight of the two friends during an evening at McLane's, where Irving had brought Moore for an after-party. Irving sat listening, charmed by his little man, as an American lady accompanied him on the harp. "Oh, elegant! elegant!" cried Mrs. McLane, standing beside Moore. The poet was shocked but for Irving's sake forgave the "Irish-Americanism."<sup>126</sup>

Yet the deeper bond between Moore and Irving was love of literature. Irving's illusion that he would have time to write during his imprisonment at the Legation had vanished, but he could, at any rate, ramble on to Moore of their respective projects. Irving's were, as usual, multifarious. The unfinished *Alhambra*<sup>127</sup> daily rebuked him, as well as his postscript to his history, to be called, he thought, the *Voyages of the Companions of Columbus*. Moreover, as a consequence of his new studies in Anglo-American relationships, he was brooding again on his old temptation, a life of Washington, to the terror of Jared Sparks, who was now in the midst of his biography of this subject.<sup>128</sup> In fact, Irving abandoned, in conversation, all caution; he would write a history of the United States! For his part, Moore was finishing the work whose source, the Memoirs, had kept Irving awake all night at Sloperton Cottage in 1824—the *Life and Journals of Lord Byron*.<sup>129</sup> Byron living and Byron dead! One can hardly overstate the influence of the giant romantic upon these two followers of his. He had deeply affected their writings; he had always been to them a subject for admiration and endless speculation; and he was still a basic force in the friendship which Irving had found among all his associations with English men of letters, except, perhaps, Scott's, the most lasting. He forgot his own delayed enterprises in reading his friend's manuscript.

Here, indeed, was a chance to help. Who better than he could insure its publication in America? This, among all the scores of requests from authors to be an intermediary with publishers,<sup>130</sup> was a task that engaged him instantly. He would undertake, through Ebenezer in New York, to accomplish the publication in the United States of Thomas Moore's life of Lord Byron.<sup>131</sup> At one stroke he could solidify the fame of Byron across the Atlantic and

enable his old friend to repair Sloperton Cottage.<sup>182</sup> These ends he attained; the Harpers, after some negotiations, signed a contract for fifteen hundred dollars.<sup>183</sup> Regard, if we so prefer, this incident as trifling; nevertheless, in Irving's excitement are apparent once more his literary ideals. He was so sure that he was aiding Moore to show to the world the true portrait of the greatest poet of the nineteenth century. Yet the year was 1830. Most of Wordsworth's poetry had appeared; Tennyson had begun to write; all about Irving were the omens of a different era in literature. Nevertheless, now and in 1859, Byron remained for Irving still the heroic master.<sup>184</sup> The letter which he wrote Moore after reading the proof sheets of the biography<sup>185</sup> is a memorable piece of self-portraiture:

I return you [he said] the sheets of your Memoir of Byron, and cannot express how much I have been interested, moved and delighted. If the residue goes on in the same spirit it will be not merely one of the most fascinating pieces of biography extant, but one of the most splendid documents on the History of the human mind and the human heart. You have shewn admirable management and indefatigable care in gradually developing his character, by incident after incident, placed in proper relief, commented upon with a delicate and skillful hand, and illustrated by letters and those scraps of poetry that burst from his heart & his fancy at the time. Your work will have a prodigious effect beyond any work of fiction. It has all the variety of scene, passion and incident of the most romantic novel, with the all potent charm of *truth*.

I cannot tell you how I have been touched, and warmed, how often I have felt my heart swelling in my throat & the tears ready to start to my eyes at the exquisite traits of affection, magnanimity &c which abound in the childhood & opening youth of poor Byron. I cannot conceive any thing more admirable and generous than the manner in which you accompany him step by step through every scene of his extraordinary career; painting all & illustrating every act calculated to ennoble & endear his memory, and palliating and excusing any thing calculated to disgust or offend. You will teach all the world to love him, & you will make all the world love his biography. Your work will be a lasting monument in our literature of the great zeal & tender interest of one illustrious poet for the fame of another; who might, by a more vulgar mind have been considered merely as a rival. It is this which will give it a wonderful and enduring charm and which will send down the names of Byron & yourself to posterity in glorious companionship. Poor Byron. could he, with his affectionate nature, have anticipated such friendship beyond the grave — could he, with his proud aspirings after future fame have anticipated such a biography!<sup>186</sup>

Poor Byron, indeed ! And poor Moore and poor Irving, who both possessed in some measure his mood in literature, but not his mighty genius — thus doomed to be his disciples.

One privilege, then, or penalty, of Irving's fame was this midwifery for other writers. Almost daily he wrote letters of introduction, gave counsel to literary societies, or befriended scribblers, the tyro or the outmoded. Thus he aided the zealous Audubon<sup>137</sup> and cheered the despairing William Godwin, who was commencing another novel at the age of seventy-three.<sup>138</sup> One such philanthropy was unlucky, that toward William Cullen Bryant, just then seeking an English publisher for his volume of poetry;<sup>139</sup> both he and Verplanck had begged Irving's intervention with Murray.<sup>140</sup> The incident occurred a few weeks after a collapse of negotiations concerning *The Alhambra*, a transaction to be discussed presently.<sup>141</sup> Irving swallowed his pride and transmitted Bryant's hopes. But Murray did not answer; a curt note from his son communicated his unqualified refusal.<sup>142</sup> Irving's name, he seemed to suggest, was no password; besides, Murray loathed, he had said, modern poetry. Irving shopped further, and finally placed the book with the fashionable publisher Andrews, who agreed to bring it out if Irving would bless it with an introduction.

He consented, and all might have been well had Irving not one day been summoned by Andrews, who pointed out in horror a line in "Marion's Men":

And the British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is heard.

It was a dilemma, for an authorized emendation from Bryant meant at least a month's delay. Irving's alternatives were a return of the volume without publication in England or deletion of the offensive words. We may assume that he hesitated; but he changed the text,<sup>143</sup> and Andrews published the book in March, 1832, with the British soldier's honor intact. This vandalism, however excusable, could hardly delight Bryant. He was not the person to praise others' corrections in his own carefully polished verse. His expressions of gratitude were in pointedly general terms, and there is reason to believe that his irritation endured. Indeed, the memory of the corrupt text crept into his oration at Irving's funeral, but evidently he had become sensible of the difficulty of Irving's position<sup>144</sup> as he faced Andrews on that trying day, and had been mollified by the success of his poetry in England and by later friendly passages with Irving. The book itself remains an interesting item, this collec-

tion of Bryant's poetry, with its dedication to Samuel Rogers and its introduction by Irving.<sup>145</sup> The entire episode defines this bizarre function of our first man of letters; he was scout and literary forager for his countrymen.

Murray's indifference to Bryant had included his sponsor. To explain this coldness we must remind ourselves that, in spite of society, literary brokerage, and the "hand-gallop"<sup>146</sup> of the Legation, Irving had stolen a few hours in which to slave at *The Alhambra* and other old notes, faggots from the years 1827 and 1828. These last he meant to bundle up into a life of Mahomet<sup>147</sup> and thrust into Murray's hands, where they were to change miraculously into a thousand guineas. This somewhat impudent optimism was the means of clarifying, in a way which Irving never forgot, a long-standing difference in points of view between Murray and himself. True, he had always feared Murray, doubted his sincerity, and resented both his caution and his arrogance.<sup>148</sup> Yet he had somehow thought that his own writings, despite the episode of *The Sketch Book*, were sacred in Albemarle Street. Murray had always paid him handsomely, and he had reached the natural conclusion that it rewarded Murray to do so.

For Irving had not had the advantage of the reader, who will recall the comments of Murray's "elbow critics" upon Irving's Spanish manuscripts. He might have guessed, perhaps, from Murray's silences and from the friction concerning *The Conquest of Granada* that he was no longer in favor. Yet how should he? When Murray finally signed a contract it was done in the grand manner. Moreover, Irving had now had a long correspondence with him concerning the American edition of Moore's *Byron*; had contracted with him for the *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*; and had dined with him frequently on terms of friendship. It was not until he opened business negotiations with him, directly and through Aspinwall, for a new book, the ineffectual *Mahomet*, that his own standing as a writer with Murray became sardonically clear. At last it dawned upon him that an author may have a reputation for success everywhere save in the account books of his publisher.

Nevertheless, Irving might have sensed danger from Murray's chilliness toward the little volume of voyages, which he finally accepted, apparently as a kind of appendix of the *Columbus*. On this question Irving wrote persuasively, but the publisher never once relaxed. Irving tried to assure him:

I cannot [he reiterated] but think it will be found interesting & readable. The singular narratives of these voyages, have to me, even in the crude state in which I found them entangled in the old Spanish writers, all the charm of wild tales of romance; and I have endeavoured to set them off in the clearest and most striking manner.<sup>148</sup>

This was the old formula—Irving to a doubtful purchaser. But Murray was shy, offering much less than the desired thousand guineas. Then Irving, after some foolish bluffing about potential contracts with other publishers, rather lamely sold the book to Murray for five hundred guineas.<sup>150</sup> The bargain was struck; Murray had not told him the entire truth, and Irving was still undeceived.

The truth was that Murray believed with his whole heart that the author to whom he had dropped hundreds of guineas for *Bracebridge Hall* had written himself out. That Irving as a man of letters was through, Murray had not the slightest doubt. But of this state of mind Irving had, apparently, no inkling, and the revelation was to be a body blow. He felt sure of Murray, and he now wished swift publication of the *Mahomet* and *The Alhambra*, leaving him ready to scurry off to America. As was his custom, he had already planned for the simultaneous appearance of the American version; it was to be brought out before his own arrival in New York. His cocksureness is comic when we realize that Murray would not, presumably, have touched another manuscript from him of any kind whatsoever except on the lowest terms. Irving indulged in irritation at Murray's noncommittal policy, partly because of his ignorance of Murray's real thoughts and partly because he was confident of his strong position in the world of letters. This meant nothing to the publisher, who had his own tangible evidence of Irving's status—pounds and shillings.

This matter came to an issue in a sharp correspondence at the close of the year 1831. Early in October Irving sent from Birmingham to Aspinwall twenty-one chapters of a manuscript which he had named "The Legendary History of Mahomet." He included directions to drive a sharp bargain with Murray;<sup>151</sup> and a second letter revealed his assurance that he, not Murray, could dictate:

Murray is accustomed to pay at long winded instalments. 8.12.16.20 & 24 months. They are little eternities, but I presume as times are rather pinching with him he will want similar accommodations at present. I should like to have a portion earlier. In these uncertain times one likes to have something out of the fire as soon as possible. Hear his offer



first, and if he makes something like the above, try for three, six, nine — twelve & 18 months . or 3.6.12.18 & 24. Tell him if he would prefer it, I may be able to make the Miscellaneous work<sup>152</sup> a couple of light volumes of about three hundred and twenty pages each, instead of one volume of about 400 pages — but then I should ask 1600 guineas instead of 1000. I am anxious to have the arrangement made and the works put to press immediately, and printed *rapidly* so as to have them in type by the end of next month, that I may be *free*.<sup>153</sup>

Well, Murray meant him to be “free” — in another sense. He was not interested in hearing of Irving’s plans. All Aspinwall’s efforts to secure a conference failed. The publisher remained elusive or evasive. These misdemeanors, reported by Aspinwall to his client, sent Irving off into anger. “I am,” he wrote the Colonel, “excessively annoyed by these delays concerning the publication of my works. I want to have them bolted through the press *immediately*.”<sup>154</sup> In truth, he said, he was about done with this Murray ; he was entirely willing “to be off with him”<sup>155</sup> and publish elsewhere.

The fact is [he told Aspinwall impatiently] Mr. Murray’s irregular mode of conducting business has always been an annoyance to me, and of late he has been wanting in consideration and punctuality in money matters. He never paid me a farthing (for the author) for the Year in Spain,<sup>156</sup> nor for my trouble in correcting it for publication & while going through the press — nor for the Review I wrote for it,<sup>157</sup> nor for a Review I subsequently wrote on Mr. Wheatons work<sup>158</sup> — and I know that he is behindhand with other persons — I am not in a very favourable mood therefore to put up with any more of his delays and negligencies.<sup>159</sup>

With this philippic he enclosed another for delivery to Murray, expanding still further his grievances and threatening to submit both manuscripts to another publishing house.<sup>160</sup>

This hideous possibility Murray viewed unflinching. His instant response, not without tarragon, must have left Irving crestfallen.

My reply [said Murray, alluding to Irving’s insistence that he have an answer] was “Yes, I’ll write to you,” and the cause of my not having done so earlier, is one for which I am sure you will make allowances. You told me upon our first negotiations, and you repeated it recently, that you would not suffer me to be a loser by any of your Works ; and the state of matters in this respect, I am exceedingly unwilling because it is contrary to my nature to submit to you, and in doing so at length, you will I am sure do me the justice to believe that I have

no other expectations than those which are founded upon your own good feelings, — The publication of *Columbus* cost me — Paper — Print — Advertising — Author, £5,700 and it has produced but £4700. — Grenada cost £3,073 and its sale has produced but £1830, making my gross loss £2250. — I have thought it better to communicate with yourself direct, than through the medium of Mr Aspinwall. —

Let me have time to read the two new MSS. — and then we shall not differ about terms. —

With sincere regard,

I remain,

My dear Sir

faithfully yours

John Murray<sup>161</sup>

After this plain speaking there were no more threats, and, indeed, no more publication with Murray until 1835,<sup>162</sup> for in Murray's letter the last sentence, the thinnest of sugar coatings, held out only meager promises of wealth. Instead, there was drawn up on March 20, 1832, a "Memorandum of an Agreement entered into this day between Colonel Aspinwall on behalf of Washington Irving Esq of the one part, and Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley Publishers of New Burlington Street of the other part,"<sup>163</sup> for the printing of *The Alhambra*. As for the *Mahomet*, it was pushed back into Irving's luggage, not to emerge until 1848. "I am determined," Irving wrote of Murray to Leslie, "to have nothing more to do with him."<sup>164</sup> Thus ended thirteen years of an uneasy alliance. In it may be found all the virtues and weaknesses of the publisher, of whom the aspiring American writers of this era spoke with hushed voices. John Murray was John Murray, but few dealt with him without uttering eventually the equivalent of Irving's comment that he was "the most difficult being on earth to please."<sup>165</sup>

Thus, of four incomplete manuscripts in Irving's portfolio as he left Granada, only one was published in Europe before his return to America. This was *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*, which appeared in London and Paris in 1831, and in Philadelphia, from the press of Carey and Lea, very early in the same year. The book was an inconsequential affair, derived chiefly from the long-delayed third volume by Navarrete and the history by Oviedo, which Irving had studied in 1828 in the Biblioteca Colombina. As in the larger work, to which it was a sturdy footnote, he had drawn heavily upon Las Casas and Herrera, and also,

for trifling details, upon such a variety of sources that the *Monthly Review* referred contemptuously to Irving's anxiety to dig up every scrap of stale learning in his notebooks.<sup>166</sup> Behind these narratives lay at least ninety books and manuscripts, a vast fertilization for so puny an egg. The book, as Murray perceived when he cut in half its author's price, embodied the leavings from the *Columbus*.

*Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*, a free translation of the sources, consists of four sections, namely, the voyages of Alonso de Ojeda, Diego de Nicuesa, Vasco Núñez de Balboa, and Juan Ponce de León, supplemented with an appendix. The relation of these sections to the story of Columbus is intimate, but the unity of each tale made inclusion in the history impossible. Although eagerly read in America<sup>167</sup> and widely translated,<sup>168</sup> the book bears signs of Irving's haste and lacks the sweetness of diction of the *Columbus* as well as its picturesque episodes; it reached its proper mortuary in "Murray's Family Library."<sup>169</sup> Upon Irving's reputation this *addendum* had no effect.<sup>170</sup> The reviewers spent themselves in long extracts and conventional epithets, the *Athenæum* calling it "neither biographical nor historical."<sup>171</sup> Most periodicals used it, as did the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as an excuse to descant on Irving's general reputation.<sup>172</sup> In brief, it was the sort of volume for which only John Murray could afford five hundred guineas and which only Washington Irving could write without being christened a common hack writer.

Toward the close of the year 1831, all these activities, diplomatic, social, and literary, took on an air of valedictory. He was at last certain; after seventeen years Washington Irving was going home. The resolve framed on nearly every New Year's Day since 1815 was to be, in 1832, carried out. Characteristically, there was really no better reason for this belated action now than ten years earlier. In 1815, he had sworn to remain in Europe until he could return with his head high; but this mood had passed with the success of *The Sketch Book*. He left now from a kind of inertia. What was there better to do? He wished, of course, to see his brothers; the gossip about him as an expatriate still rankled;<sup>173</sup> and he was curious about the America which the visitors to the Legation described. Could there be such a leviathan? He was no longer poor, and he cherished a dream of a home of his own in America.<sup>174</sup> Besides, there really seemed nothing in England worth staying for. Van Buren or some one else was to be Minister. The possibilities for Irving were the secretaryship or the post at Naples or the old

nomadic life, and in his forty-ninth year none of these seemed to quicken his pulse. He would go back.

He took a last excursion, this time with Van Buren and his son, through Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, and Kenilworth—blessed, familiar scenes of the book which had changed his life—to Barlborough Hall, in Derbyshire.<sup>176</sup> From here stretched the road through Sherwood Forest to Newstead Abbey,<sup>177</sup> some seventeen miles away. It was not equal to a visit to Abbotsford to see “the Great Unknown,” but here he could at least invoke the spirit of the dead. So he passed three weeks in scenes almost as dear to him as Scott’s hinterland. Here he sloughed off his London life and became again, as when he first landed in Liverpool, the pilgrim. He wandered about the Abbey; he slept in Byron’s chamber; he meditated in the gardens, pausing thoughtfully by the elm which bore the letters “BYRON” and “AUGUSTA.” Once more “Geoffrey Crayon,” he

mused upon the mild and beautiful scene, and the wayward destinies of the man whose stormy temperament forced him from this tranquil paradise to battle with the passions and perils of the world, the sweet chime of bells from a village a few miles distant came stealing up the valley. Every sight and sound this morning seemed calculated to summon up touching recollections of poor Byron.<sup>177</sup>

Well, such sentimentality was over. “The romance of life is past.” Or was it? So he had mused in the German mountains in the autumn weather of 1822, before that strange fusion of affection for the dead Matilda and the living Emily. This soft dreaming defied somehow the passage of the years. Yet there was to be no more such wandering; of that he was certain—and rightly so. When he next beheld European shores he was to be nearly sixty years old, traveling with a retinue. But how far from his inner life were the London scenes to which he now returned, and to how much more did he bid farewell than to the Legation when he wrote his last letter to Livingston—farewell to Stratford, to Aston Hall, to the chimes of Atocha, to Casa Cera, to Caracol, to the Court of Lindaraxa, and to his youth! This mood was not in the matter-of-fact letter.

In now retiring [he wrote] from my official situation I am desirous it should be distinctly known by my Government that I do so from no idea that there is any thing derogatory to one who has casually and transiently been left as *Chargé d’Affaires*, returning to his previous character of Secretary of Legation; on the contrary, I

should have been proud and happy to have availed myself of the offer signified to me, on the part of the President, that I should continue in that capacity with Mr Van Buren ; but that I was anxious for an interval of entire leisure, requisite to arrange my affairs for a return to my native country.<sup>178</sup>

He was going home. Van Buren could persuade him to no other course, and he hurried his preparations, to escape the epidemic of cholera. Now that he was actually packing, he confessed to "a most craving desire to visit old friends and old scenes."<sup>179</sup> He would see for himself whether these old friends could be dearer than Leslie and Moore. For months now the New York newspapers had heralded his approach. On April 2, 1832, he left London for Southampton. After a brief stop at Havre for a farewell to Peter — this was a pang — he embarked on April 12 on the packet ship *Havre*. At last, on May 21, he "descried the land . . . a thousand sails of all descriptions gleaming along the horizon . . . populous villages . . . a forest of masts . . . a fair city and stately harbor."<sup>180</sup> The disillusionment of Richard Henry Dana's return, after his voyage around the Horn, was not Irving's as he came back to port. He was the person to extract the utmost of sentiment from this moment. His disillusionment was to come later, in his life in the young democracy.

## CHAPTER XVII

### REESTABLISHMENT IN AMERICA

1832-1837

IRVING was to remain in America for nearly ten years.<sup>1</sup> His emotional speech at the dinner of welcome in May convinced his fellow countrymen — and posterity — that at this moment he at last felt himself in a haven after a stormy voyage ;<sup>2</sup> here, in the land of democracy (abroad Peter read his words with astonishment and alarm), he had finally found peace. So he spoke, but actually his adjustment to the cruder life of America was not so simple. His happiness among his old friends, especially during the spring and summer of 1832, was genuine. Yet, like Cooper<sup>3</sup> on his return from abroad, he was shocked. In spite of his founding a home for Ebenezer, Peter, and himself, in spite of curiosity about this seething republic, some features of the American scene he detested. "You will be told," he confided to Fanny Kemble, "that this country is like your own, and that living in it is like living in England: but do not believe it; it is no such thing, it is nothing of the sort."<sup>4</sup>

He was too sharp a critic of manners not to shudder, after seventeen years' absence in Europe, at the vulgarity which had distressed the Jupiter Tonans of American fiction (as Brevoort christened Cooper), coming back after only six years. His tact, however, kept his dismay out of his writings. He would not be a "creaking door."<sup>5</sup> Moreover, he feared the magazines and newspapers, in this decade especially libelous. Hostile political journals had injured Cooper's literary fame! Indeed, Cooper was too blunt. For example, he attacked Scott in the *Knickerbocker*,<sup>6</sup> while, in contrast, Irving praised him in "Abbotsford." He saved his disgust for private letters, when, for instance, writing to his niece in Paris, he expressed his distaste for this "commonplace civilization."<sup>7</sup> Or he confided these unpatriotic feelings to Peter, to whom he admitted that his "pledge" at the dinner (to remain in America) was not to be taken

too literally, "given," he admitted, "in the warmth and excitement of the moment."<sup>8</sup> As a matter of fact, he did revisit Europe for four years, and it is certain that the decade now before him, during which he identified himself with American politics and American ideas, always included thoughts of returning to London and Paris. Irving's, it must be remembered, was the psychology of the expatriate, common enough to-day, flattered by attention abroad, freed from the duties and anxieties of the country, of which he was not really a part, and, for these very reasons, inclined to exaggerate both the charms of Europe and the ills of America. Had he married a foreign wife, had he earned his bread in the business or political world of Europe, such romanticization might have ended abruptly.

This by way of warning, that we may in this and the two following chapters appraise justly Irving's reactions to America between the ages of fifty and sixty. He enjoyed the comforts of American life; he responded to the romance of these pioneers, moving their cabins ever farther west; and he bore a part, as we shall see, in the political and financial madresses of the period of expansion. He even pointed out, discreetly for his own popularity, the superiorities in America's civilization; but that he was blind to her inferiorities because he did not denounce his countrymen, as did the bellicose Cooper,<sup>9</sup> is not credible. During the year to be discussed presently, he read Mrs. Trollope,<sup>10</sup> not without acquiescence; in private letters he attacked the corruption of national politics in terms which he had never applied to European intrigues;<sup>11</sup> and he was stung to bitterness by malicious assaults upon him in newspapers.<sup>12</sup> By birth an aspiring member of the American merchant class, chastisement from an English aristocrat he could endure, but from an American democrat — never. To these attacks he occasionally replied, with resentment. His attitude was, indeed, the normal one of the cultivated American who had achieved new criteria by long residence abroad. As he contemplated the changes since the days of his boyhood, he felt in behalf of his country both pride and humiliation.

In this Irving was one of the forerunners of the more numerous sophisticated exiles in the latter part of the century. He was bound to America by the ties of family and friends, not by her slogans of democracy and Manifest Destiny; these last he viewed almost through the eyes of an Englishman. By inherited tradition, by temperament, and by his long experience abroad he was committed to the aristocratic point of view.<sup>13</sup> Thus in his travels on the frontier,

he seldom felt, as did Cooper and even the self-centered New England writers, the potential literary worth of scenes and characters which after 1865 were to express themselves in an indigenous American literature. It was, he repeated, the *contrast* in these to those of Europe which fascinated him. The wilderness, the New York riots, the party brawls, the railroads (spinning out their webs west and south), the financial bubbles, and swearing Andrew Jackson—all these pulsed with a life that at times engaged his own. Yet his silences, as well as his occasional eloquences on these, prove him distrustful of them, unlike that breed of writers of which Whitman and Clemens were to be the spokesmen.

Nor could he conceive of these forces, as did even Longfellow,<sup>14</sup> as the preparation for a more civilized literature. He never quite forgave them their offense to his sensibilities, and he would have understood Fanny Kemble's comment on his own speech at his home-coming: "Some of it is very beautiful, all of it is in good feeling—it made me cry. Oh my home, my land, England, glorious little England! from which this bragging big baby was born."<sup>15</sup> Yes, after the first furore of his welcome, we should watch carefully for Irving's private reservations on America, very natural from an habitué of European capitals and from an intimate friend of Moore and Scott. So we may judge more clearly in this chapter, a survey of his life from 1832 to 1837, and in the two succeeding chapters, more special studies of the same years, concerning the relation of Irving to his times.

Of the nature of the government under which he now became again an active citizen he had knowledge, perhaps as enlightened as that of the delegation of honorables who greeted him on May 22, 1832, captained by Mayor Philip Hone.<sup>16</sup> Everett had taught him something, and McLane and Van Buren more, much more, of the purposes of the honest, ruthless President. Few plutocrats on this committee had had a sterner schooling in political juggling than Irving's, particularly in the administration of the West Indian affair. His intimacy with Van Buren's mind meant a knowledge of Jackson's. Within a few weeks of his arrival he was dining with the President and closeted with McLane, with ultimate consequences to his own political career. He had returned in time for the national party conventions of 1832, for Jackson's reelection for four years, for raids upon the United States Bank, and for the eclipse of poor McLane.<sup>17</sup> He was to be more than a sage spectator. At this instant, however, it was the external appearance of the republic which left him breathless, the mere geographical, economic,



and social peculiarities, so familiar to every home-keeping American but so amazing to this absentee.

These were primarily phenomena of the great currents of industrialism, western immigration, and the brash democracy which, from 1830 to 1850, seemed an extravagant realization of the hopes of the few radicals he had known in 1815. Irving marveled at these masses of population, alive with energy, conceit, and good humor, proud of their detachment from monarchical influences. He was curious about the new means of transportation, such as the Erie Canal of 1825; about railroads, such as the Baltimore and Ohio, incorporated in 1826; about the coasters, river boats, and transatlantic packet ships. No longer were the West and South distinct sections. Instead, they drew into a kind of fusion the stalwart middle-class villages of New England and the settlements of Quakers and Germans, and interlocked even the larger cities, which the Americans intended should rival those of Europe.<sup>18</sup> Frontier posts, now within easy reach, Indian tribes, new laws, new cities, new harbors — everywhere was the turmoil of a self-confident, eager nation, with an optimism based upon a consciousness of almost illimitable resources. The population numbered thirteen millions, the states twenty-four; the area of the Union was now about eight hundred thousand square miles. Although the stranger Irving was to see Cincinnati and St. Louis as villages and Louisiana as a wilderness; although he noted that there were hardly thirty thousand inhabitants west of the Mississippi; he observed also that the population of Ohio had increased since 1815 to nearly a million; and he was startled at the development in the East of mills, newspapers, schools, and traditions of culture. The first years of his return marked the real beginning of the growth of the railway systems. All this Brevoort and his brothers had attempted to describe by letter; his visitors at London and Madrid had pictured faintly this millennium of Mammon; but only now could he credit the gigantic nature of the American enterprise.

Except for journeys to the South and West, Irving was to live within a relatively narrow radius of the city of his birth. Its entrance was made beautiful by Battery Park, and if its architecture lacked the vine-hung galleries of the Charleston houses or the slender steeples and white dwellings of New England, yet the rows of connected houses of brick and stone, trimmed with marble or wood, had distinction.<sup>19</sup> Here, too, society had standards; its leaders knew what to wear, how to ride out, when and where to dine. The aristocratic caste still lingered, believing in books and

European travel, but living simply and persuaded by the equalitarian spirit to share in the universal activities of business and politics.<sup>20</sup> During the first weeks Irving inspected the entire city, much of which lay below Canal Street. He admired the Masonic Hall in Pearl Street, which boasted a room in imitation of the chapel of Henry VII; the Bowery Theater; the Apollo Dancing Rooms. He studied the eddying flow of the population in the Broad Way, gentlemen no longer in knee breeches, but still wearing coats of buff and blue, frilled shirts, and tall hats; the elegant females, overdressed, according to foreign travelers, in the extremes of French fashions.<sup>21</sup> In the crowds mingled slovenly frontiersmen, and cool New Englanders, of whom Bryant might be said to be the archetype, come to New York to make their fortunes. The population of the city was nearly a quarter of a million.<sup>22</sup>

In the consequent quickening of the spirit of American letters, Irving, it must be confessed, was less interested. One prejudice had survived the long exposure in Europe; he still thought of writing, at least for an American, as a gentleman's avocation. As late as 1839 Charles Fenno Hoffman declared: "A literary man is a sort of a Pariah in our money-making community unless he gets to the comfortable eminence of reputation where Irving and Cooper sit enthroned."<sup>23</sup> Yet the conditions for an American literature were infinitely more favorable than in 1815. When Cooper, whose first novel was the result of a boast that he could write a better story than an Englishman,<sup>24</sup> left for Europe in 1826, the "Bread and Cheese Club," at a farewell dinner to their sachem, had proclaimed him the bulwark of American letters.<sup>25</sup> Though Emerson had not yet written his ringing declaration of intellectual independence in *The American Scholar*; though Hawthorne was still in his lonely chamber in Salem; though Bryant had come to Irving for aid; and though Whitman and other iconoclasts of American literature were still boys, or unborn; yet Cooper, who had founded his career on American themes and upon his own limited culture, was famous. He seemed to be a literary illustration of the equalitarian philosophy of the time.

"It was," say the Beards rightly, a "mercantile culture." Succeed, in business or writing, but *succeed!*<sup>26</sup> As the White House was seriously thought to be within reasonable reach of every American youth,<sup>27</sup> so, as this untrained writer Cooper had shown, was literary glory. The magazines,<sup>28</sup> to which thousands who never won real recognition contributed, were a sign of American activity with the pen. Irving found New York talking of Charles Fenno Hoffman,<sup>29</sup>

of Joseph Rodman Drake, who had died twelve years before, of Fitz-Greene Halleck, whom he had met in London in 1822<sup>80</sup> and who now had a place in New York literary circles not unlike his own of two decades earlier.<sup>81</sup> Toward all the new coterie, which included also Robert C. Sands, G. C. Verplanck, and N. P. Willis, save Halleck, who admired Samuel Rogers, and Bryant, to whom he owed an explanation,<sup>82</sup> and Cooper, whose implacable antipathy piqued him,<sup>83</sup> Irving was prepared to be indifferent. Once or twice in Paris, he had talked, not very seriously, of the quality of *American* literature.<sup>84</sup> He evidently thought *The Pilot*, by Cooper, and *Hadad*, by the Connecticut poet James Hillhouse, of about equal significance. He found, indeed, no one here likely to shake his allegiance to Byron and Scott. And in such skepticism concerning native writers, as in his rather half-hearted sympathy with Jacksonian democracy, may be noted once more his unalterable union with the conservative tradition in our literature. His reactionary points of view determined, also, as the democratic forces gained sway, his own doom as a writer. That tide which bore aloft a Whitman engulfed Irving.

Though he was ignorant of their ultimate effect upon his literary reputation, the power of these nationalistic, democratic forces was in his mind in the spring of 1832. But at the moment there was nothing to show him to his fellow citizens other than as he was, this favorite son of American literature, this "Ambassador of the New World to the Old." For a week New York talked, it would seem, of no one but Washington Irving. Discussions revived of *Salmagundi*, *A History of New York*,<sup>85</sup> and of the man himself. Biographies and portraits of him appeared in newspapers;<sup>86</sup> rumors circulated that New York would give its favorite bachelor a ball.<sup>87</sup> Everything proclaimed the horror he dreaded—a public dinner. Democracy had long ago begotten this obnoxious custom; this country of eaters and drinkers must feed the man who had sold twenty-five thousand copies of a work of literature.<sup>88</sup> Irving later declined a similar orgy in Philadelphia, in those smooth phrases that flowed so readily from his pen,<sup>89</sup> but to these importunate New York friends he could, unlike Cooper,<sup>40</sup> frame no plausible negative.<sup>41</sup> His dislike of public dinners was sincere; on this subject in his earliest writings he had often been satirical. "No sooner," Mustapha had said, "does a citizen signalize himself in a conspicuous manner in the service of his country, than all the gourmandizers assemble and discharge the national debt of gratitude, by giving him a dinner."<sup>42</sup>

He saw no escape. His arrival had already been invested with ceremony.<sup>46</sup> There would be a dinner; he would have to make a speech; and he would fail, as he had failed at the friendly party of the McCalls in Gibraltar. Yet, it was wise, perhaps, to let popular adulation exhaust itself in food, wine,<sup>47</sup> and sentimental "toasts." On the second day the committee of citizens had cornered him at Ebenezer's. They were pleased with the change of his thin, fallow face of 1815<sup>48</sup> into a democratic, complacent visage; Philip Hone noted the increase in his waistline, and his "high spirits . . . a thing not usual with him, except when under excitement, as he is at this moment."<sup>49</sup> On May 23, a committee of the Corporation escorted him on a civic ramble to Blackwell's Island and Bellevue,<sup>47</sup> and in the afternoon Hone surrounded him at a dinner with select worthies.<sup>48</sup> The list of guests sounds formidable, but the gathering numbered many who had been young with him, and intimate memories hovered about the table. "The return of Geoffrey Crayon," said Hone, "has made old times and the associations of early life the leading topics of conversation amongst his friends."<sup>49</sup> There remained only the climax, which the *Albion* announced on May 26: "Washington Irving has returned to this country, after an absence of seventeen years. The citizens of New York intend to honour this distinguished man with a public dinner on Wednesday next."

So, on the evening of May 30, the spacious saloon of the City Hall was opened to its three hundred guests, who took their places at "three lines of tables . . . covered with all the substantials and delicacies of the season."<sup>50</sup> Nor were the compliments of these embattled six hours less substantial. Peter Irving, Paulding, Mackenzie, Rogers, Cooper, Bryant, McLane, and George Washington — few in the annals of the nation, past or present, escaped the sonorous tributes; few of the writers of all ages were omitted, in these New Yorkers' determination to show adequately the honor rendered his fatherland by Washington Irving.<sup>51</sup> It was a grandiloquent dinner, done soundly in the old manner, with honest pomp and prodigious cheers. The public prints outdid the orators in rhetoric,<sup>52</sup> but the *New-York Mirror* voiced more discerningly the significance of this gathering of Knickerbockers:

It was one of the most interesting entertainments ever offered in this country. The name of Washington Irving is familiar to every lip, and his delightful writings to every heart. His celebrity has been of a nature so unalloyed and universal, as to rank him with Addison, Goldsmith, and Steele; and the younger part of our community have been so long accustomed to hear of him, and to read his thoughts, without

the hope of seeing his person, and listening to his voice, that the appearance of the *man* among us is almost like the coming to life of some of those departed poets and authors whose works enrich our libraries, and whose names are cherished as something sacred and apart from those of the living.<sup>58</sup>

It was indeed this factor, his absence, which had served Irving not only ill but well. Though it had engendered suspicion, it had increased his vogue among American readers, wistful for scenes they had never beheld. They had read him as they had read Scott or Charles Lamb. He belonged, as the *Edinburgh Review* had admitted, to the world of *English* letters.<sup>54</sup> He enjoyed the prestige of *English* success.<sup>55</sup> His weakness in the eyes of the chauvinists of American literature<sup>56</sup> had become, for the elegant reader, his strength. The *Mirror* dwelt also upon another fact, forgotten as we try to-day to explain Irving's contemporary fame, namely, his hold upon two generations. Paulding had read him, and now Paulding's children reopened his books:

The old recollected him as a boy. The young had, at their school-desks, drunk in the inspirations of his genius, and read him by stealth behind Homer and Virgil.<sup>57</sup> When we entered the drawing-rooms adjoining the apartment where the tables had been set, and singled out the author of *Rip Van Winkle*, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, the *Wife*, and those other beautiful creations in the *Sketch-book*, *Salmagundi*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and excellent old *Deidrich Knickerbocker*—when we followed him farther in his course over foreign lands, collecting the materials for “*The Tales of a Traveler*,” and “*Columbus*”; and when we ran over in our mind the many a hearty laugh, the many an hour of pleasant melancholy, which we owed to him, we felt that he truly deserved the lively gratitude and admiration which beamed from every face.<sup>58</sup>

Effusive, silly, but not insincere; so many Americans felt in acclaiming their first man of letters. Their honesty restrains our amusement to-day, as it moved Irving in 1832; this dinner was an event in American literary history. Irving is, perhaps, now infrequently read, but it is true that a century ago “seldom [was it] the lot of any one to be so warmly, so perfectly and generally beloved.”<sup>59</sup> He entered the hall upon the arm of Chancellor Kent, that erstwhile prophet of his early death.<sup>60</sup> As he sat between this old friend and Paulding he felt unmistakably the assembly's charitable temper. Even as he trembled at the thought of addressing them, he was sure that all were his well-wishers. He was to succeed,

after all, in his short speech because, true to his temperament, he sensed this approval. After the American trenchermen had gorged, the tense moment arrived. As he rose,

a strong excitement, which, indeed, pervaded the whole assembly, hushed every breath, fixed every eye upon him. There was a moment's pause—deep and impressive in the extreme—and, after his first few words, which were low, and would have been inaudible but for the perfect silence around, there ran through the whole crowd a murmur of delight.<sup>61</sup>

Irving spoke, and what he said may be easily surmised—save one sentence. He murmured the obvious amenities, his pride in the growth of the city, his happiness at the sight of familiar faces, his pleasure at this proof of regard. So far his carefully prepared oration, whose text has survived, might have suited a thousand other dinners.<sup>62</sup> But, as he mastered his terror at his situation, he seemed "to select from the throng of ideas which pressed upon his mind."<sup>63</sup> Finally, the sentence came out, followed by a fervent denial. He declared of his countrymen: "Rumors and suggestions had reached me that absence had impaired their kind feelings—that they considered me alienated in heart from my country."<sup>64</sup> So it was said, and in public—the slander which had distressed him since about the year 1822. It may be doubted whether he had meant to speak of this. It was a brave outpouring for so shy a man, and shows not merely the soreness of his wound, but his emotion in this triumphant hour.

Living with Ebenezer at Number 3 Bridge Street,<sup>65</sup> he was free to renew his old intimacies in New York and to enjoy in quieter fashion the esteem of his countrymen. In Philadelphia he reminisced with Thomas Cooper and with Mary Fairlie Cooper, now older and pale but as lovely as ever.<sup>66</sup> Yet the threads of the past seventeen years still bound him close, for, on June 9, at last, *The Alhambra* came from the press,<sup>67</sup> and at about this time he was receiving long, affectionate letters from Dolgorouki, Leslie, Wilkie, and from Peter, now living in Paris.<sup>68</sup> Moreover, he had much to say of England to Van Buren and the President; he set out for Washington. Jackson, converted to Irving, it will be remembered, by Van Buren, hinted at a future in the diplomatic service. To this suggestion Irving made replies which he undoubtedly meant at the time. He could, he said, see nothing in such exacting eminence as that of Henry Clay or Louis McLane;<sup>69</sup> he wished nothing more than to live among his countrymen, following his own pursuits.<sup>70</sup> "I am

persuaded," he wrote Peter, who, like the reader, had heard this before, "that my true course is to be master of myself and of my time. Official station cannot add to my happiness or respectability, and certainly would stand in the way of my literary career."<sup>71</sup> So he felt in June, 1832. So he believed in his mood of relaxation, but chance of slipping from the net of politics he had none. The story of his entanglements will be told in the next chapter.<sup>72</sup>

New political connections he anticipated, I think. Perhaps this consciousness of friends at Washington had come to be an anchor to windward. The system of patronage was at its height — and he might eventually allow himself to be favored? Yet, for the time being, he forgot McLane, Van Buren, and Jackson in his thought of exploring America. Fortunately, he was now at ease financially.<sup>73</sup> He idled with Paulding; he played with the opera singers; he witnessed the *fêtes* at Saratoga;<sup>74</sup> but the old fancy had returned to tease him. He must write on American themes. *The Alhambra* had pleased, but had deepened the clamor for a book from the repatriated Irving on a native subject.<sup>75</sup> As usual, he was troubled by his enemies the jingoes, who still pronounced him Anglophile. They had echoed hints at the dinner that it was Irving's duty to adorn his career with such a patriotic book.<sup>76</sup> He was moved. Yet he did not wish to be called "a doughface."<sup>77</sup> He remembered that he had begun a book on America in Dresden and Bordeaux and had almost finished it; this book he had, presumably, burned in Madrid. It was well; smarting under the reviews of *Tales of a Traveller*, he had been caustic. But now he could begin again — on what phase of this turbid national life? The answer was obviously "the West," the subject of engrossing interest to patrician and proletariat, to pioneer and English traveler. But to write about it, he must see it; and to see it, he must travel through it. Thus, though he already dallied in his mind with one of his other purposes in returning to America, namely, the idea of a home, a bachelor's nest, perhaps, like Gouverneur Kemble's on the Hudson, this desire to see the frontier became, in the early summer of 1832, irresistible. Travel would make possible the book on an American subject. He would wander with a notebook; the method which had served him in the Black Forest and the Alpujarras would aid him in the timberlands of the Ohio.

In brief, Irving's mind was reëstablishing itself in the environment of his own country. He was destined to be scolded by his brothers for improvidence; to be hurt by criticism; to mingle in a

literary set ; to travel with congenial companions ; to fill once more his notebooks with sketches. It is the old actor on a different stage ; with differences ! His grand tour of this year was to take him hundreds of miles ; meanwhile he reconnoitered. On the *Havre* he had met, besides a former German *protégé* (John Schell<sup>78</sup>), Charles Joseph Latrobe, the English traveler, and an adventurous Swiss youth, Count de Pourtalès. This pair was eager to strike west, and Irving had clung to their acquaintance. Early in July, these three, with Paulding, set off on a tentative excursion up the Hudson to Kemble's. They embarked on "one of those great steamboats that are like floating hotels, and . . . arrived at West Point in about *four hours*."<sup>79</sup> After a few days with Kemble, they went on to the Catskills and visited the spurious haunts of Rip Van Winkle.<sup>80</sup> At the end of the month, Pourtalès and Latrobe joined Irving in a tour of the White Mountains,<sup>81</sup> and in August the restless trio was again on the road, this time to Saratoga Springs, Trenton Falls, and Utica.<sup>82</sup> Yet all this travel was preliminary. They pressed on through New York State until, on a Lake Erie boat, Henry Leavitt Ellsworth,<sup>83</sup> a government commissioner, easily persuaded them to accompany him to a meeting of the Indian tribes in Arkansas.<sup>84</sup> So, on September 2, 1832, Irving found himself in the river market town of Cincinnati, committed to an expedition not without hardship and danger.

Every circumstance was favorable for a novel experience. Irving was following one of the streams of migration along the Ohio to the Mississippi, and was later to continue down this huge artery of trade to New Orleans. He was to see the half-civilized cities, now well behind the actual frontier, and the Indian tribes, whose removal from the confines of each new state was a policy of the Jacksonian administration. His traveling companions were to be trappers and Indians ; his life a modified version of the pioneer's, with its bison and deer, its mountains and tawny forests, its frozen waves of prairie. Even Ellsworth and Pourtalès might have been savages, in their contrast to the companions of the past seventeen years. Both Latrobe and Irving thought Ellsworth, a Connecticut lawyer, a salty product of democratic American life :

The greater part of his days had been passed in the bosom of his family and the society of deacons, elders, and selectmen, on the peaceful banks of the Connecticut ; when suddenly he had been called to mount his steed, shoulder his rifle, and mingle among stark hunters, backwoodsmen, and naked savages, on the trackless wilds of the Far West.<sup>85</sup>



Latrobe himself was a born explorer, a dabbler in botany, geology, music, and drawing—in short, “a complete virtuoso.”<sup>86</sup> Count Pourtales, twenty-one years old, was a greenhorn, like Irving abandoning himself in high spirits to every adventure of the expedition.<sup>87</sup> The tour was a change, indeed, intensified by a fasting from books and society; Irving’s only reading seems to have been Mrs. Trollope, Timothy Flint, and his own bulging journal.<sup>88</sup> Seldom had his mind enjoyed so thorough a holiday.

It was amusing [said Latrobe] to see the effect of the life we were leading, and the company we were associated with, on the spirits of the most peaceable among us. There was the good, kind-hearted commissioner . . . breathing destruction to innocent skunks and turkeys. There too was to be seen our friend Irving—the kindly impulse of whose nature is to love every living thing—ramming a couple of bullets home into a brace of old brass-barrelled pistols which had been furnished him from the armory at Fort Gibson, with a flourish of the ramrod, a compression of the lip, and a twinkle of the eye, which decidedly betokened mischief.<sup>89</sup>

Such was to be his mood at some moments during the tour. But first he was to pass through trading posts and sprawling towns—the paved cities of the morrow. In these his hunter’s disguise proved insecure. In the theater at Cincinnati, between the acts, the manager suddenly appeared, announcing that in the audience was Washington Irving. He squirmed, and, as all eyes turned toward him, he fled the playhouse, and the city, too, to escape a plot to make him bow and speak to the pit.<sup>90</sup> Even in the river towns his writings were known; <sup>91</sup> newspapers commented on his arrival. “This gentleman,” said the *Missouri Intelligencer and Boon’s Lick Advertiser*, “arrived in Columbia on Wednesday the 19th inst. and remained here until the next day.”<sup>92</sup> The editor then quoted Irving on the splendors of Missouri in phrases which, if he used them, do honor to that seasoned suavity of his.<sup>93</sup> Granada or Columbia, Missouri! He was not wont to offend!

Yet even he could not write about these backwaters in a way to satisfy bumptious democracy, and his printed pages on Missouri, wafted back to the original places, dashed enthusiasm for Geoffrey Crayon. Though later devotees have marked the site of his tent and of the house where he stayed,<sup>94</sup> a traveler of 1837 found bitterness in Florissant, Missouri, toward the visitor who had “made books” about its people; Irving was “a bad man—told a great many things that were not so.”<sup>95</sup> In this village the account of the

buffalo hunt and the incident of the Indian wife<sup>96</sup> in "A Tour on the Prairies" were scandals. One enemy said that he

liked Latrobe and Portales, but there was no pleasing Irving—*Let me meet Irving on one of the Prairies and one or other of us shall lose his scalp!* and by way of reply to the Indian wife story he cautiously cast his eye around on the stoop & whispered something very dark concerning Wash. Irving and a "yellow woman" at Fort Gibson.<sup>97</sup>

The two never met again on the prairie. One must find another explanation for Irving's use in later life of a wig. Yet the traveler's recollection is not an ineffective illustration of the society of the republic in which the cosmopolitan Irving now moved.

The party had left Cincinnati on September 3 on the steamboat *Messenger*, and at half past twelve on the following afternoon reached Louisville wharf, with its motley scenes of river ships, carriages, huts, with its piles of lead, leather, and iron. Again afloat on the Ohio, they ran aground, but on they puffed, past the mouth of the greenish-blue Wabash, past the log cabins, forests, and cornfields on the banks of the Mississippi. On the night before their arrival in St. Louis, Irving was roused: "Crash! a steamboat, the *Yellow stone*, coming down the stream at the rate of 15 miles an hour runs on us & staves in the upper works of our side."<sup>98</sup> He heard the black fireman's anguished shout: "'They have torn the d— b— all to sallad.'"<sup>99</sup> It was an episode to delight Samuel Clemens, this violent interruption to their many days' chugging down the yellow Ohio and up the Mississippi. On September 14, they entered St. Louis. This settlement, with a population of about six thousand, was almost as French as Pierre Chouteau,<sup>100</sup> whom Irving met soon after landing. Inside the rickety gambling house from morning till night sounded the click of billiard balls, while outside, Irving heard a baffling mixture of English and French.<sup>101</sup> The Germans were not yet here in force.

Irving had a day with that robust frontiersman Governor Clark,<sup>102</sup> now about sixty, with his grey hair falling down over his shoulders, and he rode out to Fort Jefferson to see Black Hawk, the chieftain who had surrendered only a fortnight previously. Here the stubborn Indian stood, in the midst of "his fellow-prisoners—a forlorn crew, emaciated and dejected,"<sup>103</sup> awaiting his confinement in Fortress Monroe.<sup>104</sup> This was a singular encounter. The two strangely different human beings stared at each other, both silent. The warrior was "a meagre old man upwards of

seventy," but faced his captors proudly, with a "fine head," Irving thought—"a Roman style of face."<sup>105</sup> Throughout this inspection he still clung to the skin of a black hawk, fanning himself impassively with its tail. Such were the glories of St. Louis in 1832.<sup>106</sup> It is significant that in his journal Irving devoted less space to the village than to certain legends of enchantment which he had picked up from the Cumberland mountains.<sup>107</sup>

Forest and stream for nine days! He had little time for writing during these hours on horseback *en route* to Independence, then "a small frontier hamlet of log houses, situated between two and three hundred miles up the Missouri, on the utmost verge of civilization."<sup>108</sup> Here Ellsworth, who had abandoned the wrecked steamboat, reappeared, and at once the friends invaded the prairie. Irving's experience with the real West had begun. He camped at night under the trees, forded rivers on horseback, and talked with Indians of the Osage villages. The little Creole Antoine,<sup>109</sup> whom the party had carried off from St. Louis, now showed his true character as the braggart and primitive Gil Blas of the frontier;<sup>110</sup> he was an incarnation of that magnificent boasting which culminated in Clemens' yarns and which to-day is recognized as the nub of genuine "American humor."<sup>111</sup> He and Pourtalès were frantic to arrive at Fort Gibson in time to join the Osage hunters of the buffalo. Irving's description to Peter of the ensuing march is picturesque:

From Independence, we struck across the Indian country, along the line of Indian missions; and arrived, on the 8th of October, after ten or eleven days' tramp, at Fort Gibson, a frontier town in Arkansas. Our journey lay almost entirely through vast prairies, or open grassy plains, diversified occasionally by beautiful groves, and deep fertile bottoms along the streams of water. We lived in frontier and almost Indian style, camping out at nights, except when we stopped at the missionaries, scattered here and there in this vast wilderness.<sup>112</sup>

Indeed, to reach Fort Gibson Irving was hardly less on edge than Antoine. Here and beyond was hidden the material for his book; the true narrative of "A Tour on the Prairies" begins at this frontier post.<sup>113</sup> His plan was to enter the territory of the Pawnees under the protection of a party of Rangers, whom characteristically he compared to Robin Hood's merry men.<sup>114</sup> So on October 11 the adventurers waved farewell to the "house of the last settler—the last trace of civilisation,"<sup>115</sup> and on the same day reached a war camp, deserted by the Osages. From this moment Irving became a

figure in scenes as alien as those of Bohemia or Andalusia. Here, for example, was an Osage, with wild eyes and with a collar of red-tufted horsehair, riding his piebald horse. Or, in his tent Irving heard the Indians "sing a nasal low song in chorus drumming on their breasts."<sup>116</sup> Day after day he listened to the racy talk of the Rangers; and once he crossed a river in a "buffalo skin—seated on a quantity of luggage, with a double-barrel'd gun and rifle."<sup>117</sup> His health and spirits mounted. He could not recall a like exhilaration or a more thrilling sense of romance than when at evening he saw the fires lighted in some dim forest dell. "How exciting," he cried, "to think that we are breaking thro a country hitherto untrodden by whiteman, except perchance the solitary trapper. A glorious world spread around us without an inhabitant."<sup>118</sup>

Yet this picture of Irving, lover of cities, in the wilderness is incomplete without the testimony of his comrades on the journey. How did Geoffrey Crayon appear to pioneer and trapper? He was less at home, certainly, in spite of his smooth narrative of the tour, than in any other background of this biography. His adjustment was imperfect, and, in spite of his silence under hardship, he suffered friction with the unusual types of men, whom he was studying as in "the book of nature."<sup>119</sup> Pourtales, guardedly described by Irving as "full of talent and spirit, but galliard in the extreme,"<sup>120</sup> was in reality a young libertine, with a lustful eye for every Indian squaw, "a curious compound of character, brilliancy & fun [?] mixed with frivolity and base sensuality."<sup>121</sup> Latrobe had been hired by the young man's family to take him abroad to obliterate a dangerous attachment in Switzerland and to sow his wild oats in America—a purpose of which Ellsworth remarked ironically: "Whether the first object named will be accomplished I know not—the last I am sure will be done, unless his wild store is beyond measurement."<sup>122</sup> Indefatigable in what he considered to be the only important aim of the tour, Pourtales commenced at once by attempting, inspired by the example of Colonel Chouteau, to seduce an Indian girl, until the ill fame of "the Irving party," as it was called, stirred Geoffrey Crayon to anger.<sup>123</sup> Even in the wide prairie he was, apparently, sensitive to reputation.

Such inevitable realities of the frontier, in which Ellsworth's manuscript is abundant and Irving's book deficient,<sup>124</sup> annoyed him, though he was courageous in buffalo hunt or foraging party. He missed the respectful demeanor of his European servants and was not at ease under the familiarity of the woodsmen.

Mr Irving [said Ellsworth] I had introduced as one associated with me, in the Commission, and to be obeyed & respected accordingly — The army treated him well, but I am sorry to say my servants Tonish & Billett at times became highly incensed and treated him with disrespect — I soon corrected this *outward* expression of their feeling, but fear that I did not act so promptly, and efficiently as he expected.

Ellsworth also observed :

Mr Irving is quick in his feelings, and easily excited by anything the least disrespectful, and several times had a complete blow up with Tonish & Billet — One day Billet caught a pole cat (skunk) and brought it to the tent, Mr Irving was mad, and when Billett was absent threw it into the river — subsequently when provisions were scarce, our pork gone, and nothing could be got to fry fritters in, but the grease of a skunk, he liked the meal much, and even ate the roasted meat, and pronounced it *very good*.<sup>125</sup>

It is something to see the author of *The Sketch Book* eating skunk, but it is more important to observe his personal antagonism to these frontier types. On one occasion the quarrel became so intense that Billett threatened to leave. "I know the way home," he told Irving ; and Ellsworth was forced to solve his problem by assigning Irving and the servants to different mess tables.<sup>126</sup>

Sometimes this urbanite was ill and did not sleep for nights ; and there is an amusing glimpse of him when the cry rang through the forest : "Pawnees ! Pawnees !"

Mr Irving could find only one *Leggin*, and he was calling through the camp loud, and louder still, for his odd leggin, of mighty little consequence in a battle — He was as *pale* as he could be, and much terrified — Latrobe seized his saddle, put it on wrong side before and girted it in this manner. Pourteless wanted to know, whether it was best to take saddle bags or not ? One young chap went running around, wringing his hands, crying, "Lord Jesus help me find my bridle !" <sup>127</sup>

These were faults. Yet Ellsworth understood, and respected Irving's endurance, even though the latter was more aware of the discomforts than his companions. He observed how Irving's fame had penetrated to these frontier villages ; he studied him attentively ; and as their horses jogged through the clearings, he enticed from him a long autobiography.<sup>128</sup> Irving, he concluded, though mildly heroic on the frontier, belonged to the city.

Irving's journey home was roundabout. He could not forgo New Orleans, and embarked again in a Mississippi steamboat, the





*Little Rock*, on which John James Audubon was a fellow passenger.<sup>180</sup> Once more the traditional portraits of Irving the middle-aged celebrity change expression. Here he was in a typical American setting of the 'thirties, on a river boat, the popular conveyance of inland travel, bound for the Catholic center, which drew, much to the annoyance of Eastern ports, so much of the Western trade. On board he fell in with two Frenchmen, who were to furnish him with his sketch of "The Creole Village."<sup>180</sup> One of these, the "Grand Seigneur" of a Mississippi hamlet, attended by a negro in Madras handkerchief and gold earrings, was "of a large frame, a ginger-bread complexion, strong features,"<sup>181</sup> while the other, Compère Martin, was a caricature, with wizened face, squirrel eyes, and one gold pendant.<sup>182</sup> As the vessel wheezed up to the wharf, Irving leaned over the rail, absorbed in the tumultuous welcome accorded these dignitaries by the villagers. Then, as the boat delayed at the dock, he trailed the "Grand Seigneur" to his pre-tentious, dilapidated house. Oh, blessed village in the desert! For it was a scrap of old France. Once more in imagination he heard the *chansons* of Languedoc and saw the trim bodices of French peasant girls. He forgot the prairie. He was young again. He was wandering Geoffrey Crayon. As the fussy, little steamer swept away from the shore, he cast a wistful glance behind him, and so in Louisiana he yielded to the familiar mood of pensive regret.<sup>183</sup>

Here, for him, was a phase of America worth all of Ellsworth's Indian reservations. In his boyhood the most interesting treasures in the New World had been relics of the Old; and it was so now. New Orleans, where he passed a few days, accentuated his mood. He thought the settlement

a mixture of America and Europe. The French part of the city is a counterpart of some French provincial town, and the levee or esplanade, along the river, presents the most whimsical groups of people, of all nations, casts and colors, French, Spanish, Indians, half-breeds, creoles, mulattoes, Kentuckians, etc.<sup>184</sup>

He hung sleepily about a sugar plantation owned by Mrs. McLane's brother, but at last broke the spell under which he had fallen in this amazing, colorful corner of the Jacksonian democracy. In the mail stage he rumbled on, over the vast country, through pine forests, where for days was visible neither ranger nor emigrant — through Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas,<sup>185</sup> Virginia, until, early in December, he reached Washington.

Irving was nearly fifty years old when he was thus subjected to



the influence of the American frontier. Had he been younger, it is possible that the experience might have affected his writings more profoundly. Against this hypothesis is the fact that they were but slightly influenced by his expedition over the trails of the St. Lawrence in 1803.<sup>186</sup> As it was, this excursion from Fort Gibson colored his three books on the West and perhaps affected certain passages on the frontier in his biography of Washington.<sup>187</sup> He was certainly sensitive to this powerful element in the life of the republic, if we may judge by his record of his journey, "A Tour on the Prairies." "We send," he said, "our youth abroad to grow luxurious and effeminate in Europe; it appears to me that a previous tour on the prairies would be more likely to produce that manliness, simplicity, and self-dependence most in unison with our political institutions."<sup>188</sup>

He was surprised, too, by the abundance on the frontier of literary material. The Western notebooks he packed with anecdotes for tales and sketches. That the river, the great Mississippi, the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along,<sup>189</sup> the sweltering, little hamlet, the bragging frontiersman, the mail coach would eventually make a remarkable native literature he did not dream. One cannot imagine Irving reading a *Huckleberry Finn* with entire approval. But he did perceive, with astonishment, that in this country, so destitute of real historical tradition, were ungarnered details of romantic interest. Thus in the miserable village of White Hair, in the land of the Osages, he was arrested by the sight of an Indian warrior mourning silently at the tomb of a kinsman. As he went on, across the endless prairie, he looked back to see him, still a statue, silhouetted against the horizon. Or, lying under the forest trees, he heard from Chouteau the tale of the frontiersman who returned to the village in search of his betrothed. Or he noted down stories of burial, of returning spirits, of the Great Manitou.<sup>190</sup>

To these literary riches of the West he was not insensible, but in the very limitation of his interest to such an incident as that of the Creole village, as opposed to Cooper's grasp upon the frontier, we observe Irving's weakness. He was not the man to depict a Leatherstocking. The interest of his association with it is in the application of his sophisticated point of view, so unusual among Americans of his generation, to these raw scenes and people. At every turn, he compared them, as he wrote Böhl von Faber, with others more to his taste — "the complete contrast," he said, ". . . to the scenes of European civilization."<sup>191</sup> So he studied the fierce eyes of an In-

dian, a "greyhound with spectral face,"<sup>142</sup> or the rifles of the Rangers, glinting in the copses, less as part of the tremendous story of the frontier than as novelties of romance unheard of in Europe. Thus he discovered that a romantic might feed his emotions even in this America. Was not the passing of the Creole village before the onrush of America but the repetition of the law of change which he had felt so acutely in *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*? As he watched the flickering camp fires of the trappers, were not his feelings akin to those which he had experienced when he had seen the gleams of light in the Sierra Morena? Thus the following is less characteristic of the frontier than of Washington Irving, wherever he may be:

Ev[en]ing scene on Ohio—Steam boat aground with two flats each side of her. We take part of cargo on board—moonlight—light of fires—chant & chorus of negro boat men—men strolling about docks with cigars negroes dancing before furnaces glassy surface of River—undulations made by boat wavering light of moon & stars. Silent, primeval forest sleeping in sunshine on each side still forest—forest—forest.<sup>143</sup>

Or this:

Beautiful moon rise on Illinois—fire of woodman at front of island red-yellow moon—silver star—calm, cobalt-green sky reflected in river—here & there at far distances a solitary light twinkles from some big house among the trees.<sup>144</sup>

It was a rough pilot of this same river system who destroyed in his direct prose the cult of the gentleman tourist writing sweetly of the frontier.

The reception of Irving in New York, his journey to Arkansas, and his stay in Washington with the McLanes until March, 1833, were characteristic of the five years immediately following his return from Europe. There were other ovations, other excursions, and also other mysterious closetings with statesmen, the particulars of which deserve our attention in the next chapter. For the present, to comprehend his status as popular man of affairs, traveler, and politician, only one other influence in his new life needs mention. During these years he established a hearth. His old desire, which he had expressed to the Fosters, Storrows, D'Oubrils, and Moores, to call four walls his home, would now not be denied. Ebenezer's house or the retreat of his nephew Oscar Irving,<sup>145</sup> two miles from Tarrytown, or Astor's Hell Gate mansion, where he was often

a guest, could not supply this lack. Besides, as a distinguished personage he must have headquarters, where, if they served no other purpose, he could care for his substantial correspondence with statesmen, writers, and nobodies. Hence he yielded in his fifties, not to marriage, though he talked doubtfully of this and was reported to have been wooing McLane's daughter,<sup>146</sup> but to householdry and comfortable good citizenship. The influence of this intrenchment in the soil of America, among its solid business men, cannot be exaggerated.

By the fourth summer after his return masons were busy upon his first fireside.<sup>147</sup> "Those," said Bryant, "who passed up and down the river before the year 1835, may remember a neglected cottage on a green bank, with a few locust-trees before it, close to where a little brook brings in its tribute to the mightier stream. In that year Irving became its possessor."<sup>148</sup> It was a queer little Dutch-Spanish snuggery, built of stone and of dreams, for Ebenezer and for Peter, who was, of course, to forswear Paris and Rouen and return to this shelter, two miles down from Tarrytown. Its turreted European architecture recalled to Irving other days and other scenes in his changeful life and also, perhaps, his mental reservations as he dwelt in the desert of Democracy. Bessy Moore would laugh when she heard that it was near *Sleepy Hollow*.<sup>149</sup> Yet it would suffice. Leslie, who was coming to America, might stay here; Ebenezer would gladden it with his daughters; the bridegroom in his own story of "The Wife" would not be happier here than he, a bachelor of fifty-two. His satisfaction deepened as from the promontory he surveyed the Hudson and the blue mountains; as he altered to his taste the crow-stepped gables and the weathercocks; as he planted his eglantine, and his ivy from Abbotsford.<sup>150</sup> Inside and out it would resemble in many ways those unfinished sketches written in the notebooks of 1817. It would be, like the house in *Wolfert's Roost*,

full of nooks and crooks, and chambers of all sorts and sizes. It was buried among willows, elms, and cherry-trees, and surrounded with roses and hollyhocks, with honeysuckle and sweetbrier clambering about every window. A brood of hereditary pigeons sunned themselves upon the roof; hereditary swallows and martins built about the eaves and chimneys; and hereditary bees hummed about the flower-beds.<sup>151</sup>

Here, by the close of the year 1836, he was installed with Peter, Sarah Paris, two servants, "Imp" (a cat), and "Fanny," "a pig of

peerless beauty.”<sup>183</sup> Later, though this he did not foresee, near him, on either side of the river, were to be the homes of old friends.<sup>183</sup> Here, at “Sunnyside,” or “The Roost,”<sup>184</sup> as Irving first named it, he was to resume his intimacy with Peter, to love his nieces, to find himself a business man and bank director, to be consulted on politics, to receive impressive guests, among them Louis Napoleon,<sup>185</sup> to suffer from savage attacks upon his character by journalists,<sup>186</sup> and to write his remaining books, some half dozen in all. And here, seven years past the allotment of Scripture, he was to die. We must think of him here from now until 1842 and also during the thirteen years after his second return from Spain. Sunnyside solidified his life. In the outer street, at the commencement of the long lane leading to the cottage, stands the imposing monument commemorating him as “Essayist, Poet, Historian, Diplomatist, Soldier.” But in 1836 much of his career in America was still in the future. He founded Sunnyside, solitary yet near mankind, that he might live serenely in this bewildering country.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### CITIZEN OF THE REPUBLIC

1832-1837

**A** MORE special study of Irving's life from 1832 to 1837 hints at the assimilative power of America's dynamic, democratic society. It was just before the time of the greatest statesmen, the greatest men of letters, the greatest issues, by which America was to be reborn. Four years after Irving's return Emerson wrote in his journal: "Why is there no genius in the Fine Arts in this country? In sculpture Greenough is picturesque; in painting, Allston; in Poetry, Bryant; in Eloquence, Channing; in Architecture, —; in Fiction, Irving, Cooper; in all, feminine, no character."<sup>1</sup> It was an age of crudeness and servility. Was it necessary, as Poe implied, for every American to be either sycophantic or bumptious? Yet few travelers returned to Europe without sensing the force of this America. Its excitement about the present and the future, its optimism were hypnotic. Cooper, aristocrat yet democrat, loved it, even as he denounced. It is not strange, then, that America drew in and absorbed the more ductile Irving. He had written Peter that he would return to Europe,<sup>2</sup> but at the end of five years he had been reshaped, even at the age of fifty-four, by America's social standards, her politics, and her ideals for his own writing. Though, as observed in the last chapter, Irving secretly despised American "commonplaceness," his nostalgia for Europe lessened; though native standards of culture as a whole shocked his innate good taste, America nevertheless made this fastidious and alienated son, as if he were the most ignorant immigrant, once more her own.

This Americanization of Irving, for such it was, took form from friendships and from the society of his day, in which he found that he was expected to be a leader. After his return to Washington from his Western tour he had lived long with the McLanes; he had begun in Baltimore his intimacy with that robust American

John Pendleton Kennedy, whose newly published *Swallow Barn* was in imitation of *Bracebridge Hall*;<sup>5</sup> he had explored with Van Buren, Kinderhook, Poughkeepsie, Esopus, Goshen, Hackensack, and Communipaw, full of "curious old Dutch places and Dutch families."<sup>4</sup> Finally, he had been gratefully accepted by the friends of Ebenezer and Brother John Treat Irving—who was slowly killing himself<sup>5</sup> by overwork. The society of these New Yorkers was certainly different from that of Holland House. Nevertheless, he was soon praising to Peter its ease and kindness.<sup>6</sup>

In some ways this group was inferior to the small, bookish circle of his youth. What first annoyed and then interested him was its commingling of politicians, business men, and writers. Philip Hone, who liked informal society, complained of its dullness. At Henry Carey's one evening were

Irving, Paulding, Brevoort, Gouverneur Kemble, Dr. Stevens, Prof. Renwick, and such literary and learned men; and, as is always the case, it was excessively stupid. There were more brilliant things said at John Stevens's the other day, when it was a party of no pretension, than could be elicited from these learned pundits in the course of a long life. . . . Washington Irving was the only man who ventured to say a good thing.<sup>7</sup>

Yet Irving liked it. Hone's *Diary* records his presence everywhere.<sup>8</sup> Different from the society of Paris and London, of course, it was, but singularly agreeable; he enjoyed these old friends, Brevoort, Ogden Hoffman, Paulding, and Renwick, and the new intimates, Charles Augustus Davis, the Duers, and the Kings.<sup>9</sup> All were prosperous sons of the democracy, enjoying life less subtly than his English friends, but with relish. Among them, so respectful toward his own achievements, it was easy to conceal those wayward and melancholy thoughts which lay always in ambush for him. Thus Hone beheld him "cheerful, gay, talkative . . . no longer subject to those moody fits which formerly obscured his fine intellect at times."<sup>10</sup> Hone, who had seen him in England, had never understood these "fits"; and he now explained their passing in good American fashion. Irving, he believed, was wealthy. He was "no longer under the necessity of making his living by his 'gray goose quill.'"<sup>11</sup> For this reason, thought Hone, "he is full of anecdote and talks a great deal; is no longer the moody, absent man he formerly was, but the cheerful, agreeable companion that we expect to find in the accomplished author of the 'Sketch

Book.'"<sup>12</sup> What other excuse, indeed, than money could there be for writing? Hone echoed the American 'thirties.

Yet it was not so elementary as this, unless one were the complete extrovert. Irving was not excessively rich, and, in 1833, when not with these sound truepennies, he was often restless, uncertain what to do, more restless, perhaps, because of the rumors about himself: he was a Croesus; he had lost his fortune; he was to write a novel of the frontier; he was to act upon the stage; he was to be Postmaster of New York; he was to marry at once.<sup>13</sup> Ebenezer was goading him to write, until, finally, he cried out: "I want to get to work as much as you can wish me to do so, but God knows my mind and time are so cut up and engrossed, that I am almost in despair of ever getting quiet again."<sup>14</sup> Thus he had his moods. Yet the contention of the present chapter is sound. Gradually, surely, America, through this society, drew him to herself, developing further the substantial, worldly, matter-of-fact qualities in his nature. In the public mind he was associated with such national figures as Clay and Calhoun.<sup>15</sup> More and more easily he shared the point of view of such men as Hone. "Who is that gentleman," said his future editor Willis Gaylord Clark, "standing by the pier-table, in the other drawing-room?"<sup>16</sup> Clark watched the famous Geoffrey Crayon:

A gleam of genuine pleasure laughed in his eye. In dress simple—in manners gentle and easily entreated—he takes the hue of the time and the taste of his company so gracefully upon himself, that you think you have known him for years. . . . I wondered at the verdict once given me respecting him by Fanny K[emble], that at the aristocratic dinners of London he was quite reserved, and sometimes *sleepy*.<sup>17</sup>

Genial he was, always, whether at the Baltimore dinner tables or at William Rodman's in the little fishing port of New Bedford,<sup>18</sup> or at Cold Spring with Kemble and Paulding, where one worshiper noted his "classic periods, and a silver thread of humor gleaming thro' the whole"<sup>19</sup> The tributes grow tedious. One longs for a dig from Moore, who knew Irving's faults in society, or a sneer from Charles Greville, who spared him not. Occasionally a drop of acid from Cooper cuts through this sugar concerning "manly gentleness" and benevolence,<sup>20</sup> and when Ball Hughes sculptured his "glorious bust" of Irving in 1836,<sup>21</sup> and hundreds of replicas were sold for fifteen dollars each, wicked tongues contrasted his face with that of Astor, a more understandable democratic hero. The face of Irving was that "of a happy and genial

man . . . an open, candid, liberal, hospitable countenance, indicating far more power to please than to compel."<sup>22</sup>

This power to charm and his un-American trick of winning fame by *writing* had their part, too, in his present integration with American life. To his countrymen Irving seemed pleasantly unusual. Here it was easier to excel in manner and be slightly aloof than in Holland House, where one was always on trial. Did not Irving's familiarity with this venerated English culture enhance his popularity? Was it not imperative to accept what England had accepted? Fanny Kemble thought there was something in this. He seemed modestly superior to his countrymen. At the sight of him, on her visit to America in 1833, she threw her arms about his neck: "he looked so like a bit of home, England."<sup>23</sup> Incidentally, at this moment, after the embrace, Irving relieved his mind on the limitations of American society.

Thus he glittered on a dull soil. This was equally true of his literary reputation, which was bound up with his social prominence. In this respect also he was the tallest of the pigmies. After the rise of the New Englanders, his fame declined; now his only two rivals, according to the best editorial judgments, were Bryant and Cooper. And even now, Cooper was beginning to prove, by telling the truth about America, how inseparable in this Philistine country were personal, political, and literary popularity. A Shakespeare, if critical of democracy, might go hang. But Irving was not critical of democracy—except privately—and so reigned secure. The *Southern Literary Messenger* for August, 1834, selected as the five most distinguished authors Paulding, Cooper, J. Q. Adams, J. P. Kennedy, and Irving. "The books most in demand," says J. C. Derby, "besides theological and school books were the then famous Waverly novels and the work of Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving."<sup>24</sup> When the *New-York Mirror* wished "to grouse the literati of this country, as Frazer has done the literati of England," it awed the city by naming the following immortals: "Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Halleck, Bryant, Simms, Bird, Dunlap, Percival, Noah, Knapp, Sprague, Flint."<sup>25</sup> New York was proud of this "school," and thought its unity superior to that of the New England coterie.<sup>26</sup> But it was natural that among such competitors even an Irving should relax.

Upon Irving, always unduly anxious to please, such perpetual identification of his talents by all classes of society with the national aspirations for a national literature, could not fail to exert an influence. More and more, perhaps unconsciously, he came to



think of himself not as a lesser English writer, cudgeled for his *Tales of a Traveller*, but as a preëminent American author. He became a literary yardstick; <sup>77</sup> one friend was amazed that he should even suffer comparison with a Nat Willis.<sup>78</sup> The *American Monthly Magazine*, as high praise of Hawthorne, declared the latter "second to no man in this country, except Washington Irving."<sup>79</sup> This canonization continued, through reprintings (even of his poetry), collections of his writings, and excerpts from European eulogies.<sup>80</sup> The river of adulation swelled to a torrent. It is possible to call 1837, in spite of a few malicious attacks,<sup>81</sup> the high-water year of Irving's influence in his own country.

All this bound him more intimately to his "commonplace civilization." Imperceptibly her ideals became his own. For, observe how different was this fame from that enjoyed in England in 1822 and 1830. Underneath English criticism, in spite of its caprice, sentiment, and prolixity, lay standards.<sup>82</sup> American praise was, however, chiefly the "bragging big baby's" howls over its new toy, English-made. Unembarrassed, for the most part, by real criteria, it patriotically, confusedly celebrated everything pertaining to Irving as man or writer: his books, his personal character, his reported wealth, his political prominence, his recognition in Europe. He was, in fine, but another symbol of their own goal; he was a successful American. So they purchased busts and engravings of him simultaneously with those of Washington and Astor, and placed their biographies side by side in such books as *Sketches of Distinguished Characters*.<sup>83</sup> Astor had made his money in furs; Irving in literature; nothing was too good for either. E. S. Gould published in the *New-York Mirror* competitive lists of writers whom England and America had "produced." When he had finished, Gould, who had, apparently, read some English literature, was doubtful. "Is it possible," said he, having included among America's "productions" Pinkney and Miss H. F. Gould, "for a community, entertaining impartial opinions, to concur in the belief that these American writers possess ability and talents equal to their distinguished contemporaries across the Atlantick?"<sup>84</sup> Gould's eyes fell in his English list upon the names of Byron, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. He was inclined to answer "No"; but he evidently regarded his judgment as on the defensive. In this age, one conception of a great man of letters was he who won praise for America abroad. And by this test who had surpassed Irving?

Thus his election to the place of national leader in our literature depended on his yielding, unlike Cooper,<sup>85</sup> to definite character-

istics of this democracy of the 'thirties: its worship of success, its leveling "Americanism," its belief in the rightness of the majority,<sup>38</sup> and its provincialism in social and literary life. Many who respected Irving's success did not read him; many who did not respect him particularly read him as a substitute for viewing with their own eyes such scenes as those in *The Sketch Book* and *The Alhambra*; for others he merely personified a wistful idea of the period, that of "gentleman." Finally, when he echoed in that tactful way of his, so unlike the bristling Cooper, their aspirations for America, how soothing to national vanity! His books represented, also, for a few, a refuge from a too blatant commercialism, a flight from the "political spirit."<sup>39</sup> It was hardly true, as some asserted, that he and Longfellow, in many ways his disciple, had thus founded a school. This sentimental "culture" derived from many complex causes in the past and present. But he had become the champion of this concept of literature, of escape through sentiment.<sup>40</sup> "He has been a benefactor," said Harriet Martineau, in 1837, of Irving's influence upon Americans, ". . . by shedding some gentle, benignant, and beguiling influences on many intervals of their rough and busy lives. More than this he has probably not expected; and more than this he does not seem likely to achieve."<sup>41</sup>

To understand Irving's entry into American business and politics and his diversion, during these five years, to Western themes, we must, then, see him as a spokesman for American literature. Instead of a follower of Rogers and Moore, he became an urbane dictator, whom even Poe approached humbly.<sup>42</sup> He received countless letters, urging him to make addresses, to send his autograph or portrait, to accept books and medals, and to write notes of introduction for prospective travelers abroad.<sup>43</sup> Columbia University conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts.<sup>44</sup> He befriended young men eager to be noticed, such as Audubon;<sup>45</sup> he gave his patronage to American painters;<sup>46</sup> he joined societies. By 1836 he was a vice-president of the American Historical Society of Military and Naval Events, a trustee of the New York Society Library, Secretary of the newly formed Saint Nicholas Society,<sup>47</sup> President of the "Author's Club,"<sup>48</sup> and so on, without end. Not, one fancies, so reluctantly as he professed, he became an oracle. We see him speaking, more confidently than at the public reception, at the great Booksellers' Dinner, and offering the toast: "*Samuel Rogers* — The friend of American genius";<sup>49</sup> or, one day at Sunnyside, throwing himself down on the grass and generalizing to attentive friends on American literature: "The present style of imaginative

works was far too hasty and negligent—dashed off with rapidity, and replete with crudities.”<sup>48</sup> This was from an author of pot-boilers, hack writer for Galignani, Murray, and Putnam.

Under all this homage Irving’s natural modesty survived, but he acquired, it seems, some of the complacency of the democracy, which, he told William Dunlap rather grandly, was now really a success.<sup>49</sup> He suffered from the vice of American literary society during the first half of the century (and later)—the sterility of critical standards. To the absence at their elbows of the friendly, carping critic, always found in older civilizations, may be traced much of the provincialism of these writers, such as Poe and Lanier, who, unlike the New Englanders, knew not the give-and-take of their peers. For Irving, the rapiers of Lockhart and Gifford were sheathed. He had nothing to learn from American critics, and if, perhaps, he had, as Murray thought, written himself out, the weakness of his productions after his return to America may be traced partly to his unfortunate security. He still needed friction with better writers than himself; instead, he was now patron and adviser. He assisted Halleck and Theodore S. Fay,<sup>50</sup> and he congratulated George P. Morris on the “intelligence and worth” which he had contributed to this New York community.<sup>51</sup> Even his friendship with Kennedy, himself the sponsor of Poe, was on unequal intellectual terms.<sup>52</sup> Concerning writing, this successful business man had little to teach the author of *The Sketch Book*.

A few relationships had the healthy tang of opposition, most notably James Fenimore Cooper’s long-standing enmity, a dislike both personal and patriotic. Yet even this was negligible in disturbing Irving’s position in the literary world. As Cooper’s bile rose against America, the polite Irving became more attractive to editors, and to magazines which drubbed Cooper whenever he lifted his pen.<sup>53</sup> The contrast between the American reputations of these two writers was indeed grotesque. Although a few discerning critics<sup>54</sup> perceived the true importance of Cooper’s writings in reference to a national literature, authoritative magazines never wearied of linking him unfavorably with Irving. “He is,” one critic said of the latter, “the most popular writer in America.”<sup>55</sup> And another implied that the highest praise of Cooper would be to place him second to Irving and Channing.<sup>56</sup> Indeed, Park Benjamin urged Cooper to “institute a comparison in his own mind between himself and Washington Irving” as to their relative standing in the affection of the people.<sup>57</sup> Such personalities were echoed both by prominent Americans<sup>58</sup> and by Englishmen. One of the

latter, reviewing Cooper's *History of the Navy*, declared that the novelist was "incapable of one generous — one manly thought."<sup>80</sup>

However irritating to Cooper this injustice, this bracketing of names in magazines and conversations, his enthusiastic distaste for Irving was based chiefly on other causes. He was perhaps jealous of Irving, but his jealousy was based less on literary and personal dislike than on ethical convictions. Cooper was a man of principle, and his suspicion of Irving was founded upon what he considered to be serious defects of character. These defects were, in his judgment, pliancy and sycophancy. His hostility had matured slowly. In 1826, he had nominated Irving for membership in the "Bread and Cheese Club,"<sup>80</sup> and, two years later, he had defended his *Columbus* at Rogers' breakfast table.<sup>81</sup> But he had been disgusted by the flattery of England in *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, and his theories of democratic duty and even of personal honor had been violated by Irving's contributions to the aristocratic *Quarterly*<sup>82</sup> while he was still the accredited agent of the American government in London. Altogether, by 1832, Cooper's feelings toward Irving were defined and were never to alter. He thought Irving, said Cozzens, "the greatest — in all London."<sup>83</sup> When he read the accounts of the dinner to Irving, he gave way among his friends to "a burst that was frightful."<sup>84</sup> One trusts Cooper's honesty, but his opposition could not have been softened by the public acclaim of Irving. When he returned in 1833, he saw merely a bare announcement of his arrival<sup>85</sup> in Whig papers which had allotted pages to Irving's home-coming.<sup>86</sup>

That Irving knew through mutual friends of Cooper's rancor is certain. Concerning this he was characteristically reticent, but it is almost as certain that under it all he suffered. Yet, out of natural aversion to quarreling or out of tact, he persisted, outwardly at least, until the end of his life in praising Cooper — a course which did him no good whatever in the esteem of his enemy. He had aided Cooper, more, perhaps, than the latter realized, for example, in praising *The Spy* to Wiley in London in 1822;<sup>87</sup> he had complimented Cooper in his introductory notice to Bryant's poems;<sup>88</sup> and numerous letters testify to his admiration of the novelist's genius.<sup>89</sup> "They may say what they will of Cooper," he declared after reading *The Pathfinder*; "the man who wrote this book is not only a great man, but a good man."<sup>90</sup> Rufus W. Griswold, anxious to reconcile the two writers, wrote Cooper about Irving's attitude:

Mr Bryant observed that when the *Pathfinder* came out, he was called upon one morning by Halleck, who had just obtained a copy. "Irv-

ing," Halleck had said, "is all enthusiasm about this book. He spent an hour with me yesterday pointing out its fine passages, and talking of the absurdity of denying that Cooper is a man of genius of the first order," etc. Mr. Bryant said he had held similar conversations with Irving, who took every occasion to vindicate your character and assert your supremacy as a novelist and a historian; and he [Bryant] thought you could be ambitious of no higher eulogies than it was his custom to pay you in every circle in which he moved. I heard this with great pleasure, and C. F. Hoffman being at my house that evening I mentioned the subject to him. Said he "Cooper don't understand Irving, who dined with me a few days before he said, and talked for a long time about his (Cooper's) writings, quarrels with the newspapers, etc. He believes there is hardly any American prose that will live except Cooper's," etc.<sup>71</sup>

It was useless. All attempts at peace failed.<sup>72</sup> Cooper would have it no other way: Irving was a tuffthunter, and in literature, business, or politics was not above a slippery transaction. The readers of this biography are familiar with Irving's weaknesses, but it may be said that generosity in this relationship with Irving was not a fault of Cooper's. His answer to Griswold's mediation concludes the story until his final bursts of rage in 1842, when Irving became Minister to Spain: <sup>73</sup>

I fully appreciate your motives in what you say about Mr. Irving. Bryant, however, does not understand me, instead of my not understanding Irving. My opinion has been independent of what that gentleman might have said of me, or my writings, or character. It has been solely formed on what are admitted to be his acts and what I think of them. I never understood that Irving was severe on me, either as a man or an author; if I had, pride might cause me to suppress what I think of him, but, when we meet I will give you facts, and leave you to form your own opinion. A published eulogy of myself from Irving's pen could not change my opinion of his career. His course in politics is of a piece with all the rest, and was precisely what had been predicted of him, by those who knew him. Cuvier<sup>74</sup> had the same faults as Irving, and so had Scott. They were all meannesses, and I confess I can sooner pardon crimes, if they are manly ones. I have never had any quarrel with Mr. Irving, and give him full credit as a writer. Still, I believe him to be below the ordinary level, in moral qualities, instead of being above them, as he is cried up to be. I believe the same to have been the case with Scott, whom I know for a double-dealer.<sup>75</sup> If you know the Carvills,<sup>76</sup> ask them to give you the history of the manner in which they re-sold to Irving their right in his Columbus. . . .

Bryant is worth forty Irvings, in every point of view, but he runs a little into the seemly [?] school. I see he begins to fire a little at Dickens, who, by the way, is doing precisely what I looked for, from him. This country must outgrow its adulation of foreigners, Englishmen in particular, as children outgrow the rickets. It will not happen in your day, — much less in mine.<sup>77</sup>

Some discount must be made for temper; this Cooperstown war whoop blasts simultaneously Cuvier, Scott, Dickens, Bryant, and Irving. Yet Cooper's judgment was not an isolated one, as will be seen from the impending account of Irving's relations with Van Buren.<sup>78</sup> "Meannesses" is a strong word. But Cooper detested Irving's easy drifting with the currents of literary and political fashions; the root of his animus lay in a weakness (or strength) of his own. Cooper was at bottom a man of affairs, a patriot, not a man of letters; the converse was true of Irving. And out of Cooper's subordination of literature to patriotic convictions had arisen in his mind contempt for a man who did not use his gifts in writing for the health of his country. In brief, as we now know, Cooper, apart from his power in thrilling narrative, was a critic of society,<sup>79</sup> especially of this American democracy which he abused so roundly and loved so dearly. But what was Irving? A talented writer with a capacity for a vast influence, but pouring it out in adulation of Europe and capitalizing, so Cooper thought, the very shams in the civilization which he should have annihilated. It was too much. He would have nothing to do with such a fellow. He is "not," he cried, "a true American in feeling!"<sup>80</sup> From this point of view, rather than from hatred of the "meannesses," came the growls which we shall hear until Irving's departure for Spain.

Cooper's snarls are evidence. They establish an attitude toward Irving in the republic, now so confused in its concepts of the purposes of literature and politics. At the moment the novelist's fury could not prevent Irving's identification with the accepted standards of literature, and his consequent popularity. But in our day Cooper's objugation takes on meaning as we watch Irving's concessions both in his writing and in his everyday life to American respectability, a word now common in his correspondence. His friends were no longer English artists, but wealthy American business men, scheming always in this age of exploitation for larger fortunes. Such plutocrats were contemptuous of the man of leisure. Expatriates, in particular, were under suspicion. They seemed, in the midst of the feverish rush for wealth, intolerably patronizing. This truth Irving sensed, and also the fact that to clear his name of

effeminacy in his occupation of letters he must write books (presumably on American themes) which would fetch him cash. If his books sold, his authorship would be understood, for it would then be linked to the great patriotic virtue of making money. True, he had always written for financial profit, but never before had he silenced his artistic conscience for the sake of the standards of a few men of business.

He had, however, another reason for writing salable books. Apart from his fear of nonconformity, he needed funds. Again his investments had slumped, and, after an abortive attempt to sell an abridgment of the *Columbus* to the New York public schools,<sup>81</sup> he was ready not only to write for money, but even to speculate. He was not indifferent to the contrast between the rewards of the stay-at-homes, Brevoort, for example, and of himself, the mooning wanderer. They were rich; he was, by contrast, poor. So again the fever for buying and selling ran in his veins. He later told his story impersonally but ruefully in his sketch "A Time of Unexampled Prosperity."<sup>82</sup> Recently he had had a taste of losing money,<sup>83</sup> but the old madness, a relapse from his cure by the steamboat venture in 1820, laid hold upon him. Most of his letters to the author of *Swallow Barn* now concern investments, and the pencil which had once drawn the Brig o' Doon marked out the dimensions of a wharf at Fells Point. "The price," he wrote Kennedy,

is \$40,000. Will you have the kindness to enquire about this property and to let me have your opinion about it as soon as possible? I wish to know what rent it would produce immediately; what are the probabilities as to its future value; whether it is likely to be affected either favorably or unfavorably by public improvements, such as new streets, docking out, filling up, etc. I beg you to consider this matter seriously—to make your inquiries quietly; not to mention my name in the matter—nor indeed to say anything about the plan of purchase.<sup>84</sup>

Geoffrey Crayon was now playing the stock market, in spite of the warnings of Kennedy, who shrewdly anticipated the panic of 1837. For a while the Exchange required his constant presence, and he was as busy as he had been at the Legation, this time with his "cronies among the brokers and jobbers of Wall street."<sup>85</sup> It is an amusing instance of Irving's plasticity. He was the child of his environment, always. Still longing at times for old-world culture, he nevertheless let himself go in this harum-scarum scramble for dollars during one of the most corrupt periods of American

business. "Respectability," he kept repeating, "respectability"! America was stamping him; worse, he now kept quoting her mottoes to his family: "Make yourself," he urged his nephew William, "important to the prosperity of the house you serve, and you will make it important to that house to promote your own prosperity."<sup>86</sup> Respectability and prosperity! So his elder brothers had discoursed to him. All this was perhaps merely one of Time's revenges and the guerdon of his middle age, but it is strange to hear the lover of Matilda Hoffman advising his nephew that "a young man who marries early, without certain and easy means of subsistence, is half extinguished."<sup>87</sup> It is even stranger to listen to the quondam beau of New York and Philadelphia telling his sister irritably that his nephews must renounce their love of pleasure:

William Irving is here and I have procured him letters to various commercial houses in Virginia. The time is come for him and his brothers to exert themselves and shew whether they have capacity and self command sufficient to make their way in the world. I hope they will lay aside all those idle, expensive & would be fashionable manners which are the ruin of young men in New York, and endeavour to build up the fortunes of their family.<sup>88</sup>

Was he quoting from the family letters to himself in 1805?

Literary magnate, business man — and, next, politician; he was to be all these during the decade. Irving's career in politics is most surprising in the light of those bulletins of his, issued regularly every few years, declaring that he would have none of this "nauseous business." He repeated often the statement which he had recently made to Jackson — this time to Peter:

You are right in your conjectures that I keep myself aloof from politics. The more I see of political life here, the more I am disgusted with it. . . . There is such coarseness and vulgarity and dirty trick mingled with the rough-and-tumble contest. I want no part or parcel in such warfare.<sup>89</sup>

Make no mistake. He meant only the sweat of the polls. He loathed the shouting voters and the backbiting of the press. These disclaimers as to politics have done him a good turn with posterity, blurring the point and concealing his love of the intrigues of government. We have watched this interest in England, and we shall see it again in Spain. Between 1830 and 1850 politics was the major preoccupation of the American male,<sup>90</sup> and Irving had his part in this furore.<sup>91</sup> He was, indeed, not altogether recluse at Sunnyside,



and it was not because he wrote *The Sketch Book* that he had in succession opportunities to become a candidate for Mayor on the Tammany ticket, a Democratic candidate for Congress, and Secretary of the Navy under the adroit Van Buren.<sup>82</sup>

In contrast to the stock image of Irving as apart from political life, we have the evidence of the Democratic leaders Jackson, Van Buren, and McLane turning to him at once on his return, this gentleman with the smooth tongue and pen and, when occasion demanded, a capacity, so Van Buren said, for doing business shrewdly. He had been *Chargé d'Affaires* for the Democratic régime in London; everyone knew that he was in favor with the party. He had indeed budged from his old Federalist position. "Irving," said Dunlap, after a talk with him in 1833,

professes himself convinced that Democracy is the only true system & expresses his astonishment after 17 years residence in various parts of Europe to see the superiority in our state of Society. I told him I had always been a Democrat and saw in the system not the bringing down of the few but the exaltation of the many. He said he was convinced of it. That his feelings & political creed was changed. He stated the contrast between the misery of some parts of Europe and the discontents & anxieties of all, with the general animation, cheerful pressing on to something better ahead & enjoyment of the present which appeared every where in this country was amazing to himself & kept him in a fever of excitement & exultation.<sup>83</sup>

Yet he was, in the long run, to prove a lukewarm Democrat. He was stirred less by the Democrats' principles than by the underlying vigor of the democratic country, by the "excessive expansions of commerce," and by the "immense impulse" in America's "onward career."<sup>84</sup> Against his permanent alignment with this party were his temperament and his real ignorance of Democratic principles and conditions.<sup>85</sup> His Toryism remained a dominant strain in his thinking, and he characteristically took no part in the bolder movements of the epoch, such as locofocoism, which he denounced. But, for the time being, he was drawn into the bawling crowd, and such shifting of his political ground enraged his enemies. There had been talk about it. One recalls Cooper's words concerning "his course in politics"; it was "precisely what had been predicted of him, by those who knew him"!

One of Irving's final political services at the Legation had been to write, at Van Buren's request, in March, 1832, an "Address to the English People." This was to be a "parting appeal" before his departure and Van Buren's, and was to be "eminently useful in

paving the way for future operations."<sup>96</sup> Presumably, this and other concluding business of the mission had occupied the interview between Irving and Jackson in June, within a few weeks of the former's return from England. He had then declined a political appointment with one of those speeches about solitude and literature, which Jackson may not have quite understood. Yet he was even then in constant correspondence with Van Buren, and, beginning early in 1833, acted as his adviser, or rather as intermediary between McLane and the Vice-President. He was fond of McLane's family, out of regard for whom, and from mere embarrassment as the well-wisher of both these ambitious men, he was destined to suffer some uncomfortable hours.

For McLane, Secretary of the Treasury, now exhibited that "federalist leaven" which Jackson had feared, though he liked McLane personally; the latter was at variance with the President's fixed opposition to the United States Bank.<sup>97</sup> With other members of the Cabinet, he favored a re-charter. This honest difference of opinion, as Jackson called it, made inevitable, after infinite intrigue and dispute, the resignation of McLane (in favor of William J. Duane), to become Secretary of State. During all this nation-wide bank controversy, Van Buren, who was now apparently convinced that McLane had conspired, after returning from England, to injure his (Van Buren's) chances for the presidency,<sup>98</sup> communed with Irving concerning McLane's probable fate. For McLane, as soon as he was Secretary of State, requested Van Buren's aid in protecting the Bank. This Van Buren refused. He had probably aided Jackson in the plan against the Bank, though outwardly he had remained noncommittal. Yet he tried, apparently, to save McLane from disaster when the crisis in the Cabinet arrived.<sup>99</sup> On September 11, 1833, Van Buren declared that if Duane should resign (which he did, declining to remove the deposits from the Treasury), McLane would "think himself obliged to tender his resignation also, which if accepted, would inevitably ruin him."<sup>100</sup>

Van Buren, therefore, sent exhortations to McLane to stay in the Cabinet, through Irving, who, making another brief visit to McLane in Washington in October, 1833, had given him the same counsel in repeated conversations. At this time Irving urged Van Buren, who was absent in New York, to return to the capital. He hoped that McLane might yet be rescued, and as for Jackson, "he seems anxious to have you here, and now that he has had his 'wicked will' of the bank I think you had better be at his elbow."<sup>101</sup> On March 6, 1834, some three months before McLane's resignation

as Secretary of State, Van Buren, now in Washington, wrote Irving, in New York, that he had saved him: "after a severe trial, in which he was brought to the brink of a fatal precipice, he has finally determined to remain in his present station."<sup>102</sup> Irving was deeply interested; he had been over the entire affair with McLane and was disturbed by "the delicate and involved state of his feelings":

He is entitled to every consideration from you all. His sacrifices of feeling must be great, yet his continuance in the Cabinet at this crisis is of great importance to his friends, even though his arms may be tied up as to the contest in which they are engaged. It is also important to his own welfare. His retirement at this moment would be made a handle of by the opponents of the Administration, and he would be forced, in spite of himself, into a wretched collision with his late friends.<sup>103</sup>

In this affair Cooper would have said that Irving's management of these two rivals was characteristic. Irving must have known that, in spite of Van Buren's present friendly actions in McLane's behalf, there was feeling between them. Yet there was no real reason for his taking sides. Why not be friendly to both? The break between Van Buren and McLane came when the money questions with the French Government revived the old issue of McLane's resignation. The Secretary of State could not endure the President's refusal to endorse his French policy — nor, it would appear, the thought that he enjoyed less influence with Jackson than Van Buren and Taney. On June 18, 1834, McLane resigned, communicating his decision to Jackson without consulting Van Buren, who now called on the ex-Secretary but was permitted to see only the delightful Mrs. McLane. The two men never spoke to each other again.<sup>104</sup> And of each, in due time, the tactful Irving himself was to become passing weary.

Irving was not, it will be observed, quite relegated, as he professed, to the habits of a literary recluse. During the same years which included his anxiety for McLane, he bound himself more closely to the Democrats by supporting — privately — Jackson's position toward nullification. It is advisable to review, beginning in the year 1811, Irving's opinions on this question. In this year, it will be recalled, he had listened spellbound to the oratory of Calhoun, Lowndes, and Cheves,<sup>105</sup> whose political philosophy had then included, though their brilliant talents were directed against the conservatism of South Carolina, a protective tariff and a national bank. In spite of a powerful states'-rights party, South Caro-

lina had been in those days securely national. Abroad, Irving had followed with interest the growing bitterness in the South, commenting on the significance of the tariff, which had long been a topic in his mercantile family, and also on the deeper menace of slavery. In 1830 he had written from Paris to McLane about the possible effect of the overturn in French government upon these Southerners, one of whose leaders was, he said, "hotter in the head than ever, and seems to think a revolution one of the simplest and safest remedies possible for any political malady. . . . God help the inflammable South!"<sup>106</sup> When Irving returned to America in 1832, the states'-rights party was in the saddle; since the days when Irving had heard Calhoun speak, the South Carolinian had done an about-face on the tariff, and, though his influence had weakened in the North, he had consolidated the support of his own state for himself. In South Carolina, Irving, on his way home from the West, had talked with his old friend Preston and with Governor Hamilton, "a Hotspur in politics";<sup>107</sup> and he had tasted the South's excitement concerning nullification. On almost the very day of his arrival at Washington from New Orleans, the Convention of South Carolina passed the nullification ordinance, declaring the tariff acts of 1818 and 1832 null, void, and no law.<sup>108</sup> It was a literal application of John Calhoun's toast of April 13, 1830: "The Union, next to our liberty most dear! . . . it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States."<sup>109</sup>

Irving's studies in the Legation had included this bogey of sectionalism, and he understood as well as most Americans the subtle logic of Calhoun's rationalization of his nullification position. Few indeed could follow the metaphysics of this, but the theory of secession, justified by the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions and the Hartford Convention, was comprehensible enough to terrify the country. While he was in the West, Irving knew that the application of this theory of the Union to potential states might well elicit comment from him in "A Tour on the Prairies."<sup>110</sup> He shuddered at the notion. He would speak not a word on this dangerous subject! Though he stood with Jackson against nullification, he said nothing in public. Yet in private letters we discover his interest in the issue, and its influence upon his standing with Jackson and Van Buren. It is not too much to say that his services to the party in the Legation and his attitude on nullification made him still more, if privately, a "Jackson man."

He had also, upon his return, bound himself to Jackson by his intercession with the President in behalf of Paulding, then anxious

about his position as Navy Agent in New York ;<sup>111</sup> and his long stay in Washington in the winter of 1832-1833 sustained his association with the party in power. He nearly lived, he said, in the Capitol, where he "heard almost every speech, good and bad, and did not lose a word of any of the best."<sup>112</sup> He saw the cause of nullification decay, not merely through Jackson's proclamation, but through the popular reaction against the nullifiers, unappeased by conciliatory cuts in the tariff. Yet his admiration for Calhoun returned ; was he, after all, greater than Jackson ? In all his private writing on such events he displayed that power of observation which Van Buren had admired and which Daniel Webster was to recognize. His fault was that he could not hold to political principles, though, for writing, this very weakness was his strength ; he saw both sides of the question so clearly ; he had such an inexhaustible interest in its drama !

Thus, though he stood with the antinullificationists, what he saw of the power of the Southerners, and what he had learned on his tour and in Washington of sectional bitterness, made him "doubt strongly of the long existence of the general Union."<sup>113</sup> His frank letter, already mentioned, to Peter summarized his attitude, different from the Northerners' flat condemnation of this rebellion :

It is really lamentable to see so fine a set of gallant fellows, as the leading Nullifiers are, so sadly in the wrong. They have just cause of complaint, and have been hardly dealt with, but they are putting themselves completely in the wrong by the mode they take to redress themselves, as a Committee of Congress is now occupied in the formation of a bill for the reduction of the tariff. I hope that such a bill may be devised and carried as will satisfy the moderate part of the Nullifiers. But I grieve to see so many elements of national prejudice, hostility and selfishness, stirring and fermenting, with activity and acrimony.<sup>114</sup>

It was his curiosity about the affairs of the nation which caused Van Buren to send him again to Jackson, in 1833. Jackson was to question him and to make use of him as one who "has had good opportunities to observe the state of the public mind in regard to recent events."<sup>115</sup>

This, indeed, was Irving's importance to the administration ; he was Van Buren's plummet ; he was to sound and chart national opinion. His intimate at the Legation in London was now Vice-President of the United States. Irving was apparently not publicly known as a staunch supporter of the administration. One hears,

instead, much concerning his patriotism and tolerance; it was well, he implied, to be a broad-minded citizen and to adhere ardently to no single party. To the end of his life Irving strove to maintain this position, declaring as he wrote the last volume of his biography of Washington: "I must deal cautiously with the party questions. I wish to stand in my history where Washington stood, who was of no party."<sup>116</sup> In such statements Irving was doubtless sincere. He had never been a strong party man. Yet the times were troubled. It was hard to keep aloof from all parties; doubly hard if one was the personal friend of the politically minded Van Buren. As time passed, Irving played his part of neutral with increasing embarrassment. "Washington Irving," said the New York *Evening Post*, in an editorial on the "Malignity of the Whigs," "is now suspected of democracy."<sup>117</sup>

When all is said, then, there exist reasons for his reputation in certain quarters, as in Cooperstown, for pliancy<sup>118</sup> — as this story will presently emphasize. From 1833 until about 1840 he advised Van Buren on many questions, on the drift of American opinion, on possible reactions abroad — these judgments, in particular, were based upon his own experience — and on diplomatic policies. Incidentally his confidential letters were apt to petition for sinecures for brothers and nephews.<sup>119</sup> It was a custom of the time. The Jacksonian system of patronage had the sanction of the nation. Such favors cannot be regarded as compensations for Irving's services. His refusal of high honors for himself probably absolves him of all serious charges, though here there is always the possible answer that he craved not a Cabinet but a diplomatic post. And it cannot be denied that his requests for favors for his family would have been less insistent had they been based solely on friendship with Van Buren. The rejection of one of these requests was assigned by Van Buren's friends as a reason for Irving's desertion and for his support of the Whig party in 1840.<sup>120</sup> In brief, in becoming the unofficial agent of Van Buren, Irving was treading a perilous path.

Still more must be said in contradiction of his rôle as genial, disinterested onlooker. His methods in attaining his own purposes were certainly not leagues apart from the political ethics of the day. Consider once more the case of Paulding. To retain his old friend in office, Irving approached Jackson, and his letter to Van Buren on the subject reveals a point of view inconsistent with his alleged nausea at politics. Paulding, he told Van Buren,

is a staunch and sincere friend to the administration and to the old general. . . . He is widely connected by marriage &c and his con-

nexions are all strong friends to the administration. He is moreover prized and beloved by a wide circle of friends of a class & standing and character to have an influence on society by their opinions. Such a man is valuable to a party by the very respectability of his character and conduct, but I know Paulding to be a very useful man by his pen, which he exerts anonymously—and merely for his own gratification, in the newspapers, on the administration side. I give these hints out of my friendship both for yourself and him.<sup>121</sup>

The "hints" are plain indeed, and the letter concludes with a recollection of his own prophecy at the London breakfast table of Van Buren's election to the presidency. Irving's communication does not appear to be animated by exactly national principles.

As intelligence officer for Van Buren, Irving habitually recommended discretion. He was not in sympathy with Jackson's policy concerning the payment of the debt of France to the United States for her spoliations of American commerce. This issue had been in negotiation since 1815, but the treaty of 1831, which Irving had watched closely as *Chargé d'Affaires* in London, had bound France to pay the sum of twenty-five million francs. Yet France delayed, and Jackson's message to Congress in 1834 threatened war. Van Buren consulted Irving, who, remembering from his experience at the Legation the lawless jealousies of European nations on the sea, was aghast:

God defend us from it. We might do some damage to French commerce, but we should bring upon our own rich and widely extended trade the piccaroons and plunderers of every nation on the globe, who under French commissions & the French flag, would swarm the ocean with licensed pirates. — However, I do not apprehend war — It is too wide from the interest of either party to get entangled in it.<sup>122</sup>

The letter ended with hopes for a cadetship at West Point for Richard Dodge Frothingham, a nephew.

What use Van Buren made of Irving's advices and representations of public feeling is unknown. Irving was probably but one of many such informal agents. In any case, on February 1, 1836, Irving again begged his friend to speak temperately to France and settle this quarrel amicably (not forgetting to reinstate Edgar Irving as Lieutenant of Marines<sup>123</sup>); and on February 24 he congratulated him on bringing this affair to a "magnanimous and pacific" conclusion.<sup>124</sup> In this year Van Buren, McLane and others being shelved, was elected President, and Irving wrote him a familiar, almost paternal letter of blessing: "You have now arrived at the most dis-

tinguished post in the world, at the head of the *great republic*: it depends upon yourself to make it the most honorable. There is but one true rule for your conduct. . . ." <sup>125</sup> Excellent! Irving was retained as scout, and in August, 1837, he sent the President four articles from the *Journal of Commerce*, anonymous contributions from Peter, <sup>126</sup> who, again in America, had fallen into the old habits of the *Corrector*, once so admired by Van Buren. "You have," Irving wrote,

the opinions of busy politicians, scheming financiers and aspiring partizans, in abundance; it may be worth your while occasionally to have those of one who has no interest to serve, and who is singularly placed aloof from the passions and prejudices of party. . . . The articles in question appear to me to present a simple, concise and lucid view of our . . . pecuniary difficulties. <sup>127</sup>

Such were Irving's relations with the Jackson-Van Buren *régime*. Certainly there existed adequate cause for Van Buren's belief, of which he was about to give convincing evidence, that Irving was a strong supporter of the Democratic administration. Irving's talents he respected more than ever. Secretly, on April 23, 1838, he offered him a place in his Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. <sup>128</sup> It is plain that Van Buren expected Irving to accept this post; he referred to it as "for the gratification of an honorable ambition." And he added:

I believe you to possess in an eminent degree those peculiar qualities which should distinguish the head of that Department. . . . This opinion has been greatly strengthened by a full & confidential communication of our friends Mess. Paulding & Kemble. <sup>129</sup>

Benjamin Butler followed up this letter with two hours of persuasive argument with Irving in New York, but in vain. He declined.

Irving's reply, not without emotion, is essential to our survey of him in politics; this and the concluding incidents of his relationship with Van Buren may be here set down in advance, as sequels to the events from 1832 to 1837. <sup>130</sup> It should be noted what Irving says in his letter, not that the office would be repellent or that he had never desired such an honor, but that he is deterred by the virulence and blackguardism of contemporary political life:

Mature reflection and self examination have served to confirm my first impulse, which was to decline your most kind and flattering offer. It is not so much the duties of the office that I fear; for I take



a delight in full occupation, and the concerns of the Navy department would be peculiarly interesting to me; but I shrink from the harsh cares and turmoils of public and political life at Washington, and feel that I am too sensitive to endure the bitter personal hostility, and the slanders and misrepresentations of the press, which beset high station in this country. This argues, I confess, a weakness of spirit and a want of true philosophy, but I speak of myself as I am, not as I ought to be. Perhaps, had my ambition led me to a higher career, and aimed at official distinction I might have become enured to the struggle; but it has laid in a different and more secluded path, and has nurtured in me habits of quiet, and a love of peace of mind, that daily unfit me, more and more, for the collisions of the world. I really believe it would take but a short career of public life at Washington to render me mentally and physically a perfect wreck, and to hurry me prematurely into old age.<sup>181</sup>

Well, it is a touching letter, and should probably prevent our motivating Irving's political eavesdropping by strong personal ambition. Yet, said his enemies, when the right appointment came, he seized it.<sup>182</sup> It is indeed possible that, after his success in London, his ambitions inclined toward diplomacy, that branch of the service which was freest from the sordid vices described in his letter to Van Buren. Skilled in the devices of advancement, he may have maintained his connection with the politically great on the chance of a diplomatic post. His horror of the grosser side of politics was real enough; out of it arose his care to be known as an outsider, his silence on controversial issues,<sup>183</sup> and his secrecy about his relations with the administration. Yet even these could not keep him from peering through Van Buren's windows or entering the back doors of his council chambers. He loved the game—let no one think otherwise!—but feared its dust and weariness. Minister to Spain? Well, that was different.

Penalties, however, for writing on American themes, he was not to avoid. In spite of what Van Buren called his "habitual caution,"<sup>184</sup> he had been savagely attacked for his sketch of the pioneer in "The Creole Village,"<sup>185</sup> and had been stung into replies by the assaults of the *Richmond Whig*. Not long before the offer of the Cabinet post, a faint coolness arose between the President and his factotum. Toward the beginning of 1838 their confidential correspondence had virtually ceased. Rumors persisted that Irving had "cut" Van Buren.<sup>186</sup> On this point Irving joked evasively, but he told Kemble of Van Buren that he "did not relish some points of his policy, nor believe in the wisdom and honesty of some of his elbow counsellors."<sup>187</sup>

He intimated that Van Buren had fallen into the mire of cheap politics.<sup>138</sup> His prospective defection from the Democrats, if this it was, did not please the President, who was quick to envisage in the Irving-Kemble-Paulding group more than a literary trio. He was right. Taken with their friends, they formed a powerful faction, as was to be proved in the election of 1840.<sup>139</sup> Indeed, it is possible that Van Buren's offer of the Cabinet post was an attempt to align Irving more openly with his administration. Butler, in reporting the latter's refusal, was at pains to tell Van Buren: Irving "manifested the best feelings towards yourself."<sup>140</sup> For Irving, as a matter of fact, the position of independent in politics was becoming more and more trying. The Whig party was now active, strutting away its brief life, begun about 1832, with principles not uncongenial to a former Federalist. In addition, some of Van Buren's policies and men Irving really disliked.<sup>141</sup> Yet Van Buren was a personal friend; they had worked together for the Democratic party under Jackson; this bond was stronger than was known to those who heard only Irving's descriptions of himself as a wise bystander. What should he do? Was he, after all, to be maneuvered into the position of a trimmer, drawn into this "nauseous business," because of his friendship for everybody?

The mutual distrust between the two friends became critical in 1840, the year of Van Buren's second candidacy. What had passed between them since 1838 is unknown, except that in 1839 Van Buren received an invitation to Sunnyside.<sup>142</sup> That there had been no open break is evident, for Irving approached the President in a letter, twice underscored *confidential*:

I am about to appeal to your friendship in a way I once little dreamt of doing; by asking a favor in which my own personal interests are involved. The explanation I shall make *in confidence* will I hope plead my apology. I wish to obtain a respectable and reasonably profitable appointment for my brother Ebenezer Irving; and I presume the Sub treasury scheme,<sup>143</sup> when it goes into operation, will put something of the kind at your disposal. I believe you are acquainted with the character of my brother, if not, Paulding and Kemble, who know him well, can vouch for his spotless integrity and thorough worth, and his capability, industry and punctuality as a man of business. In politics, like all my brothers he has ever been of the same school with yourself, and has been sincere and disinterested in his politics, having never asked a favor.

The vicissitudes, of the times have of late years borne hard upon him, and his means have been gradually, diminishing. I have done all

I could to buoy him up ; and his charming family of daughters have long, been the inmates of my cottage and made it a delightful home to me.

After more details of straitened circumstances, Irving continued :

As I said before — I make the [request?] to you *in confidence as a friend*, for if I did [not think?] of you from my own heart, and believe you to be [a?] friend, you would never have heard from me in [this?] manner

Before I conclude let me tell you how much I have been gratified by your message. It is a glorious paper, and sheds a light upon the whole labarynth of financial subtleties [?] and corruptions that must lay it open to the simplest mind.<sup>144</sup>

By both the calamity and the compliment in this letter Van Buren was, apparently, unmoved. Ebenezer did not benefit by the Sub-Treasury plan. Perhaps there is no evidence for the conviction of the Van Buren men that the refusal to aid Ebenezer roused Irving's anger. If he voted the new, decorous Whig ticket, was that not the right of a benevolent well-wisher to both parties? In these days men changed political loyalties with amazing agility. The contest in 1840 between Van Buren and Harrison re-formed the personnel of both parties, bringing victory to the Whigs.

We are here [William Hickling Prescott wrote Jared Sparks] all in a hubbub of Whiggery. Every man is a patriot, and guns and hurrahs are splitting the air in all directions. One would think that the Whigs had not been allowed to speak or breathe aloud these dozen years, from the obstreperous work they make now. But it is a glorious victory, though I agree with you a log cabin and hard cider are in-different qualifications for the presidency.<sup>145</sup>

In any case, Irving, from all existing testimony, worked actively with the New York cohorts against Van Buren. "Unworthy conduct," declared Irving, "on his part toward me . . . forfeited that friendship."<sup>146</sup> Perhaps it was the "mire" which now stained Van Buren; perhaps it was the mugwump asserting his right to attack an administration which he had found impotent in the financial crisis; perhaps, after the fame of the military Harrison, Irving's Federalist opinions reasserted themselves. Whatever the cause, however clear his aims may have been to intimate friends and to his own conscience, in the Van Buren camp Irving was damned as a betrayer.

"Precisely what had been predicted of him, by those who knew him." Such was Cooper's opinion. Others, however, were shocked.

The Whigs [wrote a political ally of Van Buren's] now appear to be as numerous as the leaves of the Forest, and are very confident of driving you—from your unthankful situation. . . . I have even [?] met Ogden Hoffman,<sup>147</sup> who in conversation, said "if we *do not* succeed it will not be because we do not try, as nothing has been left undone by us." . . . I now regret to say, that . . . our old friend Irving has got off the Fence shewd himself in his true colours by being a Whig and a violent one and it is said an abusive one. I more deeply regret it, as we have at all times looked upon him as a pure and highly honourable man, it is like throwing himself away—and disgracing human nature. However it is shews that interested motives more or less actuate all men; It was no doubt because his infernal [?] Brother was not placed in the office now filled by Mr Allen.<sup>148</sup>—I understand he complains of you *not* answering some late letter he addressed to you,<sup>149</sup> this he considers a great grievance and has some idea of demanding back the letter he wrote you,—I refer you to Mr Paulding, who leaves on Monday, will be in W[ashington] on Tuesday morning. I have not seen Irving, and hope I shall not although I would like to ask his motives for becoming an opponent to one who has been kind and friendly to him for years past.<sup>150</sup>

Such was one result of Irving's benevolence to all parties. Politics could be very "nauseous" indeed!

## CHAPTER XIX

### IRVING AND THE WEST

1832-1837

IN THESE three chapters on Irving's life in America from 1832 to 1837, with its culmination in the Western books, it must be remembered that, through all his participation in the events of his time, he still clung to that one thread of purpose in his life—writing. Unwise financial investments; the panic of 1837; the expenses of Sunnyside; anxiety concerning Ebenezer, who was now himself poor; the insistent demands of readers<sup>1</sup>—all required, in Irving's familiar phrase, "the exercise of the pen." How his new experiences would confirm his purpose of writing on American subjects is obvious. How incredible, with such interests, that he should write on anything else! But how characteristic and how unfortunate that he once more chose the safe course, by dwelling on innocuous aspects of these themes! Rebecca Gratz, thinking him as keen as in his youth, wished him to castigate America with another *Salmagundi*.<sup>2</sup> This he could have done; Paulding, too, had suggested it.<sup>3</sup> The material for satire was richer far than in the New York of 1807. But he was now himself one of those solid citizens who had aroused his mirth in his youthful days. It would not do to offend the administration or the Whigs or the editors or the prominent families or—anybody. Prudence sat at his side and guided his pen. Perhaps Diedrich Knickerbocker turned slightly in his grave. Instead of ridiculing the stupidities of protectionist, nullifier, or literary business man, he hymned John Jacob Astor! Such was now his conception of "an American theme."

Yet one must not deny him his honest interest in the scenes which, finally, he portrayed. Though he was cautious concerning political issues, he was deeply curious about Western life. He wasted some time in getting around to his three books on the subject. He reviewed Wheaton's *History of the Northmen*, in the *North American Review* for October, 1832,<sup>4</sup> and he contributed to such wish-

wash as Lady Blessington's *Annual*<sup>5</sup> and edited the absurdly popular *Beauties of Washington Irving*.<sup>6</sup> Leslie inveigled him into writing for a parlor book, illustrated by paintings of the Hudson River; <sup>7</sup> and he worked on his sketches "The Creole Village" and "The Widow's Ordeal," which ultimately appeared in the *Magnolia* in 1837.<sup>8</sup> He was averse, as said, to a new *Salmagundi*, and he lost no time in refusing the editorship of Hoffman's magazine, the *Knickerbocker*.<sup>9</sup> Indeed, the specific kind of American book he was to write had been really determined by his trip west. Though he had by 1834 in his portfolio his notes on revisiting Sleepy Hollow and those on Ralph Ringwood,<sup>10</sup> and though in the next year he published a scrap of lore on an unwritten drama by Lord Byron,<sup>11</sup> he had also the remarkable manuscript, formulated from notes picked up in the South, "Polly Holman's Wedding."<sup>12</sup> As he studied his journal of 1832-1833, he realized that he could adapt his writing to pioneer manners and customs; here was his opportunity. Early in 1833, stirred by the panorama of the West, he began "A Tour on the Prairies."

Because of various distractions he wrote slowly.<sup>13</sup> It was not until November, 1834, that he had completed the three hundred and fifty pages of his manuscript.<sup>14</sup> Even then he had an attack of nerves: Mr. Irving, said the magazines, would outdo *The Sketch Book* in his forthcoming study of the American scene; he would devote all his creative art to the Rocky Mountains;<sup>15</sup> he would — such was the most terrifying of the prophecies — uphold the rights of the Western and Southern states!<sup>16</sup> This simple tale of a gentleman camping on the frontier would, he feared, never satisfy. So he fell back on his old stratagem; he would offer assorted sweets, from Missouri, England, and Spain. By the beginning of the year 1835 he had planned a series of slight volumes under the general, persuasive title *The Crayon Miscellany*. Among his collected works to-day this suite of novelettes commemorates his timidity: "A Tour on the Prairies" (Volume I), "Abbotsford" and "Newstead Abbey" (Volume II), and "Legends of the Conquest of Spain" (Volume III).<sup>17</sup> The refuse of Geoffrey Crayon's old notebooks was to protect the speculative venture of the Western narrative.

He was most excited, of course, about the reception of the first volume, and he managed its appearance with his customary watchfulness, redoubled by the knowledge that Latrobe also was about to publish a book on the expedition.<sup>18</sup> Friend had suddenly become rival, and Irving exerted himself toward a speedy publication. He

wrote Aspinwall, still his London agent, to reopen negotiations with Murray (whom he had sworn he never would forgive); but his demands on the English publisher now lacked the old asperity. He had not forgotten the chastening of 1831. He hoped for seven hundred and fifty guineas, but he told Aspinwall, "Make what bargain you can for it"! In any case, Latrobe must be anticipated. "Be on your guard," he wrote his friend, ". . . say nothing on the subject."<sup>19</sup> The contract was finally signed at six hundred pounds, and in London in March, 1835, appeared "A Tour on the Prairies."<sup>20</sup> Carey, Lea, and Blanchard published the American edition in the following month;<sup>21</sup> and the two other numbers of the series were issued in both countries at intervals of a few weeks.<sup>22</sup> It was Irving's first book written and published in America since 1809. After twenty-six years he was again an American author, living in his own country and writing of her.

He need not have worried. If this short book on the West disappointed political partisans, it pleased Irving's friends. Philip Hone ascribed its success to the interest of the average citizen of the 'thirties in the conquest of the West, with the consequent enlargement of American resources.<sup>23</sup> Of this, of course, its author had been mindful in his selection of a noncontroversial subject. Brought up among merchants, in the New York of Astor, he understood the practical lure of the unknown regions. He himself, it will be recalled, had aided his brothers in business connected with the frontier trade and had shared Americans' respect for Astor's gigantic achievements. Indeed, his own purse had often been dependent upon the success of Brother William's ventures on the frontier, and he had watched eagerly Brevoort's experiments at the Michigan trading posts. Other reasons for the success of "A Tour on the Prairies" will be discussed presently,<sup>24</sup> but we should for the moment observe the book's instant identification, by Hone and others, with the spirit of this pioneering, commercial age.

It was, in fact, partly Irving's association with the exemplar of this spirit, Astor himself, which begot his two other books on the West. The old man was now seventy-two years old.<sup>25</sup> Instead of the shopkeeper whom Irving had passed on his way to school, he was now the fur magnate, the envy of all those who, in this epoch, sought more than the ordinary reward of the common man — "a living." Irving had met Astor in Paris in 1821, and a friendship had grown up, resumed now, for Astor admired success and was fond of literary men.<sup>26</sup> When Irving returned to America, Fitz-Greene Halleck was living with the financier, with, observed Irving, "a

handsome salary for conducting his affairs."<sup>27</sup> Gossips were presently wagging their heads over Irving's frequent visits to the Hell Gate estate.<sup>28</sup> Here Astor showed him his huge collection of documents descriptive of the expedition to Oregon and of the fur trade beyond the Rocky Mountains. There was, indeed, to be a barter of wares between this wealthy owner of manuscripts and the relatively impecunious author. Astor's hints deepened into entreaties; of these papers Irving should make a book. The manuscripts were seductive, like the honorarium. Less tangled than those surveyed by Fray Antonio Agapida, they engaged, too, a real interest, linking themselves in his mind with his own frontier experiences, the journey to Canada when twenty, that to Arkansas when forty-nine. He was tempted, but at first he smiled at selling his time to this stupendous piece of hack work. Yet the reader, familiar with his weaknesses, might foretell his surrender. Astor bestowed upon him some of that persistence which had made him an emperor in trade, and, even before the appearance of "A Tour on the Prairies," Irving had promised to be the historian for big business of the 'thirties.

Astor may have chuckled over this deal, and Irving's liberty might have vanished for years except for a stipulation. He was to summon Pierre Munro Irving from Illinois to drudge over the documents.<sup>29</sup> These the scribe was to put in order; and he was to suck Astor dry of anecdote. Then Irving, to fulfill Astor's mandate that Geoffrey Crayon's name be on the title-page, was to compose the entire work.<sup>30</sup> The nephew's fee was three thousand dollars,<sup>31</sup> but Irving was vague about his own compensation. Such discretion was a boomerang, for jealous New Yorkers talked immediately about the vast sums paid him for a perfunctory and flattering task. In fact, his enemies never forgot this "patronage;"<sup>32</sup> as late as 1851 he was still angrily denying that he received a scandalously large remuneration. "The work," he replied to a statement from Henry Rowe Schoolcraft<sup>33</sup> that he had derived five thousand dollars from *Astoria*,<sup>34</sup>

was undertaken by me through a real relish of the subject.

In the course of visits in early life to Canada I had seen much of the Magnates of the North West Company and of the hearty trappers and fur traders in their employ, and had been excited by their stories of adventurous expeditions into the "Indian Country." I was sure, therefore, that a narrative, treating of them and their doings, could not fail to be full of striking interest.<sup>35</sup>

True, but why not name, fifteen years later, the terms of the contract? Whatever the immediate reward, he was later to share Astor's



speculations in the lands at Green Bay, with their enormous profits and, by 1842, their disastrous depreciation.<sup>80</sup>

In August, 1835, Irving moved to Astor's house at Hell Gate, whose lawn swept down to the little strait, on which glided back and forth the sails of New York's shipping. Here was an odd bachelor establishment, with Astor presiding, Pierre Munro Irving slaving at the documents, the poet Halleck a guest at dinners,<sup>87</sup> and McLane, Hone, and other substantial potentates visiting this center of culture.<sup>88</sup> By October 1 Irving had finished the first draft of the book, and on February 16, 1836, was applying that final revision which he always enjoyed, that "touching and toning of a picture." In October, Carey, Lea, and Blanchard published *Astoria*. For it, from this firm, Irving received four thousand dollars, and from Bentley, for the London edition, five hundred pounds.<sup>89</sup> Once more he had the rewards of temporary success, and, for the second time since his arrival in America, he had written a book which would be read with pleasure by the most Philistine of his countrymen. Remembering those dreams of his when he worked on the *Columbus*, this sale of his talents to the equalitarian spirit of the age is not edifying. It is, indeed, a significant part of the story of his literary and political subservience in the American democracy.

Had he now wished to accept the challenge of the frontier to write boldly of Western life, it would have been impossible. Instead, he was committed to the Wall Street conception of the pioneer, with romantic episodes for *sauce piquante*. In issuing "A Tour on the Prairies" he had hedged, bolstering it with European material; and *Astoria* was, in comparison with his earlier hopes for his art, merely a literary clerkship. His last book on the West, before he pandered frankly to the sentimental taste of the age in biography,<sup>40</sup> was to be merely the echo of an echo. For this book, too, Astor was indirectly responsible. As Irving idled for a fortnight, awaiting an actual protagonist in the Oregon expedition, into Astor's library strolled the famous Captain Bonneville.<sup>41</sup>

There he sat in his military frock, his sharp, French face alight, as he related softly his Homeric battles and escapes. This was enlivening, and later, in Washington, Irving listened to more of this explorer's epics of the West. Bonneville was

writing at a table, covered with maps and papers, in the centre of a large barrack room, fancifully decorated with Indian arms, and trophies, and war dresses, and the skins of various wild animals, and hung round with pictures of Indian games and ceremonies, and scenes of war and hunting. In a word, the captain was beguiling the tedious-

ness of attendance at court, by an attempt at authorship; and was rewriting and extending his travelling notes, and making maps of the regions he had explored. As he sat at the table, in this curious apartment, with his high bald head of somewhat foreign cast, he reminded me of some of those antique pictures of authors that I have seen in old Spanish volumes.<sup>42</sup>

If out of this material Irving could create a book, it would sell. It would be, of course, another potboiler. Yet one recognizes momentarily, as he commenced this new task, a keener zest than in the less accidental books on the frontier. Taking the journal from the untrained hands of the Captain he began to write, and found himself excited as in the old days, much more than in writing *Astoria*. "It relates," he told Aspinwall, "to the Rocky Mountains and shews up scenes of wild life among trappers, trader[s] and Indian banditti, of which the world has little idea. . . . It is full of adventure, description, and stirring incident; with occasional passages of humor."<sup>43</sup> So he scribbled on—his first book written at Sunnyside. It was January, 1837. He lifted his eyes and saw the sparkling ice of Tappan Bay and, across the river, the snow-covered hills. Within were Peter and himself, the author of *The Sketch Book* and *The Alhambra*, now scratching away at *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A.*<sup>44</sup> Such were the chances of his varied life. Yet the spark kindled in him by the Frenchman died out. After all, the subject was thin; the book proved to be only a feeble supplement to *Astoria*. Coupled with his biography of Margaret Miller Davidson, the tubercular poetess, given to the world four years later, it seemed to vindicate the judgment of John Murray in 1829 that Washington Irving's powers were exhausted.

Yet, even if not literature, these three books born of Irving's repatriation are of immense importance in the record of his life. If we now survey their content and their fame, we see that one interest dominates them all, that of the American citizen exploring the pioneer West. Irving, with private reservations on his provincialism, was really identifying himself with this American's aims in the business of exploiting these new regions. Therefore, though by temperament never fully in sympathy with Manifest Destiny and its by-products in culture, he now told the story of the West as Philip Hone would wish to have it told—except that he warily omitted controversial issues, states' rights, public lands, Indian reservations, internal improvements, corporations, republicanism, or strict-constructionism. From opinions on these topics he shied off, but always in the three books on the West may be found the

mood, expressed or implied, of which the common man between 1830 and 1850 was enamored, that of *individualism*, of the opportunity for each American to possess lands like those in "A Tour on the Prairies" or to attain wealth like Astor's.

Thus, still writing with a superiority which satisfied the lax critics of his country, Irving answered the popular outcry that he celebrate the American scene. Recall that "A Tour on the Prairies" appeared as a separate book, and was followed within three years by *Astoria* and *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A.* Hence the other volumes, "Abbotsford" and "Newstead Abbey," and the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," seemed pardonable digressions of this reformed, *American* Irving. Such a trio of books within three years appeared to demonstrate his present respect for his countrymen; seemed to admit that he was now one of them. (They did not foresee that Irving's rambling discourse on Scott's home would outlive his book on the Pawnees and Osages.) He had alluded tactfully in his prefaces to his previous interest in the American frontier;<sup>45</sup> he intimated, in fact, that since 1800 it had been calling to him irresistibly. Thus Americans, Mayor Philip Hone or the nameless farmer's boy, stirred by these idyls on the America that lay beyond, thought of Irving in 1838 as a fellow countryman, even if, perhaps, too cultivated. Everyone watched Geoffrey Crayon in his new background, the friend of government commissioners or absorbed by Astor's manuscripts or himself enduring the hardships of the frontier; one can trace this revaluation of Irving by Americans who had once condemned him as a voluntary exile. They now saw him charging on a pony through ravines on the track of the buffalo!<sup>46</sup> Posterity has since forgotten Irving in Arkansas, but by 1840 he had won a place in the ever-growing literature of the frontier. It is a precious instance of his opportunism. The name of Washington Irving meant in this year not *The Sketch Book* or *The Alhambra*, but Missouri and the great Northwest!<sup>47</sup>

Moreover, in spite of his refusal to take sides, either to adhere to the cultural Anglo-Saxon tradition, to which he belonged, and write critically of America, or to be nativist and defend the principles suggested by migrations and the West, he had again hit the target. His Western books justified his calculations; they were successful, for they interested both Americans dreaming of vast lands to be exploited and also Europeans curious about prairie and Indian. To understand the contemporary applause of these books,

which to earnest men seemed the tamest dallies with superficialities in place of a courageous study of underlying factors in our national destiny, we must recollect that in the 'thirties almost any volume on the trans-Mississippi frontier, on the Indians, or on the new lands would command attention. The West was a universal topic of conversation; tales by Charles Fenno Hoffman and by Irving's obscure nephew<sup>48</sup> were nearly as acceptable as those which bore on the title-page the magical name of America's most popular man of letters.

For everywhere, in the city or on the farm, men discussed these realms of adventure. "The great rage even here in this part of Ohio," wrote a young teacher in Carthage in 1837, "is to sell & go West!"<sup>49</sup> The Jacksonian migrations were at their height. Arkansas and Michigan were just rounding into statehood. Men's dreams of happiness, or at least of wealth, turned their thoughts, if not some members of their families, ever farther beyond the middle states. In 1832 Captain Bonneville had led his band of explorers to the Rocky Mountains and the Columbia Valley, and in the same year Nathaniel J. Wyeth tried to found a seat of trade in the Oregon country.<sup>50</sup> So many were the expeditions into these more remote regions, in the very time of Irving's genteel escapade in Missouri, that Paxson names this year (1832) as the commencement of the most powerful transfrontier influences.<sup>51</sup> Through missionaries and fur traders, the next decade saw the beginnings of the agricultural occupation of Oregon.

And on the map, close behind the steadily advancing line of the frontier, swarmed the literary camp followers, describing what the pioneers endured.<sup>52</sup> Indeed, after the first seventeenth-century writings on the frontier, there had appeared in increasing volume pamphlets, books, diaries, and letters, from scientists, explorers, missionaries, European and American travelers,<sup>53</sup> and even from woodsmen who spelled with difficulty. Like his contemporaries, Irving himself had devoured these, from Charlevoix to Basil Hall.<sup>54</sup> He was still reading frontier tales when he left America in 1815, and he had sent from Liverpool to Brevoort for more books on the Indians. On his return in 1832, he found that new authors were writing about more distant regions; his fellow Americans were devouring not De Tocqueville, but Schoolcraft, Hunter, Tanner, Pattie, Heckewelder,<sup>55</sup> Flint, and, with resentment, his acquaintance of the days in Paris, Frances Trollope.<sup>56</sup> Accordingly he had resolved to write of the West. As he had experimented with the

English essay, the German supernatural tale, and the Spanish *artículo de costumbres*, so he now dabbled with the popular American tale of mustang and tomahawk.

In brief, Irving sensed the "common man's" interest in the West. He felt the influence of the frontier to be perhaps the greatest single influence in our psychology before 1890. He shared it in diluted form, as did even the New England writers, but he shared it. He observed, in particular, Americans' desire for romantic accounts of the frontier. This romantic attitude gained strength as urban life flourished and as the frontier became ever more remote. Parkman declared that his countrymen thought of the Indians in terms of Uncas and Chingachgook.<sup>77</sup> The frontier the American connected vaguely with his hopes for a new nation, a new destiny, almost a new race such as Whitman envisioned—"a superior breed." Like Chateaubriand, Estwick Evans meant to find "amidst the solitude and grandeur of the western wilds, more correct views of human nature and of the true interests of man."<sup>78</sup> Charles Fenno Hoffman, who also praised the pleasures of solitude, was beginning his career as novelist and poet of the West,<sup>79</sup> and though two conspicuous spokesmen of the frontier, Timothy Flint and James Hall,<sup>80</sup> were perhaps at their best in plain records of their environment, both viewed it not as frontiersmen, but rather from the vantage point of an urban culture.

All this Irving perceived. Once more, as said, he was on the scene at the proper moment. He knew that he could please the popular taste. Who better than he could view the West through cosmopolitan eyes? This attitude of the outside world, describing the West with genteel appreciation of its realism and romance, influenced the spirit of the first of Irving's three books on the frontier, "A Tour on the Prairies." Except for a few passages born of Flint and Mrs. Trollope,<sup>81</sup> Irving based his story on what he called "a few leaves out of my memorandum book."<sup>82</sup> "A Tour on the Prairies" is the journal of 1832 expanded, coinciding in dates and incidents with Ellsworth's long manuscript letter. Irving's first aim, then, was, with his notes before him and his experiences fresh in his mind, to create "a simple narrative of every-day occurrences."<sup>83</sup> Thus, in contrast to Latrobe's garrulous recital of the same journey, in *The Rambler in North America*,<sup>84</sup> of which Irving need not have been emulous, his version was primarily a simple, well-written log book of the tour. So far Irving was serving the matter-of-fact citizen. Yet one can also perceive how, as a natural stylist, he warmed to his task; how more and more he appreciated the richness of his ma-

terials; how easily the romantic glow, which the everyday citizen also craved, was diffused over the pages of his narrative.

For neither Schoolcraft, Hoffman, Hall, nor Flint nor any other living American writer could have quickened the log book with the humorous vignettes of the French Creole Tonish, or of Beatte, the Osage half-breed. How gracefully done are the interludes! "A Bee-Hunt" bears comparison with Crèvecoeur's idyl on woodland apiaries, and the buffalo hunts are not without drama.<sup>65</sup> Western meadows, of course, like the Spanish *vega* or the English countryside, are "enamelled," and the diction gilding the bear fight or an evening star over the prairie might have been transferred from Irving's earlier writings. Ellsworth observed that Irving described at a distance "a perfect resemblance of an old moorish castle in ruins — It lay on our left about 2 miles . . . Doc<sup>t</sup> Holt named it '*Irving's castle*.'"<sup>66</sup> Indeed, we soon wearily concede the resemblance between forest glades and cathedral naves and between Andalusian ponies and Indian steeds. These similes are part of the Irving formulas for any book. Yet his discussion of Indian folklore is not dull, and the following suggests his old power of description, applied to strangely different subjects:

The bugle sounded the signal to mount and march. The troop filed off in irregular line down the glen, and through the open forest, winding and gradually disappearing among the trees, though the clamor of voices and the notes of the bugle could be heard for some time afterwards. The rear-guard remained under the trees in the lower part of the dell: some on horseback, with their rifles on their shoulders; others seated by the fire or lying on the ground, gossiping in a low, lazy tone of voice, their horses unsaddled, standing and dozing around; while one of the rangers, profiting by this interval of leisure, was shaving himself before a pocket-mirror stuck against the trunk of a tree.

The clamor of voices and the notes of the bugle at length died away, and the glen relapsed into quiet and silence, broken occasionally by the low murmuring tone of the group around the fire, or the pensive whistle of some laggard among the trees; or the rustling of the yellow leaves, which the lightest breath of air brought down in wavering showers, a sign of the departing glories of the year.<sup>67</sup>

Different scenes, yet the same! This palaver of bugle, cavalryman, and sylvan glen might have come from Irving's journal of his trip, not through the new forests of America, but through the New Forest of England in 1824. Yet this, too, this idealization, the citizen such as Philip Hone liked. The book was at once accepted — a

fact hard for us to understand. For it was unscientific, unenriched by new data, silent on the political and social future of this great area, and, apart from its style, not unique among books on the frontier. Albert Pike had published a similar narrative in 1834,<sup>68</sup> and Latrobe's book appeared in 1835. The reason for its success lay, of course, in this long-sought union of a popular subject and a popular author, who now fed his people precisely the right compound of fact and fancy. Irving, said the *Southern Literary Messenger*, "has abandoned romance for reality to favor the world with sketches of Indian manners and scenery."<sup>69</sup> Thus it was a patriotic triumph, this "Tour on the Prairies," this "work of our own American Irving."<sup>70</sup> He had gauged his countrymen with acumen; their favorite had celebrated Missouri instead of Andalusia. To add to his satisfaction, "A Tour on the Prairies" triumphed — witness Samuel Rogers' approval — in England.<sup>71</sup>

This identification with American themes really overshadowed whatever lasting merit the book possessed — namely, that of style. Irving's reputation raised it above such rivals as Mrs. Jameson's *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles*, which Philip Hone thought a remarkable book, even better than "A Tour on the Prairies."<sup>72</sup> What the American citizen liked was less its style, though he enjoyed being informed by the reviews that this was extraordinary, than seeing this polished American as he "revels in greenwood, glade, and forest haunt"<sup>73</sup> *in his own country*. How flattering it was to democracy to watch this capitulation of their talented writer, and to know that he felt on the frontier, as he had felt in Europe, what the magazines called "the pathetic sameness of the human heart."<sup>74</sup>

Hone, a better judge of men than books, saw clearly what Irving had accomplished, and respected his insight into the popular mind. No explanation of the success of "A Tour on the Prairies" is better than his:

It is of the very best kind of light reading. . . . The charm of the book is the easy, graceful manner of describing the events of a tour of great interest, certainly to such persons as Ellsworth, Irving, and Latrobe, because such people seldom undertake expeditions of the kind. Killing buffaloes, hunting wild horses, sleeping every night on the ground for a whole month, and depending from day to day for the means of subsistence on the deer, wild turkeys, and bears which the rifles of their own party alone can procure, — all events of ordinary occurrence to the settlers of the great West, but matters of thrilling interest to comfortable citizens who read of them in their

green slippers, seated before a shining grate, the neatly printed page illuminated by a bronze astral lamp; or to the sensitive young lady who, drawing up her delicate little feet on the crimson damask sofa, shudders at the hardships which the adventurous tourist has undergone.

And Hone added wisely:

The introduction to this little bijou affords the author the first opportunity he has had since his return from Europe to speak of himself, his success abroad, the doubts which filled his mind as to the unchanged affection of his countrymen, and to the removal of those doubts, and the overflowing of his heart by the kind reception which awaited him on his arrival.<sup>75</sup>

The success of "A Tour on the Prairies," even as he worked with Pierre on the Astor papers at Hell Gate, encouraged Irving and lightened his struggles with this new book on the West. No longer hesitant, but comfortable amid this wealth of manuscripts and confident now concerning his power to digest them, he worked hard, reading widely on the frontier and filling two notebooks with supplementary material.<sup>76</sup> *Astoria* has sometimes been described as a weary piece of forced labor; to understand, on the contrary, Irving's solid satisfaction in his new field we should read his two letters to his collaborator, Pierre, written before the latter's arrival in New York and after his return to the West in 1836.<sup>77</sup> During Pierre's stay in the city, from 1834 to 1836, Irving's interest was heightened by the unusual circumstances of writing this book. Pierre was a prodigious toiler, and Astor was in the next room, emanating anecdote, and ready to send, if necessary, for the personal aid of every survivor of the expedition.<sup>78</sup> Thus the Hell Gate mansion became almost a research laboratory in Western themes, with unlimited financial resources to insure a conclusion—different from Irving's lonely labor in out-of-the-way corners of Europe. Meanwhile, the world looked on: "Columbus and John Jacob Astor!" snorted Cooper. "I dare say Irving will make the last the greatest man."<sup>79</sup>

The main source of *Astoria* was, of course, the manuscript records, most of which are lost.<sup>80</sup> Collation with Irving's originals is therefore, except in the case of Robert Stuart's journey, impossible. This is disappointing. Who would not like to see the letters from Captain Thorne of the unlucky *Tonquin*? Irving refers in his Introduction to the "journals, and letters, also, of the adventurers by sea



and land.”<sup>81</sup> Since the days in Rich’s library he had never examined so extensive a collection of Americana. For Astor held nothing back; Irving saw everything. “All the papers,” he writes, “relative to the enterprise [were] . . . submitted to my inspection.”<sup>82</sup> From the dexterous use in *Astoria* of such documents as Hunt’s correspondence with his employer and from a study of Stuart’s extant journal, we may deduce Irving’s method. He summarized events contained in many overlapping journals and letters, quoting only from the most dramatic episodes. One may even point out with some certainty stretches in *Astoria* which are merely paraphrases of Astor’s papers.<sup>83</sup>

Yet, obviously, many pages of *Astoria* owe nothing whatever to these manuscripts; hence Irving’s notebooks and his frequent visits to the old Society Library. The adventurers, after all, moved in a narrow road, recording their own daily vexations. Irving knew that he must place their expeditions against the background of the Northwestern pioneering movements, and that he must fill up gaps in the Astorians’ narrative. Thus his notebooks demand supplementary reading: “Qu[ery] About the affair of Crooks and McLellan with the Sioux Setons. Was it one or two years previous to the expeditions of Mr Hunt. . . . What were the particulars.”<sup>84</sup> This is typical of many similar questions perplexing Irving as he composed his book, and the answer, like other answers, he found not in Astor’s papers, presumably, but in John Bradbury’s *Travels in the Interior of America*.<sup>85</sup> This process he repeated many times, padding his story from a few well-known books of Western travel. Led to these by special needs, he used them freely for other purposes, for history, geography, ethnology, and for lively tales, which he interwove skillfully with extracts from Astor’s manuscripts. In brief, from books Irving derived a large body of descriptive material, hardly to be found in business letters or the matter-of-fact journals<sup>86</sup> of clerks and explorers.

In a sense, this method defines the character of *Astoria*. It is neither a tinted log, like “A Tour on the Prairies,” nor a mere reconstruction of Astor’s expedition; it is a full-bodied book on the life of the Northwestern frontier, drawn from many sources and under obligation to the Hell Gate manuscripts for unifying threads. *Astoria* is retrospective, relating episodes which antedate Astor’s expeditions; it is discursive, pausing to speak of ornithology, botany, geography, and Indian folk ways; and it is adorned with anecdotes unconnected with Astor’s party save in their association with the regions which it trod. Thus the first four chapters consti-

tute a brief history of the Western frontier ;<sup>87</sup> others merely inform us concerning the inhabitants of the Northwest.<sup>88</sup> Irving's interweaving, to cite only one instance, in his story of the Aricara war party, of versions of this from both Bradbury and Brackenridge and his own sentimental conclusion,<sup>89</sup> offers a key to the general temper of *Astoria*. It is a journeyman book, respectful of fact, but never far from the mood of "A Tour on the Prairies"—that of the citizen contemplating these strange events with romantic wonder. Irving's borrowed anecdotes of exploration and Indian warfare blend well with the thrilling adventures of Astor's two parties by sea and land. The ethnological and historical sections bear to-day an antiquated air ; not so the gripping narratives of the *Tonquin* or of Hunt's courageous gropings for the mouth of the Columbia River.

The frontier from which Irving had just returned was, it is true, a different and milder frontier ; he knew nothing directly of the savage Rockies. Yet, as he read and wrote, the grim forests were in his mind ; he comprehended, as well as a gentleman might, the feelings of these pioneers. In imagination he beheld the grand, desolate scenery, understood the exultation of the little starving band when, at last, after thousands of miles, they saw, with beating hearts, the palisades of Astoria. Such passages are too little known. *Astoria*, conglomeration of "elegant" description of the Northwest and trappers' tales, stands forgotten on our shelves, among the standard sets of American authors. Yet, buried in its pages, some chapters, such as those on the *Tonquin* or on Hunt's final journey, deserve a better destiny.

*Astoria* was hailed in some quarters as proof that the millionaire ruled his hireling, Washington Irving. In others, and such critics were nearer the truth, it was said to demonstrate Irving's identification with American business. Its sympathetic accounts of the red men led a few to believe that Irving had taken sides on the Indian question. They were mistaken ; he was interested in these tribes as he was interested in the Moors, an ancient and noble people.<sup>90</sup> Yet, on the whole, *Astoria's* immediate reception was precisely what he had planned. It consolidated the impression created by "A Tour on the Prairies," that Washington Irving gloried in the opportunities of democratic America. Moreover, he had taken care to have it announced as a romance.

The result [wrote the observing Hone] of Irving's rustication at Mr. Astor's at Bloomingdale last summer has just come out, in the shape of a new book called "Astoria." . . . it is said to be a beautiful little work, one of those true stories of Irving's in which sober

history is so gracefully decked by the pure ornaments of his style and so garlanded by the flowers of his poetical imagination.<sup>81</sup>

His book was indeed romantic, as the *New-York Mirror*<sup>82</sup> declared, and it was more distinctive than "A Tour on the Prairies." This was because it dealt with the Far West, a subject now of the greatest popular interest, as is made clear by the summary of books, in the *North American Review* for January, 1840, in an illuminating essay, "Discovery beyond the Rocky Mountains."<sup>83</sup> One cannot help feeling that Irving would have written of the Hawaiian Islands had they become suddenly a timely topic! Yet the book concealed a scholarly virtue. Apparently only the critic of the *Southern Literary Messenger* perceived how Irving's practiced hand had created this smooth-flowing tale out of so many miscellaneous books and manuscripts. "The modesty of the title," said this critic, "[affords] no indication of the fulness, comprehensiveness, and beauty, with which a long and entangled series of detail, collected, necessarily, from a mass of vague and imperfect data, has been wrought into completeness and unity."<sup>84</sup>

*Astoria* was readable; it related adventures passing strange; and for this reason, rather than for its "Americanism," it at once gained popularity abroad. Here again Irving had calculated well; it presented no tough problems of American politics; it might be read with pleasure in France or in Russia, where it was quickly translated, as well as in Germany, where versions were plentiful.<sup>85</sup> One thinks again of stalwart Cooper, with his *Bravo* and *Heidenmauer*, novels educative of American democracy. No such stern scruples of political duty troubled Irving, with his eye upon an international market. His was certainly one of the most extraordinary perceptions of what constitutes the everyday reader's mind ever possessed by a man of letters. So he conquered England once more. The *Westminster Review* was extravagant in its praise,<sup>86</sup> and the *Spectator* described, too favorably perhaps, but clearly, the interest of the transatlantic world in *Astoria*.

The result is [said this critic] . . . the most finished narrative of such a series of adventures that ever was written, whether with regard to plan or execution. The arrangement has all the art of a fiction, yet without any apparent sacrifice of truth or exactness. The composition we are inclined to rate as the *chef d'œuvre* of Washington Irving. It has all the minute fulness and enough of the polished and elaborate elegance of other works, with more of closeness, pith and substance. . . . The book in its better parts does not appear like

a reproduction from other writing, but as a creation of genius from the original observation of things themselves. The author, with a peculiar facility, has retained the raciness of his authorities. . . . He has extracted the spirit from the Astorian archives, and thrown off their dregs and dry matter."<sup>97</sup>

Such was the standing in England in 1836 of this shrewd piece of hack work, *Astoria*, "an entertaining," declared even Sydney Smith, critical of all things American, "an entertaining, well written—*very* well written—account of savage life, on a most extensive scale."<sup>98</sup>

This was nearly a century ago. The epoch's literary passions, which Irving understood so well, have passed, and, among them, excitement concerning the Argonauts of the Northwest. Is not *Astoria*, then, merely outworn fiction? Outworn it is, but not wholly fiction. To be sure, the circumstances of its composition, Irving's aims, its romantic tone, its polished and elaborate elegance—all suggest that the central narrative is unreliable. This belief has, moreover, been fostered by the discovery of minor errors<sup>99</sup> and by adverse criticisms, such as that, in 1854, by Gabriel Franchère in translating his *Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America*.

The reperusal [says Franchère] of "*Astoria*" by WASHINGTON IRVING (1836) inspired me with an additional motive for giving my book in an English dress. Without disparagement to Mr. IRVING'S literary fame, I may venture to say that I found in his work inaccuracies, misstatements (unintentional of course), and a want of chronological order, which struck forcibly one so familiar with the events themselves.<sup>100</sup>

*Astoria's* bitterest enemy was Hubert Howe Bancroft, who assailed it repeatedly, who regarded it as propaganda circulated by Astor, and who was "deeply pained to see Mr Irving lend his brilliant faculties to so base purposes."<sup>101</sup> Later students, also, have stressed, in contrast to modern scientific history of the frontier, *Astoria's* amateurishness, until a writer of to-day characterizes it as "opera bouffe."<sup>102</sup> It may seem trivial to raise the questions of *Astoria's* accuracy and historical value, or to debate Irving's place as a historian of the Northwest. Yet, though bearing the same relation to its own day of exploration that certain popular aeronautical narratives bear to our own, though superseded by scores of able books, this dead romance is still useful among the accounts of the Pacific pioneers. The old charges about dates and names persist,

but Irving's literary art in depicting the wreck of the *Tonquin* or Colter's flight must not obscure the fact that the experience of the Astorians day by day, in so far as Irving could reconstruct it from the manuscripts, is truly recorded. Fresh from our conception of *Astoria* as a romance, we are startled to discover, if we read the critical material on the Northwest accumulated since Irving's day, the respect in which, on the whole, his book is held.<sup>103</sup> *Astoria* must remain an historical source for the expedition. As Irving's *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, though under suspicion of the modern scholar, appears everywhere in the literature on the explorer, so *Astoria* links Irving with the history of Oregon and Washington.<sup>104</sup> From Granada to Seattle! It is an example of what the first writer in a field may accomplish. But *Astoria's* place in the scholarship of the Northwest is not due solely to Irving's precedence. It becomes, some writers believe, more and more certain that in the particulars of the expedition Irving followed carefully the statements of Astor's eyewitnesses. J. N. Barry, living in 1907 in a valley described in *Astoria*, tried the experiment of following, book in hand, the trail as marked out by Irving; and at once the so-called romance became a guidebook.

This [adds the converted Barry] appears to offset much of the criticism which has been made by some writers, who were under the impression that a large portion of *Astoria* was "fiction." The fact that the locality of practically every incident mentioned in *Astoria* can now be identified, would seem to indicate that the narratives were obtained from persons who had been eye-witnesses of the events.<sup>105</sup>

This, after all, is the question, whether *Astoria*, like the *Columbus* and the life of Washington, is, underneath all its theatrical trappings, an honest history. This matters far more than the issue of 1840, whether Irving had for pelf sold his pen to John Jacob Astor, or the query raised in this chapter, whether *Astoria* is not, more than has been generally supposed, a compilation of many standard books on the West. Irving certainly did not insult Astor in his story of the expedition, nor was he overprecise in his acknowledgments to other writers. These are characteristic faults; "habitual caution," we remember, was Van Buren's euphemism for this trait of Irving's. *Astoria*, though not justifying the peltings from Hubert Howe Bancroft, is too flattering to its patron; it is too anxious to please its reader; it is too sentimental; it is warmed-over material. Yet the following vindication as history is convincing.

H. M. Chittenden notes that in respect to dates Irving made fewer errors than any other contemporary writer on Astor's expedition. Most of his mistakes "are evidently slips, and are self-corrective from the context."<sup>106</sup> The ignorance of the geography of the Northwest, even when Irving wrote, was abysmal; maps were few and elementary.

Yet [says Chittenden] in spite of all these difficulties it is possible to identify most of the localities very closely, and many of them exactly, from Irving's description. Pen pictures which would probably pass for the effusions of a versatile pen are found to be true to the localities even at the present day. There are indeed some gaps and omissions, but these are nothing in comparison with the remarkable feat of preserving so well the line of march in which not a single scientific observation as to course or direction was taken, and in a country of which no map had ever been made.<sup>107</sup>

This accuracy, furthermore, is consistent with Irving's old desire in writing of the frontiersmen. He hoped to describe events truly, even if dramatically, or, as he himself put it, "to get at the details of . . . adventurous expeditions."<sup>108</sup> *Astoria* satisfied Irving's curiosity about the Far Western frontier, a curiosity which one may see germinating in his journal of 1803; *Astoria* fulfilled a youthful purpose. And, in spite of faults, one other end *Astoria* in large measure achieved; it arrested skillfully a type of frontier experience that has since passed into history.

An explorer's journal "formed the staple,"<sup>109</sup> to use Irving's words, of the concluding book of the Western series, *Adventures of Captain Bonneville; or, Scenes beyond the Rocky Mountains of the Far West*.<sup>110</sup> Once more he made in his Introduction the stock announcements concerning the truth of the narrative and his own use of "tone and coloring."<sup>111</sup> Once more he read Lewis and Clark and overlaid his story with the lore of other explorations. He was really continuing *Astoria*. The new book differed from the longer work in only two ways, its concentration upon Bonneville and his party as revealed in the manuscript, and Irving's own enthusiasm, already mentioned, as he wrote this narrative. Large sections are mere transcriptions from Bonneville's journal. "It is," he wrote Aspinwall, "*all true*, being based on journals furnished me by individuals who have been among the mountains, and on oral accounts which I have gathered from various sources."<sup>112</sup>

His deep affection for this book, which its readers, fond of *Astoria*, did not always share, was due in part to the engaging per-

sonality of the adventurer, Benjamin Louis Eulalie de Bonneville,<sup>113</sup> with whom Irving had talked repeatedly, and also to the fact that he now wrote not to please Astor but himself. Moreover, he was able to introduce some of his own observations on the frontier. For two successful books on the West and much study on the subject now lay behind him. Perhaps, too, for he had been at home six years, his increased interest was part of his identification with America. In any case, the writing of this book stimulated him far more than had "A Tour on the Prairies" and *Astoria*.

You will perceive [he wrote Aspinwall] that it is full of striking scenes and adventures; characteristic of an immense and very interesting region, very little known and laying open a kind of wild life among the mountains of which the public have very little idea. I am enabled to speak thus freely on the subject because the scenery and events thus brought before the public are no inventions of my own, and I can judge of their probable effect from the impression they made upon me, in their crude state, as related to me, or as contained in travellers journals.<sup>114</sup>

Really a miscellany of information about the Rocky Mountains, which, it should be observed, were named in Irving's original title, *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A.* took its place, as Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine* said, as "a necessary addition to his *Astoria*."<sup>115</sup> Chatty, anecdotal, full of incidental pioneer lore, faulty in its geography, it lacks such scenes as that of the massacre on the *Tonquin*; and the sketch of the wife of the "free trapper" or that of the Blackfoot belle<sup>116</sup> cannot vie with the larger canvases depicting the search for the Columbia River. Even the fact that Captain Bonneville's soul was harrowed by his sensibility to sublime scenery,<sup>117</sup> nonsense that enraged Bancroft, cannot make *Captain Bonneville* more than a tailpiece to *Astoria*.<sup>118</sup>

Yet this book, *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A.*, is also linked with history. Bancroft slashed it savagely, implying that Irving had whitewashed a scoundrel, and he raked up the old charge that behind this felony was once more the mighty Astor.

This very commonplace excursion [he says of Bonneville's expedition] under the title of *Adventures of Captain Bonneville* has been done into elegant romance by Washington Irving, who enlarges the captain's misstatements *ad libitum*. After the appearance of Irving's book, Bonneville absolutely began to regard himself as a great man filled with heroic purposes, and trapping failures as grand achievements. . . . Irving met Bonneville at the house of Astor, under

whose table the genial writer loved to stretch his legs, and gather incidents for well paid panegyrics. . . . Exceedingly lucky was Bonneville in finding so eloquent and amiable a biographer as Irving.<sup>119</sup>

Bancroft's bad temper, evident at every mention of Irving, proves little. Later history demonstrates that Bonneville knew how to lie, but no evidence exists that Irving winked at this. From his book it is plain that he cherished no reverence for Bonneville as a man. As the reproduction of the Astor papers has historical value, so has this paraphrase, for this it really is, of the picturesque explorer's journal. Possibly Chittenden's estimate, if overenthusiastic, is close to the truth: "*Captain Bonneville* . . . is a true and living picture of those early scenes, and taken with *Astoria* will remain our highest authority upon the events to which they relate."<sup>120</sup>



## CHAPTER XX

### AT SUNNYSIDE

1837-1842

IRVING'S life at Sunnyside both before and after his last sojourn in Spain (1842-1846) was not quite the idyl depicted in painting and legend.<sup>1</sup> True, it soothed him with the compensations of his middle and later years. Philip Hone, though amused at his cramped and crowded little eyrie,<sup>2</sup> admitted its adjacence to agreeable society. Kemble, Paulding, and Brevoort, with their families, as well as the Rhinelanders, the Grinnells, and dozens of others whose illustrious Knickerbocker names now thronged the pages of Irving's letters, were to be had for a drive in the family carriage or a brief journey down the river to the city.<sup>3</sup> Within and without the cottage there was no lack of companionship, for the children and the children's children of the brothers overflowed, with kindred and friends, the regions which Irving had once known as a mountain wilderness specked with tiny villages. From the mere physical presence of this active, devoted clan, the bachelor, still in his prime, kept renewing daily his zest for life. This generation, symbolized by the five daughters of Ebenezer, had effected those amazing changes which had led him to write of American themes, to descend into New York to play with business and politics. He had even assisted at the opening of the New York and Erie Canal!<sup>4</sup>

Tarrytown, he observed, had climbed the hill;<sup>5</sup> had acquired an Episcopal church with an organ, and was discreetly gay with music on the harp and piano, with picnics, carriages, and yachts. "I do not know," he declared, "when I have seen more delightful little parties, or more elegant little groups of females."<sup>6</sup> "To my six nieces" was his salutation in 1840, during a short absence; in the same letter he wrote: "And now for gossip!"<sup>7</sup> This and other gracious letters of this part of his life show him at family dinners at the Schermerhorns' new, commodious house; at, apparently, "the great Brevoort Fancy ball, which is convulsing the whole fashion-

able world";<sup>8</sup> on the porch of Sunnyside in the bright Sabbath mornings, surrounded by honeysuckles, dogs, pigeons, and laughing nieces; in his study, writing, long before the tinkle of the breakfast bell and the pattering footsteps of the children; or in the garden, wrestling with its stubborn old chestnut stumps. He was in his fifties and no recluse. He was still to have his part in the combats of the world, but in this peaceful haven, for weeks at a time, he slackened sail. This life among womankind, his own, took deep root in his soul. At times he was happier than ever before. Affection and a home were so surely his.

Yet life at Sunnyside from 1837 to 1842 was not an idyl. Despite his assertion that the politicians thought him "too quiet a man,"<sup>9</sup> he had his hand, as we have seen, in their affairs. He shared the terrors of the panic of 1837. He was sometimes homesick for Europe, and he was by no means done with the ups and downs of the writer's life. More than this, his was not the temperament to face too serenely certain inevitabilities of the years after fifty. Once in Paris he had fled the room at the sight of the realities of suffering and old age,<sup>10</sup> and in his search for citadels foursquare against anxiety—no man, surely, ever sought for these more zealously—he had noticed that sorrow was wont to fly in through some unwatched portal. It was so now. Around the Spanish tower of Sunnyside, past the Abbotsford ivy, eluding the protective nieces, cares still winged their unerring way and touched him. It is unwise to dismiss these as wholly softened by the sunsets across the river. This Irving in his fifties is very nearly the same mercurial Irving whose moods had puzzled Deacon Irving, the Fosters, or Tom Moore, moods which, perhaps, alone among his intimates, Brother Peter perfectly understood.

It was Peter himself who now ungraciously caused the sharpest pang. On June 27, 1838, he died suddenly, hardly more than three months after the passing of another brother, Judge John Treat Irving.<sup>11</sup> So—the long comradeship was over. Peter was sixty-five, and his days at Sunnyside closed a career of dwindling significance. His occasional performances as a political journalist had attracted attention, that of Aaron Burr, Martin Van Buren, and others; he had been in 1807 a respected physician; and he had written a novel. The externals of his story will remain recorded in the stout encyclopedias of eminent Americans.<sup>12</sup> What is not set down is the physical and spiritual blight which had halted his talents and consigned him to aimless exile in Europe. Irving knew the secret of this, and was silent; now, in fact, did not care. Peter was dead;

that was enough. Like his younger brother in temperament and even in appearance, Peter had been, in spite of long separations, a constant solace. Since boyhood he had played Pythias to this more gifted Damon, and the latter's grief was now extreme, the more so since Peter had grown into the new home life at Sunnyside. Indeed, for Peter's sake, in large measure, Irving had established this fireside.

Ebenezer was left, but to Peter, Washington had always revealed "every thought and feeling . . . every fault and foible, certain of such perfect toleration and indulgence."<sup>13</sup> This need for comprehending affection, so strong in him, groping almost at once for comfort in one of the nieces, was renewed by Peter's death. For the time being he was stunned, and in the cottage a terrible loneliness assailed him. His usual opiate, writing, failed, for in this were ever thoughts of Peter. Whether he looked over *Salmagundi* or the *Columbus* or his present schemes, he still encountered memories of Peter's friendly counsel. "I have been trying," Irving wrote, months after his bereavement, in words which some of us understand,

. . . to resume my pen, and, by engaging my mind in some intellectual task, to keep it from brooding over these melancholy themes; but I find it almost impossible. My literary pursuits have been so often carried on by his side, and under his eye—I have been so accustomed to talk over every plan with him, and, as it were, to think aloud when in his presence, that I cannot open a book, or take up a paper, or recall a past vein of thought, without having him instantly before me, and finding myself completely overcome.<sup>14</sup>

He had often visited Peter's room, there to plan carefully for this small republic of women of which, as owner of the cottage, he was president. Their theoretical freedom as bachelors, a bond between them, seemed well lost in this delightful task of founding a home for others. But Peter was gone, and Washington was now learning that he had taught these nieces not only affection but dependence. His position was definite as a beloved uncle and also as a provider. Sooner or later all household committees made him their chairman. The idler who had ruled a palace and a half-dozen domestics was now himself a busy, if cherished, servant. These new chains he loved, but they chafed a little under the failure of Ebenezer in business and his own perpetual bad luck in investments.<sup>15</sup> Soon after Peter's death, he was facing from time to time that old horror, reminding him of the days in Liverpool and Bordeaux, of writing under compulsion, for bread. In 1833, balancing between

McLane and Jackson on the Bank question, he had written Van Buren that he loathed the sight of a greenback ; but he was to hate this accursed problem of the Bank still more. For when it ended in 1836, there followed at once the period of "wildcat" finance, and in the next year the all-enveloping financial depression. Compared with Ebenezer's business, Irving's craft of writing seemed safety itself.

Few of Irving's private letters written between 1837 and 1842 are wholly silent concerning his dearth of money. Had the newspaper rumors about legacies only been true!<sup>18</sup> His fresh income from the Western books was none too much. To Ebenezer, Sister Catherine, and to the nieces he bore an iron front, but exhortations from his European friends to rejoin them broke down occasionally his fortitude.

I am trammelled [he wrote Sarah Van Wart] and fettered in a way of which you do not seem to have an idea. Poor hand as I am to conduct a household and country establishment there is no one but myself to do it, and I do not know what would become of the cottage and its inmates if I were to absent myself. Then I have to find the ways and means to make both ends meet, and hard it is in these precarious times and with my precarious resources.<sup>17</sup>

This last adjective was now a favorite. His alarm set him turning the leaves of old notebooks ; he would write anything transmutable to ready cash. The best proof of his gaping purse is the collapse of his lifelong resolution concerning editorial labors for the magazines. In 1839 he signed an agreement with Lewis Gaylord Clark, of the *Knickerbocker* ; he was, as we shall see, to contribute regularly, and to receive a compensation of five hundred dollars quarterly.<sup>18</sup> Yet it was not adequate. Passages in his unlucky petition to Van Buren, which has already been partly quoted, tell the anxious story :

My own means . . . are hampered and locked up so as to produce me no income, and I have had to depend upon the exercise of my pen, daily growing more and more precarious, to keep the wolf from the door. The least interruption of health and good spirits would reduce me to painful embarrassments. In the mean time I find my brothers actual source of income is likely soon entirely to cease, and this fills me with solicitude both on his account and my own.<sup>19</sup>

Such cares often bore heavily on his spirits, and occasionally on his health. "God knows," he exclaimed more than once, "I have need of a stout heart at times."<sup>20</sup> He escaped, whenever he

could, from his stewardship, not merely to the crambo world, as he called it, of social life with the Astors and the Colford Joneses, but to explorations not unlike those of his youth. With Brevoort and William E. West<sup>21</sup> he once more breathed the free air of the highlands; later he and Brevoort joined Philip Hone and a well-starched company of directors of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. The railways had not yet supplanted the waterways, which were a principal means of transportation in the 'thirties. Indeed, in 1830 it had appeared likely that the development of canals would become a national madness.<sup>22</sup> Since the venture on the Seine, suggestive of western Europe's interest in similar enterprises, Irving had watched this phase of American economic development, increasing his knowledge on his journey West by river and canal, a pilgrimage typical of his age. He had even been urged, as an authority, to write a biography of Robert Fulton.<sup>23</sup> This particular canal was a private speculation. The party, said Irving,

tracked the course of the Rondout: then the Delaware; then the Lackawaxen &c. The canal truly was like a beautiful winding river: but at times it was, for many miles, built along the face of perpendicular rocky cliffs; with great precipices beetling over head, with immense trees growing out of every fissure, while far below, at the foot of an artificial wall, roared the Delaware.<sup>24</sup>

On such holidays the old zest of his wandering days stirred in him. "The gentle Geoffrey Crayon," remarked Hone, "has enjoyed himself to the very top of his bent. He has been in perfect raptures all the way; I have never known him so entertaining; he jokes and laughs and tells stories and actually does not sleep in the day time."<sup>25</sup> That mossy jest! Such gayety, however, did not proceed from his intimacy with canal directors. "My fellow travelers," he wrote, "were all men of business; with the exception of Brevoort, who was unusually obtuse, and Hone, who was in general too much taken up with himself."<sup>26</sup> He could hardly help contrasting this official picnic with his earlier river explorations. How he longed for a companion to share his reawakened romantic mood! Oh, for Dolgorouki or Wilkie or Leslie or poor Peter in lieu of these good solid fellows! He could only write his niece (Mrs. Sarah Paris Storrow) very frankly of what he missed.

Yet he enjoyed, with his outer self, as it were, these satisfactions of his more sensible friends, inspecting the machinery, the dredging, and this miracle of engineering, this superlative new canal. With them he climbed the cliff at Honesdale; straightway it was named

after him, adding a mountain to endless trademarks of his American fame—hotels, steamboats, public squares, carryalls, cigars, and a spring in Oklahoma! In view of his later description (to Sarah Storrow) of Honesdale, the compliment which he now bestowed upon his patron could not have been free of irony. The successful Americans had gathered about a spring on the hillside, like a battalion of one of the "Cold Water Armies" which were now purifying the country. Irving may have longed for a glass of Böhl's sherry, but raising the cup of spring water, he acclaimed "Honesdale,—a memento of an enterprising man of an enterprising age." To which the financier and mayor responded: "IRVING'S CLIFF, the dignified and sleepless guardian of Honesdale, made famous by the weary footsteps of one who has charmed the world with his writings."<sup>27</sup>

Hone, too, had a sense of humor, but he had few doubts about the underlying truth in Irving's toast. He would have been surprised had he read, as did Mrs. Storrow in Paris, the letter in which, during his week-end in the little village, Irving let himself go concerning this flatulent America.

What a contrast [he exclaimed to her] between the Sunday I am passing at this place and that which you are contemplating at Paris. Here it is literally a day of rest. A mere repose from labor; a universal stillness, but an absence of all enjoyment. Nothing can be more dull and monotonous than a Sunday in one of these little, commonplace, orderly country towns. I have been to a commonplace little church of white boards, and seen a congregation of commonplace people and heard a commonplace sermon, and now cannot muster up any thing but commonplace ideas; so that I will forbear writing any more for the present. Good lord deliver me from the all pervading commonplace which is the curse of our country. It is like the sands of the desert, which are continually stealing over the land of Egypt and gradually effacing every trace of grandeur and beauty and swallowing up every green thing. I must confess I envied you your half wicked Parisian Sunday; at church in the morning and at S'Cloud in the afternoon.<sup>28</sup>

No one at the cottage would have understood his old life in Europe. In an age when women did not even control their own property and were protected by an American ideal of gentlemanly chivalry,<sup>29</sup> the nieces saw no other Irving than the benevolent uncle, returned after many years like a character in an eighteenth-century sentimental drama. He liked this—yet there were memories. Their conversation lacked, it must be admitted, the flavor of, say, An-

toinette Bolviller's or that of Lady Adelaide Forbes, or that of Lady Thomond, surrounded by her daughters.<sup>80</sup> Yet, to do him justice, what he wished was not sophistication but intelligent sympathy. And he had now found this in a growing, deepening affection for this second Sarah—Sister Catherine's only surviving daughter, Sarah Paris, who became in 1841 Mrs. Storrow.

"Dearest Sarah," one of Irving's props until his death, lives again as we tell the story of these years and return momentarily to the days before her marriage. Not one of her scores of letters to Irving has, apparently, survived, but her sweet, natural spirit is reflected in every one of his to her.<sup>81</sup> Impatient of regular discipline of the mind, with faults of which her mother constantly reminded her, she, nevertheless, gradually crept into his heart. She possessed the quick understanding which he valued above all else in women. Or, as he put it in that incredible diction of his era :

I do not think any one appreciates your mental powers as justly as I do ; though I have only seen them exercised in a desultory manner. . . . I know the quickness of your perceptions ; the excellence of your judgement, the intuitive correctness of your taste, and that quick convertability of your mind, which turns all that you read, not into a stock of facts for the memory, but of ideas for the understanding.<sup>82</sup>

She understood him, and served him devotedly. Irving was henceforth, as might be anticipated, to indulge the old bachelor's partiality for young women rather freely, but his love for Sarah was unusual. No detail, I think, is unimportant concerning this woman who continued, in spite of absence and the cares of her married life, to fulfill this need of his for comprehending affection.<sup>83</sup>

Sarah was not to wither on the stalk at Sunnyside. Irving realized what she meant to him when, in 1841, young Thomas Wentworth Storrow,<sup>84</sup> the son of his old friend, carried her off as his wife to Paris—an unexpected linking of old and new affections. Irving had guided Sarah's affairs for three years or more, and even in this marriage he was an intermediary. He communicated to her the plans for the wedding, since, so he wrote her, the youthful Storrow was "prevented by diffidence from being as explicit in his letters to you, concerning his plans and wishes."<sup>85</sup> The little cottage could easily spare one of the family group, but Irving loved these nieces. For him the marriage was a lopping off. He could only begin, after Sarah's departure, the long series of intimate letters and lament her absence from the sunny garden. He gazed out in the mornings upon the "well known scene": "I felt my

heart and my eyes filling, and found myself humming the burden of the song — 'But where art thou! — oh where art thou!' " <sup>38</sup> She was, in fact, in his old haunts, and America grew less dear, if dear it really had been. Irony! that she should be in Europe; but, a year later, it was a blessing as he turned his steps toward Paris. Now one may see the ties with his country weakening. In letter after letter to Sarah he lived over again with her his days in Europe — Westminster Abbey, the English countryside, his adventures in Paris. In the conviction that he would see her again in this setting he thought more and more of returning, and in the circle at Sunnyside started if spoken to suddenly, or looked up, his face alight, expecting to see her enter the room. <sup>37</sup>

On the whole, then, the life at Sunnyside from 1837 to 1842 enriched his experience. He had been alone many years; but he had now a home, enjoying what he was wont to call, without self-consciousness, "the simple, unstudied language of the heart, that speaks to the heart." <sup>38</sup> The cottage bestowed sorrows and anxieties, but they were normal ones, and he escaped for longer periods the introspection which is everywhere evident in his European journals. The nearest approach to these old moods was in the hours passed in his new study at Sunnyside. In writing of Bonneville he had felt the familiar excitement of composition, but often he sat here for hours in vain. No longer could he write as when fresh from jaunts with Leslie or Dolgorouki; instead he had merely his notebooks and faded recollections of Europe. It may be said that not until that last exhausting labor of his life, the biography of Washington, was he to feel for any length of time the intense eagerness to write which he had known in hired chambers in London or Madrid. Insensibly, the calm of the cottage had cooled his literary ambition.

Another cause of his inertia was his assured reputation. He knew that in France and in Germany he was now really eminent among the living writers of English. <sup>39</sup> Reprints of his books appeared regularly in America; in 1839 a new edition of the *Columbus* was published in Boston; and, in the next year, a collected edition of his works enjoyed a respectable sale. <sup>40</sup> Some of his characters were household words, and he had seen them in both amateur and professional theatricals. <sup>41</sup> He was accustomed to the continued comparison of his writing with Cooper's and the almost universal preference in the reviews for his own. <sup>42</sup> He was inured to the steel engravings of himself and to such buncombe as the following, in the *United States Magazine* :



If ever there was a writer who may be said to be popular—whose reputation, not confined to one nation, flourishes greenly in two hemispheres—who has made friends of every class of the people, who is read with as much pleasure by childhood as by age, who has attained the rare felicity of filling the hearts of all his admirers with a feeling of personal interest, who has interwoven his own name with the traditional history or customs of three different and distinct countries, and whose fame has suffered no diminution, from the time he first broke upon the literary world till he has virtually withdrawn from it, that writer is Washington Irving.<sup>48</sup>

He accepted all this. He received such visitors at Sunnyside as Lord Morpeth,<sup>44</sup> and he criticized gravely in meaningless generalities the manuscripts of young authors. Yet did he not suspect the subtle change in his standing, evident in the review just quoted, since the days of *Bracebridge Hall* or even since his return to America? Was this a reason for his apathy? He must have detected in these tributes a vaguely altered tone. He was still "the universally beloved Geoffrey Crayon."<sup>45</sup> Even Emerson would fain have him a professor in his ideal college.<sup>46</sup> "If philosophy were more popular," wrote Willis, "we should have Irving for President."<sup>47</sup> Yet was not much of this respectful praise of the dead? That he had withdrawn to Sunnyside from the literary world was current gossip. He had some books left in him, and the Western stories were satisfactory. Yet hints persisted that Washington Irving's service to American letters was unique—and *in the past*. Were not the critics bowing before him, at the age of fifty-six, as they bowed to those whose work was done?<sup>48</sup>

Probably all this had an influence upon him as he stared for hours ineffectually at the blank sheet on his desk; as he strove to renew his "exercise of the pen"; as he kept exclaiming wearily that his career was drawing to a close.<sup>49</sup> The matter is speculative. He was still a vigorous man with more than a score of years allotted to him. It is unlikely that he was moved, if he knew of it, by the New Englanders' indifference to him. As this intellectual dynasty rose to power, the critics could not help contrasting him with these new leaders; Channing was a favorite antithesis.<sup>50</sup> Irving's lack of intellectual weight was now painfully conspicuous. As the new group gained cultivated readers, these saw clearly how he really belonged "among the mere Essayists—the lighter portion of the literati—those who write much & prettily, but never profoundly."<sup>51</sup> He must have sensed the truth of the general impres-

sion, decorously expressed by "the sweet singer of Hartford," that as a writer he was now among "the setting orbs."<sup>52</sup>

For the energy of the younger writers was impressive.<sup>53</sup> His own follower Longfellow now rivaled him in popularity. Hawthorne had begun to suggest what really might be done with an "American theme" such as Puritanism.<sup>54</sup> Poe sent him in manuscript "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "William Wilson." Irving was still the leader; Hawthorne studied his style,<sup>55</sup> and Poe admired and envied him in a long, flattering letter beseeching him to write for his new *Graham's Magazine*.<sup>56</sup> But Irving could not understand the singular genius in these two dark spirits. His bland comments on Poe's masterpieces prove his incapacity to divine their immortality. He evidently saw no difference between the tales of Poe and the scribblings of Charles Fenno Hoffman.<sup>57</sup> To read the words of this acknowledged leader of American literature on "William Wilson" or, later, on *The Scarlet Letter* is a humiliation.<sup>58</sup> He heard the new writers as one listens in abstraction to the voices of children outside the study window.

The essential interest in Poe's relations with Irving is in his admission that he would be happy could he only obtain the older man's *imprimatur*.

I am sure [Poe wrote] you will be pleased to hear . . . Washington Irving has addressed me 2 letters, abounding in high passages of compliment in regard to my Tales . . . passages which he desires me to make public—if I think benefit may be derived. It is needless to say—I shall do so—it is a duty I owe myself. . . . Irving's name will afford me complete triumph over little critics.<sup>59</sup>

In respect to Poe, with ten times Irving's talents, the incident is not surprising. He did not hesitate to flatter writers whom he secretly deemed inferior to himself.<sup>60</sup> What his comments on Irving tell us is the stability of the latter's reputation, and also the growing undertow of protest concerning the justification for this reputation. For, a year previous to this letter, Poe, in declining regretfully to the editor of the *American Museum* the assignment of a thorough appraisal of Irving, had written:

It is a theme upon which I would like very much to write, for there is a vast deal to be said upon it. Irving is much overrated, and a nice distinction might be drawn between his just and his surreptitious and adventitious reputation—between what is due to the pioneer solely, and what to the writer.

The merit, too, of his tame propriety and faultlessness of style

should be candidly weighed. . . . A bold and *a priori* investigation of Irving's claims would strike home, take my word for it. The American literary world never saw anything of the kind yet.<sup>51</sup>

It was true, Irving's reputation was assuming that state of embalmed excellence which is its chief characteristic to-day. Longfellow and Willis might imitate; and Poe might take "William Wilson" from Calderón under the very guidance of Irving or lean upon *Astoria* for "The Journal of Julius Rodman."<sup>52</sup> Yet certain magazines, like the *Hesperian*, were right in casting Geoffrey Crayon back upon a bygone age. "Irving," remarked Poe, "heads the school of *quietness*."<sup>53</sup> One must not exaggerate. These were undercurrents. Such independent judgments could not ruffle the general complacency concerning him. But very gradually, as the fashions of writing changed, popular ardor for the man who had written little of distinction since *The Alhambra*, or even, as some thought, since "Rip Van Winkle," slowly sank into benevolent respect. Occasionally, too, sharp-tongued critics struck a discord in the unison of praise. The new literary ideals of original men, such as Poe, demanded perforce new modes,

Not such as, in her after-dinner doze,  
 Dame IRVING ravel from her worn-out hose;  
 Which we the town for bran-new worsted buy  
 And quote as extra-fine, yet know not why.

This [adds Osborn, in a footnote to his shrewd *Rubeta*], I have no doubt, will be the first time that Mr. IRVING has heard the truth since he rose to eminence; (such being a consequence of greatness, even where more the result of accident than merit;). . . . Mr. IRVING'S distinguished excellence, then, is *good taste*; a merit in composition not the commonest in this day. . . . As the author of the *Sketch Book* began, so he continues, and so he will end. . . . and those who really admire this excellent writer (and they are not those who flatter him most,) these, I say, must regret to see him dawdling in such books as the *Crayon Miscellany*, or playing the old man prematurely in the wire-drawn wordiness of an *Astoria*. Not even WASHINGTON IRVING can beat furs into eloquence.<sup>54</sup>

The growing realization that many of the Irving jewels were paste was a faint promise of sounder critical opinion in America. The generation which had applauded *The Sketch Book* was passing. Enter into full power, in the 'forties, Poe, Lowell, and other critics, less deluded by patriotism, politics, and sentiment! Their disturbing boldness probably invaded the study at Sunnyside and may have

combined with other worries to retard Irving's pen. Yet he could not change. He was really no more indifferent to the skeptical, critical writers now attaining fame in America than he had been in his youth to the more audacious authors in England. Of the existence of a Shelley or a Wordsworth he had hardly been aware; <sup>66</sup> such originalities did not interest him. And now he was not converted by the theology of Channing or the grotesques of Poe. Ignorance of his limitations was not one of his weaknesses; he must still write in the "school of *quietness*." If gossip about the new trends was a reason for his inertia, it was a minor reason. Rather, he was poor; he was deprived of stimulating travel; he lacked the society of painters and *littérateurs*. There was one other cause. In these years he was cruelly deprived by circumstances of a great subject, one which still vitalized the old notebooks, bidding him take his pen and write in the strain which he had loved since the days in Rich's library in 1826.

On one shelf in his study stood Mariana and Las Casas. These old friends had perhaps little more to give, but at their sides were also Herrera, Solís, and Bernal Díaz. <sup>67</sup> All these books were his, brought by his own hands from Spain. Such he had collected in the stalls of Madrid and Seville until he had in duplicate a tiny corner of Rich's library. The story has been told of his golden exploration; how Everett's exercise in translation begot not merely the biography of Columbus in eighteen books but his records of Granada and the Alhambra. During the first year in the library he had been bewildered by his new playthings, writing on some days at two or even three different books. <sup>68</sup> And, reading of Cortez and Pizarro for the *Columbus*, his thoughts had turned inevitably to their more spacious achievements. <sup>69</sup> At that time he had planned as a sequel to the *Columbus* a book to be called "A History of the Conquest of Mexico." Even in the haste of packing for Granada, he had made sure of a transcript of a few chapters of Padre Sahagún. <sup>70</sup> This treasure was now at Sunnyside.

Once more the splendid dream floated before his eyes, the dream which he had cherished in Madrid, Puerto de Santa María, Granada, and in London as he worked at the *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*. Why not chance it even now? The exacting research on the early civilizations he could avoid. Instead, the reader should hear misty accounts of this region from the messengers of Montezuma; he should follow the conquerors on their march; he should see, unless Geoffrey Crayon and Fray Antonio Agapida had lost all their craft, "Mexico from the mountains, far below him, shining with its vast edifices, its glassy lakes, its far-

stretching causeways, its sunny plain, surrounded by snow-topped volcanoes."<sup>70</sup> Such dreams he had dreamed in 1836, and then *Astoria* had buried him in trappers' expense accounts. He had even dispatched Pierre to the libraries with pick and shovel. Nothing came of such digging, but in October, 1838, the old ambition returned. For three months he was hard at work on his own books dealing with Spain and Mexico and on those which he could glean from the libraries of New York and Boston.

The two years' delay proved fatal. During the same year William Hickling Prescott embarked upon the writing of a similar book. Irving was no longer without dangerous competitors in the field of Hispanic-American history. Had he persevered in 1836, there would have been another history from Irving upon a Spanish subject; instead, there remains but a Sunday-school tale of his generosity. He must have thought of Prescott as a rival, for the latter's *Ferdinand and Isabella* came from the press in 1837.<sup>71</sup> That Prescott, on the other hand, feared daily Irving's seizure of this subject is certain. He understood the epoch's interest in the Peninsula, and for *Ferdinand and Isabella* had obtained aid from Irving's friends, now his own, Everett and Rich. Before Irving's first arrival in Madrid, Prescott had fondly studied the subjects not yet exhausted by English historians. He had begun to regard the field as his own, and Irving's triumphs had been a blow. "I saw," he said in 1837, ". . . my own ground, (having indeed lain unmolested by any other invader for so many ages,) suddenly entered, and in part occupied, by one of my countrymen."<sup>72</sup> His disappointment, though touched with kindness toward Irving, was intense. The latter's *Columbus* and *Granada*, he added,

although covering but a small part of my whole plan, form certainly two of its most brilliant portions. Now, alas! if not devoid of interest, they are at least stripped of the charm of novelty: for what eye has not been attracted to the spot on which the light of that writer's genius has fallen?<sup>73</sup>

Irving may have been unwary. Prescott, at any rate, was watchful; he kept his rival very much in mind. "I had," he said to a friend, "some fears that Irving might cross my track in this as he had done in the other Spanish subject."<sup>74</sup> To Jared Sparks, who had also dreaded the fluent Irving,<sup>75</sup> Prescott later wrote: "I know by experience what this interference is, for the most popular writer in the country cut into my subject, and helped himself to two of the biggest and fattest slices in it. . . . I was sorely troubled at the time."<sup>76</sup>

Meanwhile, Irving had turned to Western stories. Yet the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain" in 1835 must have hinted to Prescott that Irving's notebooks and sustained interest in Spain were perilous. Even after Prescott had secured the subject and had sat down to his task, he paused over the first few pages. "The scenery-painting," he complained to Ticknor, "with which it opens wants the pencil of Irving." "With this acute consciousness of Irving's precedence and skill in the field, one may still feel that a direct question to Irving concerning his plans would not have been inappropriate. Prescott's reasons for this oversight seem shaky. He had, he averred, inquired of Irving's friends concerning the matter. It might seem impertinent in a stranger to pry too precisely into the older man's affairs?"<sup>78</sup>

Irving meanwhile had laid the entire ground plan of his book before one of these desultory inquiries reached a mark. Joseph Green Cogswell, Prescott's bibliographical ally, found Irving at work in the Society Library. He sounded him, and, after a preliminary conversation, heard the terrifying question. "Is Mr. Prescott," Irving demanded, "engaged upon an American subject?" Cogswell nodded assent. "What is it?" asked Irving swiftly. "Is it the conquest of Mexico?" With Cogswell's affirmative vanished the dream of silver streams and Pizarro's snow-capped crests.<sup>79</sup> Irving at once, somewhat surprisingly, struck his colors. That he was able on the instant to make the polished renunciation attributed to him by his nephew<sup>80</sup> may perhaps be doubted, but not the fact itself. He gave up his project. Prescott's long letter to Irving proves this; it recounts his own progress in the subject and accepts Irving's sacrifice.<sup>81</sup> The latter was overwhelmed by a feeling of vacancy and, fleeing to his garden, "took to planting cabbages most desperately."<sup>82</sup>

A sacrifice it was. Because of the friendship,<sup>83</sup> which now throve, of the two historians of Spanish subjects, we wonder at the lack of negotiations or of offers of compromise of any sort from Prescott. He must have known that the gesture to Cogswell was what Irving later named it, the result of "a warm and sudden impulse."<sup>84</sup> Had not Geoffrey Crayon had his share of this fairy gold? Let Prescott have his turn. One likes Irving better for this breakdown in his "habitual caution." He had committed himself, and he maintained that he never regretted yielding to the impulse. This is unlikely. In fact, he hinted otherwise to his nephew. "I doubt," said he, "whether Mr. Prescott was aware of the extent of the sacrifice I made."<sup>85</sup> The reader, however, of the events of these years is aware. It meant another plan for the clamorous Sunnyside budget, but more, it marked the end for Irving of consecration of such powers as he had to a

suitable subject, if we except the biography of Washington. "I was," he complained in 1844, "dismounted from my *cheval de bataille*, and have never been completely mounted since."<sup>80</sup> Back to the *Knickerbocker* and the literature of hair wreaths and wax flowers!

Apart from his sketch of Oliver Goldsmith<sup>87</sup> for "Harper's Family Library," his reprinting of the biography of Thomas Campbell in *The Poetry and History of Wyoming*,<sup>88</sup> some magazine articles to be discussed presently, and his rhapsody on the consumptive poetess Margaret Miller Davidson were Irving's only literary productions before his departure for Spain in 1842. His intermittent triflings with a life of Washington took him now no further on this difficult road.<sup>89</sup> He signed the contract with Lewis Gaylord Clark and Clement M. Edson, the editors of the *Knickerbocker*, on February 7, 1839, a significant date; it was just three weeks after his surrender to Prescott. His first contribution, in the form of letters "To the Editor of the *Knickerbocker*," appeared in the issue of March, 1839, and was followed by the sketch called "A Chronicle of Wolfert's Roost."<sup>90</sup>

Thus Irving began his two and a half years of journalism,<sup>91</sup> the first since his service for the *Analectic Magazine* in 1814. His addition to the staff of the *Knickerbocker*, for it amounted to this, created a flurry in literary circles since his aversion to this kind of writing was notorious; the *Knickerbocker* was pelted with congratulations for having aligned Geoffrey Crayon as "a very liberal and *permanent* contributor."<sup>92</sup> "Its contents are excellent," said the *New-York Mirror* of July 18, 1840, "—how can they be otherwise, when Geoffrey Crayon is among the contributors?"<sup>93</sup> Letters poured in from the mob, discussing and supplementing the essays. Reprints of these adorned the less fortunate journals,<sup>94</sup> eliciting from the complacent *Knickerbocker* rage against these spurious texts; again and again Clark announced that Irving would not deign to write for any other magazine.<sup>95</sup>

Irving now became the official dowager of all this feminine literature of America.<sup>96</sup> It was a sorry performance, his respinning of his old sentimental threads into the pattern of a literature that was to resist both New England thought and the writing of the West until the post-Civil War period. To speak fairly, he hated the rôle, and sometimes even forgot to ship off to Clark the regular installment for his elegant female readers.<sup>97</sup> Yet he kept on; he had resolved to make this material, half-finished tales in his notebooks and new screeds, go as far as possible. He must provide for

his family. In his contract was a clause reserving the right of republication; these pretty shells were to be collected for exhibition in the cabinet volumes of *Wolfert's Roost* and *Spanish Papers*.<sup>98</sup> Excluding occasional notes and some communications on copyright, to the *Knickerbocker* Irving contributed, between March, 1839, and October, 1841, no less than thirty essays, tales, and sketches. He wrote or prepared for publication, on the average, a paper every three weeks, a feat, even if his writing was usually revision, for one who had previously composed only in periods of protracted effort balanced by equally prolonged spaces of idleness. Such slavery fulfilled his worst fears; it tried him to distraction. For the two thousand dollars he had mortgaged, besides many a precious hour in his garden, the esteem of some of his disciples. Irving, said Longfellow sadly, "is writing away *like fury*, in the *Knickerbocker*;—*he had better not*; old remnants—odds and ends,—about *Sleepy Hollow*, and *Granada*. What a pity."<sup>99</sup>

Such was Irving's unwilling return to the magazine world.<sup>100</sup> The noble subject of the conquest of Mexico he had lost. He wrote from necessity, and he had no illusions about this ragtag. He was not a self-advertiser; his enemies were wrong in saying that he wished merely to keep his name before an easily pleased public. He was simply repeating in literature his career in politics, a following of the easy road. In writing also, he had no principles, but only tastes to lead him whither they might. While younger men wrestled, perhaps too grimly, with the problem of "a national literature" or "a native literature";<sup>101</sup> while some independent minds strove to create, even in the America of the 'forties, an artistic credo;<sup>102</sup> while a few rigorous spirits loathed this sea of sentimental clients, with their annuals and gift books; Irving merely sailed with the common wind. His readers were the product of equalitarianism, of half-organized systems of education, of a culture lacking self-criticism, at once Anglophile and smug. Far from combating the spirit of the times, as did Poe, Irving rejoiced in it, and, in a sense, represented its ideals. It is the last stage, following business and politics, of his "Americanization" between 1832 and 1842.

Back number as he was in contrast to the young intellectuals such as Emerson or Poe, he still held together through this forum in the *Knickerbocker* a culture, thin, insipid, and more lethargic than any other aspect of our national life.<sup>103</sup> For this culture he had written tame books about the West, and now he wrote tame essays about the Hudson valley. His integration with parlor elegance and decorous writing was complete, and his very residence at Sunnyside



riveted the conviction of this mass of readers that he was their prophet. We should observe that many of the essays, in spite of European influences, had a local character, and all had that ingratiation characteristic of Irving's prefaces. Sunnyside had become really America's first literary shrine. "There is scarcely a building," said one devotee, "or place in America more replete with literary interest than the cottage of Washington Irving, near Tarrytown."<sup>104</sup>

In 1841 Irving threw these admirers a sweet confection, the *Biography and Poetical Remains of the Late Margaret Miller Davidson*. This book was the ultimate of the sentimental tendency in him and probably his worst piece of writing. It carried on the tender mood of "The Pride of the Village" and "The Broken Heart," those dulcet tales of *The Sketch Book*; but, in comparison with this biography, those had been rugged and austere. This account of the tremulous, tubercular poetess, which began to take form one year after Irving's return from Europe, was actually the result of more than fifteen years' curiosity concerning the Davidson family. The older sister had died in 1825, and from that year Irving had devoured all books available concerning "Lucretia Davidson, a lovely American girl, who, after giving early promise of rare poetic excellence, was snatched from existence in the seventeenth year of her age."<sup>105</sup> In 1825 he read eagerly S. F. B. Morse's *Amir Khan, and Other Poems: The Remains of Lucretia Maria Davidson*, and later Catharine Sedgwick's version of the story.<sup>106</sup> He knew, of course, of Southey's admiration for Lucretia. She was, the poet wrote a friend, "killed, like Kirke White, by over-excitement, in her seventeenth year. It is a most affecting story."<sup>107</sup> Let no one think Irving the only sentiment-monger of the day.

In a word, the blissful agony of Lucretia Davidson had been, during the latter years of Irving's stay in Europe, a popular fount of tears. To account for Irving's offense of writing such a book about Margaret Miller Davidson, we must accept Poe's statement that "the name of Lucretia Davidson is familiar to all readers of Poetry."<sup>108</sup> Through the various biographies of her daughter, the mother herself, Mrs. Margaret Davidson, was hardly less known. She, too, enjoyed genteel ill health, and possessed an "imaginative character, and most ardent and susceptible feelings, employed on domestic incidents, and concentrated in maternal tenderness."<sup>109</sup> In 1833 she was living in seclusion with Lucretia's surviving sister, Margaret, then eleven years old. Mrs. Davidson, connoisseur in abnormal domestic and religious emotions, was not averse to a second

edition of Lucretia's poems ; and in this year she appealed to Irving for help. He, too, understood declining maidens, and their potential royalties. Calling to pay his respects, he saw a feeble woman, seated in her easy chair ; his quick eye perceived "the lingerings of grace and beauty in her form and features and her eye still beamed with intelligence and sensibility."<sup>110</sup> In particular, he could not remove his gaze from Margaret, patiently attending the invalid mother and betraying in every changing expression of her sensitive face the imagination and also the physical doom of her illustrious sister. Fortunate creature ! She, too, was appointed for martyrdom. She, like Lucretia, was to satisfy a sickly ideal of the age ; and for her celebrant she was to have Washington Irving, more expert if less experienced than Lydia Huntley Sigourney in writing elegantly of maidenly death and burial.

In three years Irving saw Margaret Davidson again. The fresh air of the prairies had not purged him of the mood which he attributed to childhood influences but which he shared, also, with otherwise robust men of his time :

When I noticed the fragile delicacy of her form, the hectic bloom of her cheek, and the almost unearthly lustre of her eye, I felt convinced that she was not long for this world ; in truth, she already appeared more spiritual than mortal. We parted, and I never saw her more.<sup>111</sup>

Here was sorrow sweet enough for the "Felicia Hemans of America" or for Washington Irving. It would have been an empty joy to find Margaret as ruddy as Katrina Van Tassel or as buxom as Dolores of the Alhambra. It is unfair to say that Irving saw an opportunity, that he at once visualized a profitable book on Margaret. He honestly thought her an example of female sanctity. About 1839 Mrs. Davidson placed in his hands the manuscripts of the deceased girl, and, finally, in March, 1841, he forwarded his biography to Lea and Blanchard.<sup>112</sup> It was to be printed in a handsome edition ; to be entombed eventually in "Harper's Family Library" ; and the profits were to comfort Mrs. Davidson. The publishers had succumbed without a glance at the manuscript, writing Irving, "There must be something very attractive in the life of a girl of sixteen that could move you."<sup>113</sup> They had not intended an ambiguity. The point was that the combination of theme and author was impeccable. Before the end of the year the volume had passed through its second edition.<sup>114</sup>

*Margaret Miller Davidson* is an instance of the astonishing hold

upon the middle-class culture of America (and of England, too) of this type of sentiment, to-day the target of burlesque. Irving acted as an interpreter of Margaret's life. Slowly and devoutly, step by step, he depicted the hysterical existence of this sick child. Before she was six years old she had trembled in ecstasy at the beauty of natural scenery. At about this time visitors had found her reading with delight Milton, Cowper, Thomson, Byron, and Scott,<sup>115</sup> and had been edified by her wisdom in expurgating Shakespeare:

In polite literature Addison was her favourite author, but Shakespeare she dwelt upon with enthusiasm. She was restricted, however, to certain marked portions of this inimitable writer; and having been told that it was not proper for her to read the whole, such was her innate delicacy and her sense of duty, that she never overstepped the prescribed boundaries.<sup>116</sup>

Reverently Irving quoted her doggerel; approvingly he pointed out the influence upon her of Miss Sedgwick and Mrs. Hemans; and he viewed her sufferings equably, as in the light of eternity. All was for the best in the life and death of this instrument of Heaven. Her raptures and her precepts for humanity were ample compensations, for everybody, including Margaret herself.

Often [said Irving] would she stand by the window admiring a glorious sunset, until she would be raised into a kind of ecstasy; her eye would kindle; a crimson glow would mount into her cheek, and she would indulge in some of her reveries about the glories of heaven, and the spirits of her deceased sisters, partly uttering her fancies aloud, until turning and catching her mother's eye fixed painfully upon her, she would throw her arms round her neck, kiss away her tears, and sink exhausted on her bosom.<sup>117</sup>

At first such idiocies seem a devastating proof that Irving had gone quite to seed. After all, he had been a shrewd and civilized writer, knowing the sophisticated life of Europe and the ways of men. Could he not see the absurdity of such writing? No. He accepted the fashion of the day. Was he merely eager for money? No, for he had relinquished the royalties. Unquestionably, it was a labor of affection; it was the kind of book he had long wished to write. Irving was not a mawkish donkey; it is rather that he understood certain emotional criteria of the age. As the free-ranging thought of to-day has its background, good and bad, in science, skepticism, or the new psychology, creating attitudes of life common to all society, though not analyzed by each individual, so the

more inhibited thought of Irving's generation, with its roots in old orthodoxies of religion and social convention, expressed itself in a point of view which may be traced through every phase of this civilization, in the arts, in domestic life, in patriotism, in conceptions of God. If we live by a philosophy of liberty or criticism, Irving's generation lived by a philosophy of sentiment.<sup>118</sup>

The best proof that our nausea at such books as *Margaret Miller Davidson* was not shared by intelligent contemporaries is in the character of its admirers. The *New-York Mirror* spoke, of course, for the "respectable" culture of America when it said, "Where is the woman who would not desire to be even the bereaved mother of two such daughters?"<sup>119</sup> And the devotion of the practical Morse and the sensible Southey to the older sister was paralleled by the satisfaction which the book gave to other distinguished intellects. Thus the careful review by Poe was all praise. He qualified only in reproving Irving for hyperbole concerning the girl's poetic talents.<sup>120</sup> The attitude itself, so distasteful to us, he accepted as elevated. And the scholarly Prescott wrote to his sister: "You have read Irving's 'Memoirs of Miss Davidson,' I believe. Did you ever meet with any novel half so touching? It is the most painful book I ever listened to. I hear it from the children, and we all cry over it together. What a little flower of Paradise!"<sup>121</sup>

Irving's decade in America was now drawing to an end. He was not deceived by the success of his biography; and it had made him no richer. "Oh!" he cried, "if I could only have a 'run of luck'!"<sup>122</sup> Well, it was at hand in the form of the most distinguished honor of his life. As usual he was in the right political corral. Turning Whig in 1840 with other New Yorkers, he had helped to elect Harrison, who had been succeeded after a month by the Virginia aristocrat and states'-rights Democrat John Tyler. The President had broken with Jackson and might well dislike even so humble a follower of the old general as Irving, but it was not so. He approved this doubtful Democrat. And Daniel Webster, for some unknown reason—the two were markedly unlike—was actively interested in America's man of letters. One may guess that he admired Irving's pen, useful to any statesman, even to the grandiloquent prose master, Webster himself. All was well; on February 10, 1842, Irving learned that he had been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain.<sup>123</sup> Such was the very tangible result of his identification with America—and with Europe.

"Washington Irving," commented Webster, "will be the most

astonished man in New York." <sup>121</sup> The tradition of Irving's open-eyed wonder at this windfall is firmly established. People shook their heads affectionately over his simplicity; of course, he deserved such an honor; it was the most natural thing in the world. Yet they were sure that it had been a thunderbolt, shocking him into mingled delight and apprehension; this modesty was very attractive in their hero. "The appointment," Hone noted, "he says, was altogether unexpected to him; but I have no doubt from his manner of speaking of it that he is pleased and will accept it." <sup>122</sup> That Irving had not foreseen this particular glory at this particular moment, is probable. Yet, on the point that he was bewildered by receiving a plum from the pudding which he had helped to bake, we may remain more skeptical. Had it never occurred to him that his tales of the West, the Sunnyside literary tradition, and his previous diplomatic experience, not to mention his defection from Van Buren, would be grateful to the administration? Had he never thought that some such service might be the way out from ineffective scribbling, from the perils of poverty, from his loneliness since the loss of Sarah? <sup>123</sup>

Glancing back, it is evident that he had regarded himself and his family, ever since his return to America, as natural beneficiaries of political favors. <sup>124</sup> In 1841 he knew that he had been discussed for the position of Collector of the Port of New York, <sup>125</sup> and in the same year Webster wrote him of his own disappointment that he had learned too late of Irving's willingness to serve as consul at Paris. Indeed, the next sentences in this letter might have mitigated his amazement at the appointment to Spain:

I should esteem it [said Webster] a great honor, and a fortunate incident in my public life to have an opportunity of recommending you to a situation, useful to your interests, & in harmony with your tastes & pursuits.

I cherish the hope that such an opportunity may ere long present itself. <sup>126</sup>

This was just eleven months before Irving's astonishment. A few, who circulated stories concerning the esteem in which he was held by the Tyler *régime*, were less surprised. Thurlow Weed declared he owed the appointment to the political influence of Moses H. Grinnell. <sup>127</sup> Another tale deposed that Irving himself had approached Webster to beg the humble post of bearer of dispatches to the Minister of Spain, that he might go abroad without too heavy drains upon his own income. Webster, the legend continues, after

some coldness and delay, smiled quizzically and placed his hand upon Irving's shoulder. "I must refuse," he said regretfully, "because this morning the president appointed you envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of Spain!"<sup>181</sup> Duyckinck himself states that Webster conferred the honor as spoils to a New York merchant for his financial services.<sup>182</sup> Perhaps, on the whole, we may discount the new Minister's surprise.<sup>183</sup> The idea of political largess for Washington Irving was no novelty. In the background, Cooper, hearing of this climax to his career, groaned with disgust.<sup>184</sup>

If Irving's surprise was not wholly genuine, his pleasure was. No post in Christendom could have been more to his liking. From the days in Liverpool he had hobnobbed with government agents. He numbered among his intimates diplomats of France, Germany, Russia, and the United States; perhaps no American outsider had so wide an acquaintance in their world. His service in England had been unique, and his refusal of important positions under the Van Buren administration had not decreased his dignity. Life at Queen Isabella's court would exercise his social gifts, maintain his gentlemanly connection with American politics, and even permit him leisure, perhaps, in which to write. At the same time he would escape that grosser side of American public life described to Van Buren when he declined to be Secretary of the Navy.<sup>185</sup> Above all, it solved in a flash the financial problems of his petticoat establishment; in his first letters on his good fortune he set apart a fraction of his income for the nieces. His humorous comment to Pierre was: "It is hard — very hard, yet I must try to bear it. *God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*"<sup>186</sup> There was no struggle in his mind; on February 18, 1842, he sent to Webster his letter of acceptance.<sup>187</sup>

From Madrid to New York, Irving as Minister to Spain was a popular choice. In the former city, Minister Vail was able to describe Irving, in his official announcements concerning his successor, as a proven friend of Spain.<sup>188</sup> In London, Tom Moore rejoiced,<sup>189</sup> and Disraeli commended the wisdom of this young country in thus honoring its man of letters.<sup>190</sup> Hone, perhaps with an eye to the factions it pleased, implied that it was a sagacious move,<sup>191</sup> and Webster later told Everett that he congratulated himself on it as perhaps the most honorable appointment of President Tyler's administration.<sup>192</sup> Of the satisfaction of the Spanish Minister at Washington, who hurried to New York to inspect the appointee, we shall hear later.<sup>193</sup> Possibly the most heartfelt, though not the most unselfish, delight was that of Ticknor and Prescott, who at once

planned to suborn Irving in the thorny libraries of the Peninsula.<sup>144</sup> All this suggests a characteristic attitude of the republic toward writers; these it often drafted to serve as diplomatic apprentices. Hone's satisfied comment sounds odd to-day as a reason for Irving's assignment to a European court: "He is a charming good fellow, a feather in the literary cap of his country."<sup>145</sup>

The author of *The Sketch Book* among veteran politicians, our representative in the treacherous labyrinth of French and English policies at the court of Isabella II!

The public mind [Vail wrote Webster of the Spain which he left without regret] is becoming feverish, and the country getting into an unsettled state. So many passions are chafed by political strife: so many individual concerns affected by the growing inability of Government to meet its engagements or satisfy private expectations, that quiet at home is almost beyond the reach of hope, while, abroad, the worst enemies of Spain labor with incessant efforts to accomplish her destruction.<sup>146</sup>

It was evident that Irving's mission was bound up with difficult national issues. Tyler's enthusiasm for Manifest Destiny, which he hoped might avert the eyes of Americans from their insoluble domestic problems, involved necessarily the question of Texas, which had seceded from Mexico in 1836 and which, in the following year, was knocking at the door of the Union. Though Mexico had been independent of Spain for twenty-one years, and though there was bitterness between the two countries, the Mexican version of our southwestern policy, that of ruthless land-grabbers pressing ever farther into Texas, was known in Spain, the mother country. Moreover, while factions in both America and England coveted the island of Cuba, Spanish opinion could not be disregarded. If Irving could escape controversy on this issue, he must still face the difficult questions of commerce, and of Cuba and slavery, made vivid in the public mind by the recent episode of the *Amistad*.<sup>147</sup> The new Minister had indeed something to learn, and he set off hastily to Washington to dine with President Tyler and to receive Webster's counsel.

Here he listened to the statesman's analysis of Spanish-American trade, of the cabals of Maria Christina, of England's plots against Cuba, and to descriptions of Argüelles and the present Spanish government.<sup>148</sup> Finally, Webster discussed a secretary for the new Minister. Irving himself had fixed upon young Alexander Hamilton,<sup>149</sup> but Hugh Legaré would have none but Joseph Cogswell,

and before Webster could act, the latter's name appeared in the New York newspapers.<sup>180</sup> Irving acquiesced, but was to endure further vexation. For Cogswell,<sup>181</sup> a *protégé* of Astor's and a skillful bibliographer, hesitated, even while the jubilant Prescott and Ticknor foresaw their investigations already done for them in Spain.<sup>182</sup> Cogswell suited them even better than Irving. The new appointee liked Irving, and he welcomed the prospect of burrowing in the Biblioteca Nacional, but Astor, alarmed, now talked more sensibly of his plan for a giant library in New York. The fear of losing Cogswell had forced his hand. He would found the library, and Cogswell must accept its labors and honors. So the latter gave up the Spanish commission, already conferred,<sup>183</sup> and announced that he would stay.<sup>184</sup>

For Irving, this was an irritating incident. Prescott and Ticknor mourned,<sup>185</sup> and Irving, though he obtained his earlier choice, young Hamilton, poured out his annoyance in a confidential letter to Webster.<sup>186</sup> More embarrassed, though less displeased than Webster, for the moment Irving believed this public substitution an ill omen for his mission. This recantation at the eleventh hour had made it the subject of gossip, though he himself had, for the most part, escaped criticism. Hone said that Astor had bribed Cogswell to forsake Irving. The millionaire, remarked Hone,

is willing to pay as much for the velvet cushion on which it is his pleasure to rest his [Cogswell's] head as the secretaryship would have produced, and it comes in the shape of a permanent salary to Mr. Cogswell as librarian of a great public library which Mr. Astor has signified his intention to establish and endow in this city, which he proposes now to anticipate. That gentleman wisely determines to receive his equivalent and stay at home, write articles for the *New York Review*, and accompany his patron in his daily drives from Broadway to Hell Gate. Macænas keeps Horace near him, and Horace knows when he has a good thing.<sup>187</sup>

Irving was in it now; repose at Sunnyside was over; his last two months in America brought a feverish round of receptions and farewells.<sup>188</sup> Prescott cornered him and, in return for much advice concerning Irving's incipient biography of Washington, extracted from him promises of research in Madrid.<sup>189</sup> One of Irving's first duties in London, he was informed, was to establish an intimacy with Prescott's scribe, the scholar Pascual de Gayangos.<sup>190</sup> This excitement about Irving in 1842 bears an amusing resemblance to that in 1832. Business man, politician, editor, author, diplomat, he was



seen everywhere and narrowly escaped another oratorical barbecue, this time of good-by.<sup>101</sup> Incessant letter-writing, incessant journeys to Washington, incessant planning for Sunnyside consumed his days and nights. And soon the almost maudlin enthusiasm for him reached an apogee in his association with another popular idol, Charles Dickens. The novelist, on his first visit to America, was receiving similar adulation, and gathering material for a disagreeable book about his hosts.<sup>102</sup> The arrival of Dickens from London and the departure of Irving from New York! The sentimentalists could ask no more than this! When the two shook hands, one zealot could not contain himself. He exclaimed: "Good Heaven! to think what the four walls of that room now contain! Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, FitzGreene Halleck and Charles Dickens."<sup>103</sup>

Ostensibly, there was a carnival of good will. Apparently this friendship excelled even the wishes of the admirers of Little Nell and "The Wife." The two writers sat together at a colossal dinner in honor of the Englishman, and Irving directed the homage to his brother sentimentalist. Here Americans beheld a *tableau vivant*, "Washington Irving in England and Charles Dickens in America."<sup>104</sup> Here Dickens rose, laid his hand upon Irving's shoulder, and told his hushed audience that two nights in every week of his life he read the American's books;<sup>105</sup> and here Irving, in attempting to preside, broke down (though not, as some thought, out of emotion concerning Dickens). Indeed, the French, when they insisted that Voltaire and Franklin embrace in public, were not more frenzied than these Americans as they watched the two literary deities together in New York, in Baltimore, in Washington, in the streets, at dinners, or at levees.<sup>106</sup> It is a lesson in taste and an almost mathematical definition of democracy's culture and intellectual ideals in the year 1842.<sup>107</sup> Hone reveled in it and pictured the two together at a levee. He thought that, on the whole, Irving was the greater favorite; at President Tyler's last party of the season, "Irving out-bozzed Boz."<sup>108</sup> A crowd assembled about him. Gentlemen shook his hand; ladies touched the hem of his garment. One woman put on Geoffrey Crayon's hat, that the incident might be a memory for her children, while embarrassment reddened its owner. But, said the loyal Hone, "I was . . . rejoiced to see it; it showed that the refreshing dew of popular favor could be shed upon the indigenous as well as the exotic plants of literary talents."<sup>109</sup> Even the vinegary *American Notes* contains a gracious scene in which Irving receives the plaudits of his countrymen.<sup>170</sup>

Through all this saturnalia of sentiment, Dickens, "the exotic plant," permitted this double allegiance in his followers. He was not jealous of Irving, and he even declared: "What *would* I give, if we could have but a quiet week together!"<sup>171</sup> But this wish Irving did not share. Dickens wrote him letters full of esteem,<sup>172</sup> and this was not to be the end; they were to be thrown together in London. With the rest of America, Irving had looked forward to Dickens' coming,<sup>173</sup> but the first meeting had brought disillusionment. Promptly upon the novelist's arrival, he had called at his hotel and, sending in his card, was invited into the guest's parlor. There followed a curious reversal of customary procedure, an Englishman shocking an American by ill breeding. For in rushed Dickens, napkin in hand, dragged him to the table, stained with gravy and wine and "covered with a vulgar profusion of food." "Irving," he cried, "I am delighted to see you! What will you drink, a mint julep or a gin cocktail?" Telling the story shortly afterwards, Irving rose in reminiscent fury and stalked up and down the room;<sup>174</sup> and during the last days of his life he still denounced Dickens, branding him as selfish.<sup>175</sup> The incident is trivial but punctures a myth concerning Geoffrey Crayon's love of Boz. Stories were current concerning their discussing England over a bowl of mint julep<sup>176</sup> and exchanging pledges of mutual regard, but Irving's nerves were not proof against Dickens' tavern manners. He thought him "outrageously vulgar—in dress, manners, and mind."<sup>177</sup> In public, however, he acted his usual discreet rôle.<sup>178</sup>

By the end of March, 1842, Irving had made a new will, had been insured, and had given Pierre power of attorney.<sup>179</sup> His trunks were packed for his return to Europe. What of the decade just past? Was he content? To be sure, in the eyes of extremists, like Cooper, his career had been a disgrace, a logical consequence of a convictionless youth. He had refused to hold up standards to his countrymen; he had been a turncoat in politics; he had prostituted his slender talents to the sentimental mob; he had been a parasite of the wealthy; he stood for nothing; he had better not have come home. To all this Cooper and a few others would have agreed. Yet if ever, in his secret heart, Irving wished he had been born of steel worthy of this democracy, the thought must have also come to him that he had, after all, secured by his return just what, during his seventeen years' exile, he had craved—the affection of America. He was now known as a writer on American themes, a patron of American literature, a representative of the American republic. For this he had paid with some weakness, perhaps, but not

with dishonor. Yes, it was worth coming back for. He was a different man from the loiterer in the Court of the Lions.

Moreover, he returned America's affection. Untroubled, unlike the New Englanders, by theories of perfectibility, he was not frantic to change her, nor did he, like Cooper, show his love of her by abuse. Yet he loved her. Even if she bored him a little, he loved her. He felt this now at parting, perhaps forever; for at nearly sixty—who knows? New York, still his city, that tumultuous, picturesque Manahatta, the West beyond and the South, both of which he now knew at first hand—yes, he was loath to leave them. And, in particular, love of country was made concrete in love of persons. Ebenezer's girls looked very fair, and even the thought of Sarah in Paris could not assuage the pain of leaving Sunnyside. He ended by taking no farewell at all, but hurried to the ship *Independence* and trusted all to a brief letter.<sup>180</sup> He could not, however, escape the valedictories of his enormous plebeian public, expressed in magazines and manifestoes. It is not too much to say that his sailing on April 10 was the event of the month.<sup>181</sup> At the last moment, friends, relatives, servants, and populace pressed him hard. Why was he going? Was he not in his sixtieth year? And one priceless, illiterate good-by in *Arcturus* may typify the enforced subsidence of the wave of sentiment about this literary diplomat setting out to accomplish God-knows-what, unless it were to open his purse strings still wider to some women in a cottage:

All the world knows, that Washington Irving goes abroad with all the world's good wishes; that a thousand gentle voices of both sexes, breathe to swell his sails; and that when he sits by the banks of the Xenil or the Darro, no less than his own Hudson, a thousand true hearts will cluster around him. . . . God-speed to thee, gentle spirit of Sunny-brook, in all thy wanderings, by sea or land!<sup>182</sup>

In Madrid he would at least receive no petitions for autographs or locks of hair.<sup>183</sup>

## CHAPTER XXI

### MINISTER TO SPAIN: THE FIRST YEAR

1842

FOR THREE weeks on the *Independence* the Minister to Spain rested, enjoying the peace of that interval which he had described twenty-three years before: "The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence."<sup>1</sup> He commenced a new journal, but before he had reached Spain he had abandoned this inveterate habit forever.<sup>2</sup> He was not yet reconciled to his belated adventure, and during his transit from the point of debarkation to London, by the new-fangled method of railway, his heart sank. Watching the endless parade of carriages in St. James's Park, he felt "singularly low spirited." Must he really plunge again into "this turbulent stream of life"?<sup>3</sup> He dutifully paid his respects to the American Minister, Edward Everett,<sup>4</sup> and then hurried off to Leslie's. The artist was not at home, and, still more depressed, Irving returned to his hotel in Berkeley Square. Why had he left the quiet study at Sunnyside? The logic of his presence here in England was unimpeachable; it was his fate in life to wander, and he could not have refused the appointment. Yet it was difficult to throw off homesickness.

When, finally, he found Leslie and the others, the survivors of the old coterie, he fell again into his mood of philosophic melancholy; in the decade time had done its work. Newton,<sup>5</sup> after a period of insanity, and Wilkie,<sup>6</sup> too, were dead. Leslie<sup>7</sup> was gray-haired, and Rogers was patriarchal. Moore was borne down by anxieties concerning his two sons.<sup>8</sup> Only Peter Powell seemed as gaily discontented as ever.<sup>9</sup> Yet how glad these old friends were to see him! Rogers took him in his arms, and Moore rushed to him as "the man of all others I wanted to shake hands with once more — Washington Irving."<sup>10</sup> As he entered the familiar drawing-room at Murray's, his heart was in his throat.<sup>11</sup> James Bandinell proffered him quarters in the Little Cloisters at Westminster,<sup>12</sup> and more

memories assailed him. Here at night in the midst of the armor and old books, he lay awake, listening to the Abbey clock strike the small hours. Or during the day, he looked out "upon a green lawn, shaven like velvet, shaded by lofty trees, with rooks sailing and cawing about them, and partly surrounded by Gothic edifices."<sup>18</sup> Were not the ten years in America a dream? Once more he was a youthful traveler, musing among these tombs. And the illusion blended strangely with ancient Spain,<sup>14</sup> his present destination. Could he not be again a care-free dweller in the Alhambra?

Well, the past was the past. At least, it was to other men, if not to him, incurable romantic! He was to be in London but a few weeks. In Paris was Sarah, and across the French frontier waited a challenging task. He planned, then, to enjoy these old comrades. With Compton and Frank Mills and with Moore, who talked dismally of becoming dependent upon the Literary Fund, and with Leslie and with Rogers, he gave himself up to the present — theaters, levees, dinners,<sup>16</sup> and Lady Holland's.<sup>18</sup> He somehow found time to do his duty by the handsome Gayangos,<sup>17</sup> and he chatted with Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Robert Inglis, and Lockhart.<sup>18</sup> He was with Moore daily, and he talked with Wordsworth,<sup>19</sup> but by the latter remained unimpressed, unlike Leslie, at whose house they all dined together. For Leslie was overawed by the poet of Nature — not to be mentioned, Irving believed, with the great Moore or even with Campbell. At Murray's one evening he attended an old-fashioned gathering. Lockhart was there, and Moore sang five or six songs, as delightfully, so thought Leslie, as ever. "*Come o'er the sea, maiden, to me,*" he kept strumming and caroling till "the ladies were in raptures."<sup>20</sup>

For Irving, such islets of quiet sentiment were few. He was fearfully in demand, and throughout his stay in England and France complained of this "curse of notoriety."<sup>21</sup> Indeed, Leslie congratulated himself that he had been able to see Irving three times.<sup>22</sup> His journey north, to visit the Van Warts, was shadowed by the dread of public ovations in both Liverpool and Glasgow,<sup>23</sup> and Moore's diary of these days is taken up with his efforts to secure a speech from him at the imminent dinner of the Literary Fund Society. At first, his friend's refusal was eloquent. "That *Dickens'* Dinner," he moaned, "that *Dickens'* Dinner."<sup>24</sup> No, he could not repeat that agony; he had no desire to break down again in public. Even if he were flanked by Moore on one side and Hallam on the other, still he would not open his lips. "Well, now," urged the Irishman, "listen to me a moment. If you really wish to distinguish yourself,

it is by saying the fewest possible words that you will effect it."<sup>25</sup> This was reasonable, and, perhaps inspired by the bland presence of Prince Albert, the author of *The Sketch Book* rose to his feet and murmured that he was excessively glad to be here, that he was sensible of the honor, that he drank their very good health, *et cetera*.<sup>26</sup> "Brief?" queried an Englishman to his neighbor. "Yes," said the other, "but you can tell the *gentleman* in the very tone of his voice."<sup>27</sup>

In Irving's observations on this England, ten years after his study of her institutions and politics, one has, indeed, to be content with this gentlemanly tone. He said little. He was curious chiefly concerning England's attitude toward Cuba, about which Webster had warned him. Evcrett, who had noticed that Irving had been received "rapturously"<sup>28</sup> at the Literary Fund dinner and who believed that much might be accomplished at "social meetings,"<sup>29</sup> was at pains to have him meet Lord Aberdeen, the French and Russian diplomatic representatives, and all others who might in some obscure, unforeseen fashion prove useful. In fact, Irving, even in this short stay, talked with everybody who might eventually matter to the success of his mission. Such associations solidified his relations with British agents, presently in Spain and also three years later in England, when Louis McLane was to send for him, post-haste, for aid concerning the Oregon question.<sup>30</sup>

He was not, however, thoroughly inducted into his office, and his journal still reflected less the politician's mind than the observer's. Everyone was less interesting than Tom Moore. The young Queen Victoria, before whom he at once made an obeisance, did not excite him.

She is [he said] certainly quite low in stature, but well formed and well rounded. Her countenance, though not decidedly handsome, is agreeable and intelligent. Her eyes light blue, with light eyelashes; and her mouth generally a little open, so that you can see her teeth. She acquits herself in her receptions with great grace, and even with dignity. Prince Albert stood beside her—a tall, elegantly formed young man, with a handsome, prepossessing countenance.<sup>31</sup>

He preferred more mysterious queens. The lover of Spanish infantas could never adore, that was evident, a queen with partly opened mouth who was continually raising her hand to adjust her crown.<sup>32</sup> Isabella II, he had already heard, was a more fascinating subject for romance. He meant to write of her or else of George Washington—odd alternatives. So, apropos of this latter ambition,

he made a careful inspection of Sulgrave Manor.<sup>33</sup> Finally, on May 22, he left London, without regret save for parting with Moore and Leslie. He was now on the way to Paris and the Storrors, but the sight of Beasley at Havre and of an old Gothic church in Rouen tugged at his heartstrings. For in these places at every step he heard Peter's voice. Once, in the little garden near the church, where they had loitered away so many hours, he wept: "My dear, dear brother! As I write, the tears are gushing from my eyes."<sup>34</sup> At last, on May 25, he was with Sarah in Paris.

Here Irving's status as an official representative of the Republic became unmistakable, foretelling his prominence during the next four years at the court of Isabella II. In England the old literary group had lightened his fatiguing obligations, but during the ensuing six weeks in Paris his eminence as Minister to Spain stole most of the days which he had allotted to Sarah and her baby. General Lewis Cass<sup>35</sup> was relentless, presenting him to Guizot, to Dupin, and other lions, and, of course, to the King.<sup>36</sup> Here, in the quiet palace, Irving paid his respects to Louis Philippe, who was dressed in black, with pantaloons and shoes, altered indeed from the young man whom Irving had seen twenty-two years before in the uniform of a hussar, superbly mounted, the cynosure of cheering crowds.<sup>37</sup> While the Queen and her sister-in-law Madame Adélaïde sewed, the King discoursed with the American author on his very commendable essays and then on the state of affairs in those highly interesting regions of America, such as Canada, Mexico, and Texas.<sup>38</sup> The interview was helpful, for Spain did not go unmentioned, and Irving had a chance, too, to evaluate the shrewd Bulwer,<sup>39</sup> just now *Chargé d'Affaires* at Paris — Bulwer, later so adept at complicating the ukases of Irving's master, Webster. Some of his indifference passed. He sensed the struggle between France and England for control of the Peninsula, though such warfare seemed a bit unreal with the pale, amiable Queen sewing quietly and speaking to him gently in French.

Other proof of his age and altered situation came to him, too, in his recognition at Colonel Thorn's dinner of the Marquis of Brignole-Sale, now Minister from Sardinia, whom he had first seen thirty-seven years earlier, acting in Voltaire's *Zaïre*, at Genoa.<sup>40</sup> Brignole did not recall the young American of twenty-two, but proffered some civilities on the *Columbus*; it was Irving's first hint of a service, which might prove practical, rendered him in these southern countries by his writings on Spain.<sup>41</sup> Once committed, the American Minister endured the gayeties to which his

rank entitled him. He basked in the "delicious, fascinating smiles" of the Princess Mathilde Demidov, daughter of Jérôme Bonaparte; <sup>42</sup> he discussed the writing of history with the Marquis de la Grange; <sup>43</sup> and he talked with Count Walewski about travel in the East. <sup>44</sup> Bulwer was now Irving's tireless escort; he must show him the relatives of Lafayette and Talleyrand. Irving also met strong, black-bearded Eugène Sue, vociferous about the novels of James Fenimore Cooper. <sup>45</sup>

Such adventures might seem more refreshing than planning Gothic seats and new drains for Sunnyside. <sup>46</sup> One becomes skeptical of Irving's easy professions of distaste for society, to which he always brought friendliness and sometimes brilliance of conversation. Yet he was honest in thinking it, at bottom, cold-hearted. And now he was not merely homesick; rather, these formal relationships had lost their shimmer. He left the parties early; he fled with Sarah to the country; he did anything to escape. With it all, he was disturbed that the society of France and England could no longer enthrall him.

It is wonderful [he reflected] how much more difficult it is to astonish or amuse me than when I was last in Europe. It is possible I may have gathered wisdom under the philosophic shades of Sleepy Hollow, or may have been rendered fastidious by the gay life of the cottage; it is certain that, amidst all the splendors of London and Paris, I find my imagination refuses to take fire, and my heart still yearns after dear little Sunnyside. <sup>47</sup>

So, in letter after letter, he complained of this life as irksome, distracting, and empty. "I am," he wrote his nephew, "too old a frequenter of the theatre of life to be much struck with novelty, pageant, or stage effect, and could willingly have remained in my little private *loge* at Sunnyside, and dozed out the rest of the performance." <sup>48</sup>

Nevertheless, the curtain was about to rise on a play that would stir him. In Madrid, Vail was insistent that he carry on. This he was anxious to do, not only because the analyses of Spanish politics by Everett and Bulwer had tickled his curiosity, but because action would be the best cure for homesickness. To banish from his mind the quiet lane, the garden, the gables, the parlor of Sunnyside, he needed work and some sort of household for himself, consisting of his aides and Spanish servants. <sup>49</sup> A home in Madrid! Possibly Irving is the only American Minister to the Spanish court who hastened thither to attain domesticity. It is amusing to find him dwell-



ing upon Brevoort's taste for natural history and Hamilton's for sketching as qualifications for his Legation. These young men, very alert and not at all homesick, had now assembled around him, ready; the silver candlesticks and other household goods were packed. Washington Irving was once more a strange *père de famille*, a diplomat in search of quarters where he might rest and write.

On July 11, the party began the long gallivant through Orléans, Poitiers, and Angoulême, toward Bordeaux.<sup>50</sup> Irving's three strip-lings were in the highest spirits, and his own letters soon echoed their excitement,<sup>51</sup> recording descriptions of natural scenery quite in his old manner. Particularly, as he renewed his friendship, during the ten days in Bordeaux, with the Bartons, Johnstons, and Guestiers, he was happier. Ah, here were the scenes where he had hunted, made wine, written a book, and been first summoned to Spain! There stood the *château*, the home, as in 1825, of the Guestiers, some three miles from Bordeaux,

on the brow of a woody hill, which you ascend by a zig zag carriage road, through groves and shrubberies. The house is on a natural terrace; laid out in the English style; with groves and clumps of trees; thickets of ornamental shrubs; masses of flowers &c. From this terrace there is an immense prospect that might almost rival that of Richmond hill. A rich valley spreads far and wide below you: with every variety of culture, vineyards, orchards, gardens, groves, meadows, and fields of grain: with villages, hamlets and country seats: some on the plain embowered [?] in trees; others brightening on the crests of the hills. the Garonne pours its noble stream through the centre of the prospect; with here and there a light sail gleaming upon it; and at a distance is seen the noble city of Bordeaux; with its grand cathedral and lofty spires.<sup>52</sup>

He would have lingered, but neither Vail in Madrid nor Irving's restless young men would permit another day. He pushed on, capturing something of his first thrill of 1826 as he neared the border; at Bayonne he scribbled this postscript to Sarah: "I am in the midst of people who look half French half Spanish, and speak a jargon composed of Spanish, Basque, French & the lord knows what all. I have just seen a Spanish lady pass my windows in mantilla & Pasquina—the sight mad[e] my heart jump."<sup>53</sup>

Spain and Washington Irving, now to meet again after a separation of nearly fifteen years, were better acquainted than in 1829. Each was more fully informed concerning the other, for of the country the author had not ceased to read and write—it has been

said he always intended to return; and the country, meanwhile, very slowly, according to her proud custom, had been reading what the American had said of her. The vague notion in the United States, in 1842 and later, that Irving exerted a deep influence upon Spanish literature is untenable. Alcántara's<sup>54</sup> book on Granada, published during Irving's period as Minister, includes a list of the city's eulogists without mentioning him; and he has no place in the encyclopedic history of Spanish literature by the modern critic Don Julio Cejador.<sup>55</sup> For Irving's influence on Spain was not comparable with, say, Scott's,<sup>56</sup> nor, among Americans, was it equal to that of Ticknor, Cooper, or Poe. Yet it antedated the imprint upon Spain of these three Americans, and, apart from Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*,<sup>57</sup> it was more special than theirs, dealing with themes dear to every Spaniard. Moreover, Irving's books on Spanish subjects were now available in the Peninsula; between 1829 and 1842 his reputation had been making definite headway. To the readers of French and English books and of translations from the French into Spanish (a common medium for Irving),<sup>58</sup> he was now known. A glance at the extent and character of his literary standing in Spain, before, during, and even after these four years in Madrid and Barcelona, is imperative; his intimacy with the past of Spain and hers with his writings were important weapons in his political and social quiver.

One proof of familiarity with his name and achievements is in the Spanish official correspondence, to be described presently, concerning his appointment. Presumably, too, there was a ripple of interest in the Plaza Mayor, where Irving, now a member, still found the Real Academia de la Historia;<sup>59</sup> for scholars in Spain spoke respectfully of the *Columbus*. Besides, his name was linked, even if sometimes unpleasantly, with Navarrete's. Irving discovered, too, that the cultivated *madrileño* was apt to have read *The Alhambra*.

Among my various visitors [he wrote very soon after his arrival] was Senor Escalante, one of the principal officers of Government, a very agreeable accomplished man who among his various offices has been Governor of Granada. He expressed himself very handsomely about my writings respecting that city, and told me he was in England when my "Alhambra"<sup>60</sup> was published, and that he had translated parts of it as an exercise.<sup>60</sup>

Or there was the Bishop of Cordova and Toledo, Patriarch of the Indies. He, said Irving, "having read my works, was particularly

communicative about those subjects of Spanish history antiquities &c. about which I had treated." <sup>61</sup>

This was agreeable, this hold upon cultured Castilians. Translations of Irving into Spanish made, as Escalante intimated, good reading, a judgment confirmed by the lucid pages of Montgomery's *Crónica de la conquista de Granada*. Such reputation, however, as Irving possessed in 1842, he owed to two causes. The lesser of these was his identification with the form of writing already discussed, the local sketch, or *artículo de costumbres*. Through Bohl von Faber, through Fernán Caballero, <sup>62</sup> through his study with Wilkie of Spanish painting, he had developed as part of the general European interest in the essay on manners, in which he was already an adept through *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, a species of writing on Spanish themes akin to the *costumbrista* movement. With his usual good fortune he took the taste of the day, <sup>63</sup> even in Spain. *The Alhambra* was not far from the tradition of Jouy and Sebastián Miñano, and, translated, could not fail to please Spanish readers. Yet, regardless of the popular interest in the tale, the second cause was more weighty. Irving owed his fame in Spain chiefly to his appreciative versions of beloved national subjects. Such were the translations of the *Columbus* and the *Granada*, both offered to Spanish readers just prior to his decade in America. The combined weight of these causes will be apparent from a brief examination of the early Spanish translations of tales and histories, the forerunners of many others after Irving's final return to America.

The first translation of the writings of Irving into Spanish consisted of versions of three tales written years before he had visited Spain; these had no premeditated connection whatever with Spanish subjects. They were "El serrano de las Alpujarras," from "Rip Van Winkle"; "El cuadro misterioso," from "The Young Italian," of *Tales of a Traveller*; and "El sueño," a curious composite from "The Art of Book-Making" and "The Mutability of Literature," in *The Sketch Book*. At the time of publication (1829) Irving's reputation in Spain was unborn; and on the title-page of the volume appeared neither his name nor that of his translator. It is reasonable, then, to believe that the translator perceived in these stories something to engage Spanish attention. Primarily, this was perhaps merely the interest of a good story, but "El serrano de las Alpujarras" is deftly adapted into the form which was enjoying vogue in Spain. It combined the elements of the romantic tale and the *artículo de costumbres*. <sup>64</sup>

En un momento de silencio, y reconcentración de espíritus, oyó una voz que desde el interior de la cámara, una y otra parte, y no viendo en aquellos silenciosos al-  
tísimos objetos, alguno vivo, creyó ser una ilusión, y trató de emprender su camino; y unas al punto resonó otra voz la misma voz, por un segundo distin-  
tamente en el grupo de Andrés y An-  
drés-García.  
En temor secreto, se apoderó del momento, en este momento, en un punto y de tropel salie-  
ron su memoria todos los misterios y portentos de aquella casa, y temblaba de que también a él le sucediese algu-  
na terrible aventura. En esto Tarfe, que no se apartaba de su lado, em-  
pujando las orejas y hemicando a la voz, dijo un ladrillo sordo, y se puso a mirar receloso por la montaña al-  
to. Volvió Andrés la vista en aquella di-  
rección, y vio una figura esbelta que

PAGE OF "EL SERRANO DE LAS ALPUJARRAS," THE  
FIRST SPANISH TRANSLATION OF "RIP VAN  
WINKLE," IN *Tareas de un solitario*

[illegible]

*[Signature]*

• some specimens are of  
 chlorinated rubber polymers  
 of low or no strength & are  
 quite inferior to com-  
 mercial ones to give light-  
 & dark areas (these inferior)  
 putties on our screen have  
 a consistency & a spreaded  
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 however be made into  
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Warrington, Surrey

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IRVING'S LETTER ACCEPTING MEMBERSHIP IN THE REAL  
ACADEMIA DE LA HISTORIA  
MADRID JANUARY 8, 1829



In passing, it may be said that the three tales are part of a small volume, now a bibliographical rarity, called *Tareas de un solitario, ó nueva colección de novelas*, printed in Madrid after a conflict with the censor, who feared that this Spanish "Rip Van Winkle" was a satire on King and State! <sup>85</sup> The translator was Don Jorge Montgomery, a gifted linguist, whom Irving had known as an assistant in the Legation under Everett, to whom Montgomery dedicated his book. Montgomery, according to one critic "un jóven américo-valenciano," <sup>86</sup> was, even in 1829, planning his translation of *The Conquest of Granada*. <sup>87</sup> In his version of "Rip Van Winkle," which, presumably, he discussed with Irving, he substituted for the Dutchmen of the Catskills the Moors of the Alpujarras, where still lingered legends of scimitar and phantom city. The circumstances attending Montgomery's hero, Andrés Gazul, are like those of Rip Van Winkle, even to the termagant wife, the devoted dog, and the recreation at the village inns. On his last desperate journey to the mountains, Andrés, too, hears a voice in the solitudes calling his name; and then he sleeps the orthodox twenty years. His ultimate return also resembles Rip's. The difference by which the ingenious Montgomery fanned local interest in the tale, is in Andrés' vision. White-robed, turbaned figures bid him be silent. In an amphitheater in the hills he beholds the ancient Moors, in colored headdress and jewels; he hears music and the cry: "¡Viva Aben-Humeya! ¡Granada por Aben-Humeya!" Then the fragrance of Oriental opiates overcomes him. The elements of the *costumbres* are more apparent in *The Alhambra*, but even in this old legend of the Moors, with its scenes of Spanish village life, may be perceived Irving's identification with this phase of popular interest. <sup>88</sup>

Other translations and adaptations followed quickly. Besides Montgomery's *Crónica de la conquista de Granada* <sup>89</sup> in 1831, in which Irving's narrative was revised to suit Spanish taste, there appeared a version of the *Columbus*, translated, in 1833-1834, by Don José García de Villalta so ably that it won the praise of Menéndez y Pelayo. About the *Columbus* soon rose in America the storm of criticism, elsewhere described, about Irving's debt to Navarrete, a controversy that interested Spain and conferred upon Irving a publicity, hurtful, perhaps, in the select circles of Spanish scholarship, but, of course, helpful to his reputation in the broader literary world. The same year which produced Villalta's book brought forth an edition of *Cuentos de la Alhambra*, which was followed in 1844 by still another version. It is probable that at about the same time, for his own amusement, Señor Escalante trans-

lated *The Conquest of Granada*. Even Irving's last collection of feeble Spanish tales appeared in the Castilian during his period as envoy to Madrid.<sup>70</sup> The early translations made no distinct impression upon Spanish letters, but they existed, and were read before Irving's return to Spain. Nor is the list, probably, complete; from time to time other editions, published during these years, come to light, as in the Spanish version of "The Spectre Bridegroom" in the ephemeral but popular collection called *Horas de invierno*, offering selections from Soulié, Hugo, Dumas, Scott, Trueba, Balzac, and Irving.<sup>71</sup>

Yes, in 1842 the approaching Minister's name would be familiar to many Spaniards. His writings were not to command the respect for genius later accorded the tales and poetry of Poe or to have so extended an audience as Longfellow's verse. And had Irving's eternal rival, Cooper, appeared, by some mischance, in his stead as Minister to Spain, he would have been better known, for though more critical writing concerning Irving existed in Spain before 1842,<sup>72</sup> the translations of Cooper's novels, beginning with *The Pilot* in 1832, greatly outnumbered the versions of Irving. But the point is not one of comparative currency among Spanish readers; it is rather that by 1842 Irving had done enough to make his books obtainable in library and bookstall as interpretations of Spain. This, in the eyes of Spaniards, was his glory: that he loved Spain and had written much of her.<sup>73</sup>

This special kindness from Spaniards, for the reasons just named, Cooper, Longfellow, and Poe, despite their wider clientele, could never claim. Irving had already secured his hold upon their affection, an affection that endures to-day.<sup>74</sup> We must concede this sentiment, and then note at once its transmutation by politicians into their own uses. About this attitude toward Irving in Spain, Webster did not guess; he knew.<sup>75</sup> And Argáiz,<sup>76</sup> the Spanish Minister at Washington, wrote of it to his superiors no less than three times. After all, the alleged plagiarism<sup>77</sup> was but an indirect compliment to Spanish literature. Some months before Irving's appointment, Argáiz had informed Webster concerning this gossip; and in April, 1842, he wrote his own Government that Irving was

very well known in the country for his literary productions; the greater part on Spanish subjects, such as *The Tales of the Alhambra*, *the Conquest of Granada*, and *the Life of Christopher Columbus*. . . . He knows our language well, which has served him to advantage in taking notes and translating Spanish works, in order to offer them

later in his own country as originals. . . . Nevertheless, this little blemish does not lessen his great reputation as a man of letters.<sup>78</sup>

And again, after an interview with Irving, Argáiz advised his Minister of State: "He is one of the men of greatest reputation, as much in America as in Europe, for the purity and elegance with which he writes the English language and he has a most favorable opinion of our country, our customs, and the character of our people."<sup>79</sup>

Count Almodovar, for his own part, did not fail to capitalize the opportunity which Webster had first perceived; he bestowed upon the American writer on Spanish themes those official caresses so dear to diplomatic language:

I have the honour to communicate to you that the Government of Her Majesty sees in this appointment a proof of the feelings of friendship and goodwill which the President of the United States has for Spain, and that these same sentiments animate the Government of Her Majesty in respect to the United States; and that it has received with particular satisfaction the election for the discharge of the duties of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in this Court the person of Mr. Washington Irving, already advantageously known and appreciated in this country for his literary works and his affection toward the Spanish nation.<sup>80</sup>

Altogether, then, this Spain, to which Irving returned in high office, would receive him cheerfully. Not only editors, bishops, governors, and statesmen, but obscure readers praised him. He was forever finding, he told his niece, his writings, especially *The Alhambra*, to be a "passport for me to the good graces of the Spaniards."<sup>81</sup> His days of travel, his arduous hours in Rich's library now had their reward. "All claim me," he said, surprised, "as an acquaintance from my writings, and all welcome me as a 'friend of Spain.'"<sup>82</sup>

Aside from such recognition of himself, Irving could not have found in 1842 a Madrid markedly different from that which he had known when he lived quietly among the Everetts, Riches, and D'Oubrils. Mesonero Romanos, however, energetic student and propagandist, listed a hundred changes: the covered markets, the growth toward the northeast, the planting of trees in the principal streets, the new plazas, such as Progreso and Bilbao, the alterations in the Plaza de Oriente, the new façades and balconies on the public buildings. He thought it a critical moment in the life of the city;



Spaniards must go on, make it even more beautiful.<sup>83</sup> Irving noted the "general air of Improvement."<sup>84</sup> The beautiful Alcalá, street of palaces, still led to his old playground, the Prado, and to the Fuente Castellana. Near here he saw the recently completed *paseo*, Las Delicias de Isabel Segunda. Neptune still stood triumphant, fronting the Carrera de San Gerónimo; here ran the great avenue, reaching from the Recoletos to Atocha and filled, as in the days of Irving's youth, with double rows of carriages and slow-moving pedestrians:

The sky was, as it usually is in this climate, one vast field of cloudless blue. The hum of human voices, the gayety, the laughter, the shrill cries of the venders of water or bouquets, the sweet perfume of flowers from the neighboring gardens . . . the handsome uniforms, gay equipages and fine horses; all combine to render this a scene entirely unparalleled in any other country.<sup>85</sup>

Into this throng, then, he merged, with his three lieutenants, on his first day in Madrid. That veiled face with the dark eyes at Bayonne had foretold these scenes, which still agitated him at the age of fifty-nine. This, after Tarrytown! He saw less the topographic Madrid of Mesonero Romanos than that of George Borrow, who described it in this very year:

I have visited most of the principal capitals of the world, but upon the whole none has ever so interested me as this city of Madrid. . . . I will not dwell upon its streets, its edifices, its public squares, its fountains, though some of these are remarkable enough: but Petersburg has finer streets, Paris and Edinburgh more stately edifices, London far nobler squares, whilst Shiraz can boast of more costly fountains, though not cooler waters. But the population! Within a mud wall, scarcely one league and a half in circuit, are contained two hundred thousand human beings, certainly forming the most extraordinary vital mass to be found in the entire world. . . . Hail, ye aguadores of Asturia! who, in your dress of coarse duffel and leathern skull-caps, are seen seated in hundreds by the fountain sides. . . . Hail, ye caleseros of Valencia! . . . Hail to you, beggars of La Mancha! . . . Hail to you, valets from the mountains, mayordomos and secretaries from Biscay and Guipuscoa, toreros from Andalusia, riposteros from Galicia, shopkeepers from Catalonia! Hail to ye, Castilians, Estremenians and Aragonese, of whatever calling! And lastly, genuine sons of the capital, rabble of Madrid, ye twenty thousand manolos, whose terrible knives, on the second morning of May, worked such grim havoc among [s]t the legions of Murat!<sup>86</sup>

Irving remembered, from the gossip in 1826, stories of that Second of May. His first stay in Spain had lain just halfway between that fateful period and this, the day of Maria Christina, Isabella II, and Espartero. In 1826 he had been presented by Alexander Everett to Ferdinand VII, later the father of Isabella; and in 1829 he had heard at Barcelona that Maria Christina was on her way from Naples to become Ferdinand's fourth wife.<sup>87</sup> These two incidents suggest the character of Irving's connection with Spanish affairs before his apotheosis as Minister. In those days another Ferdinand engrossed him, Ferdinand of the conquest of Granada. From Spain's distresses he had turned lightly to Wilkie or Dolgorouki, to talk of Murillos or Andalusian peasants. It was different now; then an observer, now a soldier in the fray. From his conversations with Webster, Edward Everett, and Louis Philippe, he realized this; more and more since his appointment, he had discussed and studied the history of this troubled Spain.

In such study he was capable of progress. For three and a half years (1826-1829) he had heard, though often with indifference, Spaniards' opinions on the struggles of their country for a liberal or constitutional government. He recalled, almost as a contemporary, the repeated failures of such efforts, partly because of the enmity of the French and Napoleon, partly because of flaws in the Spanish character itself. Who ever saw Spaniards free from internal jealousies except under oppression from another nation? <sup>88</sup> Such oppression occurred in 1808, when the Spanish people watched the crown tossed from hand to hand by the French, and their Ferdinand, hypocritical and unworthy but still their rightful king, detained in France.<sup>89</sup> The sequels to the Second of May were England's aid, the Spanish defeat of the French at Bailén, and the Peninsular War. Some five years later the French were out of Spain. Interest then centered in efforts for a real franchise, culminating, for the time being, in the Constitution of 1812, with which Ferdinand declared himself in sympathy. But when freed, again in Spain, in 1814, as King, he announced that the Constitution and such decrees were null and void then and for all time.<sup>90</sup>

So once more Spaniards lived under an absolute monarchy, or rather tyranny, and, true to their reverence for kings and kingships, for the most part accepted their fate.<sup>91</sup> There were revolts, but Ferdinand ruled, often dispensing banishment and death, until New Year's Day, 1820, when, at Cádiz, the disaffected army under Don Rafael Riego proclaimed anew the Constitution of 1812. An approval was wrung from the King; the Cortes of 1820 excluded

almost all royalists; for three years the liberals were in the ascendant.<sup>92</sup> But again the French army invaded Spain; again they suppressed the Constitution; again they lifted Ferdinand upon the throne; and once more he violated all promises to the liberals.<sup>93</sup> Oh, this had been a recent story; Irving had heard it often enough at Everett's dinner table. Then, in 1823, had begun the "Days of Calomarde," a horrible decade of royalist revenge, of financial ruin, of bitter controversy concerning Ferdinand's right to the throne, and of the beginning of the regency of Maria Christina.<sup>94</sup> The events immediately following the marriage of the Neapolitan princess to Ferdinand in 1829, Irving did not see; but he had been in Spain during three years of Calomarde; and he had shuddered at the terrible Count de España, Captain General of Catalonia.<sup>95</sup> Ferdinand, he said of these years in recollection, "was on the throne, and the French troops which had placed him there still lingered in the country. The liberties of Spain seemed completely prostrate, and many of her most enlightened, virtuous, and patriotic men were in exile."<sup>96</sup>

What Irving had missed by his return to England and America was Ferdinand's marriage to his niece,<sup>97</sup> the gay, lovely Maria Christina, then twenty-three years old; the tumult in court and city at the birth of a daughter, Isabella, on October 10, 1830; and the subsequent Carlist wars. Yet he had read in the papers at the Legation in London the debates on the momentous issue. If Ferdinand VII should leave at his death only this infant daughter, was not his younger brother, Don Carlos, the true heir to the Spanish throne? The test of the Salic law came when Ferdinand died in 1833. Even at Sunnyside Irving heard echoes of this strife. If the Salic law was valid, then Don Carlos was King; and at his side, so professing, stood cohorts of monks, clergy, and aristocracy. Yet if, as Ferdinand had decreed, the old Spanish law of succession had been revived—and he had cited Isabella I—then Isabella, the elder daughter of Maria Christina, was entitled to the crown. Such was the belief of many liberals and friends of constitutional government.<sup>98</sup> Ferdinand, foreseeing the conflict, had endeavored, a few months before his death, to assure Isabella's rights by exacting from nobles, clergy, and people an oath of allegiance.<sup>99</sup> At this ceremony Don Carlos refused flatly to be present, in a letter which reflected his rigorous character, and, in a sense, inaugurated the Carlist rebellion. When, through the last testament of her husband, Maria Christina became Regent for the three-year old Isabella, she was faced by a series of revolutions. There was, after all, truth in Ferdinand's

metaphor, that he alone was the cork in this effervescent bottle, Spain.

Irving, never quite able, as we shall see, to shake off his sentimental point of view toward Spanish intrigue, believed that the story of Maria Christina was that of high opportunity lost through weakness. "Indeed," said he, "never had a woman a better opportunity of playing a noble part as a mother and a sovereign; but she proved herself unworthy of both characters."<sup>100</sup> He was further antagonized by her *liaison* with Múñoz,<sup>101</sup> the soldier whom she scandalously advanced to royal place, and by whom she had several children. It is true that the Regent's indiscretions with this favorite injured her; harm resulted from the unscrupulous use of this open secret by her political enemies. Later they employed it effectively to maintain her exile.<sup>102</sup> But the loss of her popularity was chiefly due to her vacillating policy toward her Ministers and toward her people, who inevitably discovered just how "liberal" her principles were.<sup>103</sup>

It is with the personalities of this court under Maria Christina that we are concerned rather than with the ebb and flow of guerilla battles, executions, and reprisals which make up the life histories of such Carlists or Cristinos as Cardero, Rodil, Espoz y Mina, and Tomás Zumalacarre, most of whom at one time or another appear in the pages of Irving's letters. Deceitful, avaricious, sensual, Maria Christina was also able and devoted. All these qualities Irving discerned, though he was regrettably restrained in describing the lady's evil traits. Zea Bermúdez,<sup>104</sup> Christina's first Minister, entered upon an ungracious policy toward the moderate liberals, for whom the Regent's government theoretically stood, and his successors gave little encouragement to Spaniards hopeful for a government at least as democratic as those of some other European countries. Of another Minister, Martínez de la Rosa, Irving had heard much from Böhl von Faber. This Spanish statesman and author Irving was to know well; he was an admirer of the American's books on Granada.<sup>105</sup> Irving read, no doubt, like all Europe, of his fiasco under the Regency. Martínez de la Rosa had been a deputy in Cádiz in 1812, had suffered banishment at the hands of Ferdinand, and in 1822 had been president of the constitutional assembly. Christina ordered him to create a platform savoring of constitutionalism—and absolute monarchy.

The result was his famous Royal Statute,<sup>106</sup> a political document worthy of this romantic dramatist, of "little Rose, the sweet-stuff maker," as the King called him;<sup>107</sup> it offered the liberals platitudes

on the rights of man. Such hollow pretenses and the reverses of the long war were now completely undermining the Regency. Christina saw that she must conciliate the liberals; and Toreno succeeded the moderate Martínez de la Rosa. As a gesture, this statesman attacked the clergy, who were Carlist, in a persecution reaching a climax under the Jewish financier Mendizábal. Seemingly remote from Geoffrey Crayon, this story of Christina's regency until 1840 is basic to an understanding of his predicament as Minister; the background of his career in Spain was constant hypocrisy and intrigue, a record of Christina's attempt to support her liberal professions with the least possible practice. Her devious courses shaped indirectly Irving's in his conduct of American affairs. It may even be conjectured that he learned a lesson or two from this Neapolitan's skill in wooing liberalism without ever becoming its instrument, which was, after all, what alone would have satisfied these radicals.

The other personality in the drama which so involved Irving had emerged about five years before his arrival. In 1836, the cheated liberals and the starved army had risen in rebellion. In a ridiculous scene at La Granja Christina had been scolded by an army sergeant, Gómez, for not proclaiming the Constitution, and had been forced to sign a decree to observe the Constitution of 1812 until the Cortes should take action. This met and created the Constitution of 1837, which in turn caused more complicated political divisions, irrelevant to our story. But at this time appeared also the heroic figure, later so omnipresent in Irving's letters, Baldomero Espartero. He was an able soldier, at this moment unattached to any party and for this very reason excessively feared by Christina. To his personal force was due in large measure the collapse in 1839 of the Carlist Revolution.<sup>108</sup>

Such was the situation two years before Irving's arrival—a queen-regent, the object of popular distrust, and a soldier ruling a fanatically devoted army. For a shrewd woman, there was only one course, and Christina took it. Under pretext of using the salt baths of Catalonia for her children's health, she interviewed Espartero near Lérida on June 27, 1840. There was no quarrel; merely a momentous *impasse*. Christina would not change her purpose of signing a final act which she declared hostile to the people, and Espartero would not forswear his loyalty to them. She would, she reaffirmed, sponsor the law of the municipalities which Espartero thought so destructive to liberalism. On October 17, the Regent abdicated and departed for France, leaving the Princess Isa-

bella in the care of the statesman and author Quintana.<sup>109</sup> These events Irving studied carefully, recapitulating some of them in private letters.

Maria Christina [he wrote] miscalculated on her own reputed powers of persuasion, and on the *persuasibility*, if I may use the term, of Espartero. That general remained true to the popular cause, and warned her against the consequences of the act she contemplated. She disregarded his advice and his remonstrances, and signed the act. The consequence was, a burst of indignation from all parts of Spain, under the appalling effects of which, and the public obloquy of her connection with Muñoz,<sup>110</sup> she abdicated the regency and retired from Spain, leaving her royal children to their fortunes.<sup>111</sup>

All eyes were now on Espartero. Unequaled, even by Don Ramón María Narváez,<sup>112</sup> whom, for the time being, he had trampled under, he was so masterful as a soldier that his thoughtless partisans believed him wise also as a statesman. Others, then and later, knew him to be showy, autocratic, fiercely egotistical. The first evidence of his character as a civil leader was given at the moment when, after a brief interim regency of the Ministry, plans for the future narrowed to three choices: a commission of five or a regency of three or a regency of one. The soldier instantly disclosed his hand; there would be one; the people might choose between Espartero the Regent or Espartero the private citizen.<sup>113</sup> On May 18, 1841, he was elected to the Regency over Argüelles. To Irving he already seemed a Spaniard of classic proportions.

Among the immediate official follies of this misplaced soldier was his acceptance of the resignation of the wise Cortina and his exile of the wily Olózaga, his most intelligent supporters.<sup>114</sup> He then surrounded himself with military nonentities, and, though his program was liberal, he had already stiffened into opposition the best men of his party. Meanwhile, in France, Christina schemed busily, and Espartero was soon confronted by an uprising in the North under the capable General O'Donnell. This and other revolts he snuffed out with characteristic energy, but not before O'Donnell's agents had terrified Isabella by a bold attempt to carry her off from the Royal Palace, a *coup de main* miraculously thwarted by the gallantry of a few loyal halberdiers. When Irving reached Madrid, the court still rang with the dramatic entry of Concha and León<sup>115</sup> into the palace; the battle in the darkened rooms; the sobs of the children and the screams of the governess, Madame Mina.

Not only was this exciting drama, but these short-lived Minis-

tries were to affect Irving's own behavior. He wrote a substantially correct account of the events just prior to his assumption of his duties :

The result of this brutal attempt has been to throw complete odium on the course of Maria Christina, to confound the enemies of the constitution, and to strengthen the hands of Government. The insurrection in the provinces was speedily put down. Maria Christina hastened to disavow all share in the conspiracy ; but proofs are too strong against her, and the French government stands chargeable with at least connivance.<sup>116</sup> The stand which England has taken, of late, in the matter, and the declaration of ministers in Parliament that they would not quietly permit the hostile interference of any foreign power in the affairs of Spain, has had a happy effect in checking the machinations of France. Spain now enjoys a breathing spell, and, I hope, may be enabled to regulate her internal affairs, and recover from the exhausting effects of her civil wars. The little Queen is now nearly twelve years of age ; in about two years more her minority will terminate, and, with it, the regency of Espartero. I hope, while the power still remains in his hands, he may be enabled to carry out his proposed plans of reform, and to confirm the constitutional government, so that it may not easily be shaken.<sup>117</sup>

It is true, again, that these intrigues seemed at bottom no concern of Irving's. The United States could not move with France, England, or Austria on the Peninsular chessboard. Reminiscences of the period take slight notice of the young republic's diplomatic office in Madrid.<sup>118</sup> Many of Irving's duties were provincial. At first, he corresponded on trivial matters with old friends, still incumbents of consular offices, with Burton at Cádiz, with the veteran Obadiah Rich, now at Port Mahon, and with troublesome Máximo Aguirre, known to him through his own relatives.<sup>119</sup> He began his long supervision of the consuls at Málaga and Barcelona. As their superior officer he was doomed, even with orientation from Vail and with aid from Hamilton and Brevoort, to endless petty yet delicate decisions. In the files of these consulates and in those of the American Embassy at Madrid repose literally hundreds of letters attesting Irving's activity in the economy of minor American affairs in Spain.<sup>120</sup> He had plenty to do, apart from Espartero, Maria Christina, and the daily teapot tempests of this irritable country. He carried on the routine which he understood so well from previous service under Everett and Louis McLane.<sup>121</sup>

Yet these intrigues did matter. He was certainly more than a foreign clerk for the bustling young nation now trying, as part of

its Manifest Destiny, to settle, under the administrations of Tyler and Polk, its boundaries.<sup>123</sup> He was an executive, dealing with issues bound up in this ideal of expansion; and the success of these issues was dependent, so Webster had assured him, upon America's friendly relations with the Spanish Government. But what government? To-day's or to-morrow's? Tactful relations with permanent authority were not so easy among these pitfalls of Ministers, Cabinets, and parliaments. Yet such relations were essential to accomplish his ends, ends which might perhaps cross the ambitions of Bourbons and British Ministries. Our commerce had dwindled under the voracious Spanish tariff; with good will from one of these Cabinets this might be lifted or cut.<sup>128</sup> Besides, there was our growling neighbor Mexico; against eventualities there the friendship of Spain was, perhaps, desirable. There were the West Indies, and, most of all, there was Cuba, on which both our expansionists and England were bending such covetous eyes. Cuba, Cuba — the word had been dinned into his ears by Webster. So, later, he told Narváez: "One of the leading objects of my mission is to attend to every thing which may affect the interests of Spain and of the United States in connexion with the tranquillity and loyalty of that Island."<sup>124</sup> Such were this amateur diplomat's problems, not comparable, indeed, to the anxieties tormenting Arthur Aston, British Minister at Madrid — yet problems. And their solution would not be reached by a happy *insouciance* concerning the affairs of Espartero and Isabella.

He certainly could not do what the French Ambassador had just done, with the purpose of a deliberate insult, refuse to present his credentials to anyone save Isabella, turn his business over to a *chargé d'affaires*, and then contemptuously leave the country. His first duty, as he saw it, was to maintain an easy intercourse with almost any Ministry in Spain save the most crazily radical.<sup>125</sup> In fact, he soon decided that the initial success in his mission depended, strangely enough, upon the usually empty ritual of his introduction to Royalty. He studied his papers. One of these was "a letter of credence addressed to Her Majesty the Queen Regent, with an office copy of the same, which you will communicate to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, upon your asking, through him, an audience of the Queen, for the purpose of delivering the original."<sup>126</sup>

The original letter from the United States Government, then, was for Maria Christina; no mention was made of Espartero. Irving could easily stumble into the position of Monsieur Salvandy, the



French Ambassador, if America was to insist upon presentation only to Isabella II. Spain could again reply that she would not permit presentation to a minor, uncrowned queen from a government refusing to recognize a regent whom her people had elected. Such indeed might have been the course of events had Irving followed his instructions literally, but of doing this he had no intention. He recalled clearly his *tête-à-têtes* with Webster: "From conversations," he said, "with the Government at Washington before my departure, I understood that I might regulate my conduct by circumstances."<sup>127</sup>

Since these conversations had not been overheard in Madrid, curiosity was strong concerning Irving's procedure. Would he repeat Salvandy's affront to Espartero? Was this incident a precedent for several other governments? For, soon after Irving, the Minister from Brazil was to be introduced; he had made up his mind to be governed by Irving's decision.<sup>128</sup> Thus, though a rupture with the United States similar to that with France would mean little to Spain, harassed by a dozen desperate maladies, the action of Irving began to have importance. Of its significance to the aims of his own mission there was even less doubt. It would not do to blunder.

Meanwhile, the Spanish Government itself was not wondering. For in April, 1842, as said, Don Pedro Alcántara Argáiz had hurried to New York to question Irving. His long letter, from Washington to the First Secretary of State in Madrid, marked "Important" and annotated to-day in the Spanish archives as the "Notice of the departure for England of Mr. Washington Irving, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at the Court of Madrid," must have interested Espartero:

April 16, 1842

Dear Sir:

Tomorrow will embark in the packet Independence, with the destination of Liverpool, Mr. Washington Irving, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at the Court of Madrid, who believes that he will stay in France and England until the first of August, at which time he intends to enter the Peninsula.

Desiring as always to avoid embarrassments and difficulties for the Government which I have the honor to represent, and informed by the European newspapers of the differences which have been aroused between the Government of Her Majesty and the Ambassador of the French King with respect to the presentation of the last credentials, I negotiated, as soon as I learned of the appointment of Mr. Irving,

to determine what were the purposes of this Cabinet concerning the conduct which their new representative at Madrid should observe. Not being empowered to put the question directly, for the reason that I had no instructions concerning this, as well as because it had not been possible to learn up to a certain point that the matter was disputable and that France would have some ground for countenancing its pretension, I contented myself with making some indirect hints and through the reply that I received I learned that there would be no authority for such a presentation from the new minister.

Nevertheless, knowing that Mr. Washington Irving was in New York, I journeyed to that city with the object of giving him an invitation to dinner and discovering what his intentions were in this particular. During the meal I showed at various times my ardent desire and great eagerness that he might know personally His Highness the Regent of the Kingdom. When the meal was ended I took him to a remote corner of the room, and directing the conversation to the issue, among other things I said to him: "I am pleased that there will be no embarrassment in the presenting of the Credentials; no, certainly not, he replied, all this will be done in a manner which will create the least possible embarrassment."<sup>180</sup>

Irving's meaning was clear; a glance or a smile accompanying this remark would be enough for Argáiz; the rest of the Spaniard's communication was sweet with the praises of Mr. Washington Irving. The United States Government planned, if expedient, to salute the Regency; and it did so. Likewise did Cavalcante Albuquerque of Brazil. These were pipsqueak nations across the Atlantic. Yet their envoys had raised a laugh at the expense of the plotting French court. Nor could there be for the moment any doubt of Irving's popularity with the Regency.

On July 27, then, Irving received an audience with Count Almodovar, First Minister of State and of Foreign Affairs.<sup>180</sup> To him he delivered the copy of his letter of credence addressed to the Queen Regent, informing Almodovar that he desired the original to be submitted to Espartero, Duke of Victoria—and Regent of Spain. In recording this action, he again reminded Webster: "Though my written instructions specified that the letter was to be delivered to the Queen yet verbal intimations at Washington had given me to understand that I might use my discretion in the matter."<sup>181</sup> The count, naturally, was "extremely friendly." The next two interviews in this diplomatic ceremonial, those with, first, the Regent and, next, the Queen, Irving never forgot. He had seen Espartero once on the street, but was unprepared for the dignity of his bear-

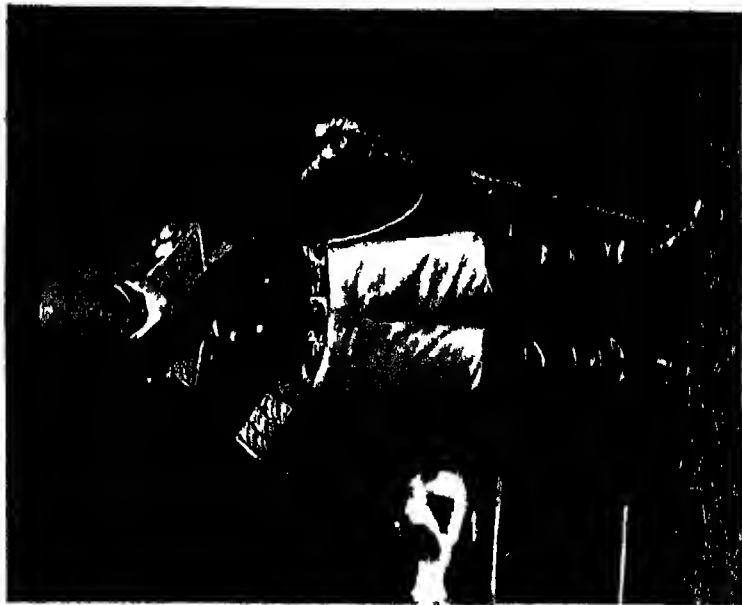
ing. In the field or in the formal pomp of court this soldier was matchless, Jovian. It was only brains he lacked, political brains. As for Isabella II—but we must let Irving himself later tell the story of this first meeting with “the little queen.”

Vail, who was sick of all this, with Hamilton and Irving, all in spotless diplomatic uniforms, rode down Alcalá to the Regent's palace, beautiful Buenavista, in 1842 terraced and armed to withstand a siege. Near it was the British Legation, where Arthur Aston kept a hand on Espartero, giving point to the still amusing pasquin :

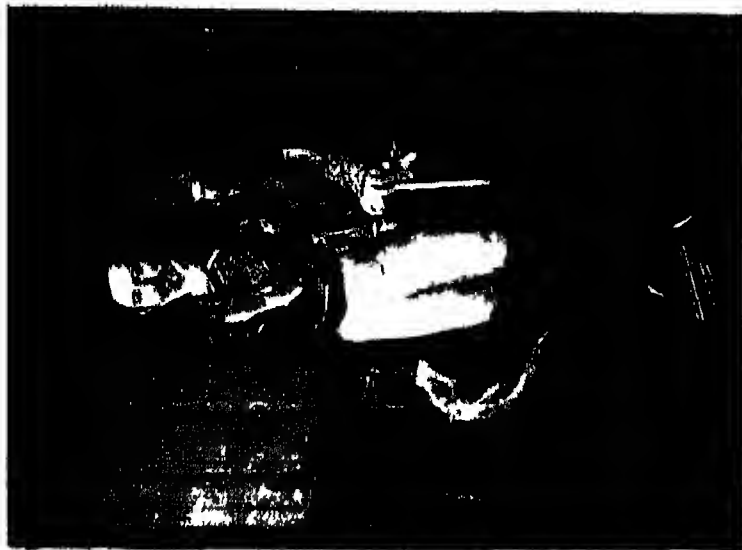
En este palacio  
Habita el Regente ;  
Pero el que nos rige  
Vive en el de enfrente.<sup>182</sup>

As the Americans passed the sentinels and entered the anterooms, Irving observed the busts of Espartero and a canvas in which the Regent was leading Spanish hosts to victory. Here Alburquerque joined them, and they waited solemnly for their respective audiences. Admitted, Irving read to the silent soldier his speech, a fulsome, lifeless sequence of Spanish sentences, all of his own composition. Espartero listened, his black eyes fixed on this American. He had made his point. This queer democracy had acknowledged his existence.<sup>183</sup> The communication was addressed to him, with a volley of titles, but he may have noticed the vagueness of its benevolence. “I endeavored,” Irving told Webster confidentially, “to word it cautiously with reference to my instructions and to the spirit of the conversations I had had with the members of my Government. My letter gave me no authority to pay any direct compliment to the Regent ; I therefore used none.” Espartero replied in three grandiose periods, quite as vacuous as Irving's, of which the astounding climax was a reference to President Tyler as “the worthy successor of the immortal Washington.” He then welcomed Irving, and the crucial, comic meeting was over.<sup>184</sup> The *Gaceta de Madrid* of August 3, 1842, regaled its readers with both speeches.<sup>185</sup>

For Irving's Government, this meeting with Espartero was a prerequisite, but the other audience, though official, was more personal and, for Irving, even more memorable. The party returned through Alcalá and the Puerta del Sol, up the Calle Mayor to the Palace. At every step through the vast, dim salons, where Almodovar welcomed the party, Irving recalled his more youthful days when he had witnessed here the pomp of Ferdinand VII. He saw



BALDOMERO ESPARTERO  
DUQUE DE LA VICTORIA



RAMÓN MARÍA NARVÁEZ  
DUQUE DE VALENCIA



the shattered marble casements which told the story movingly of the sinister brawl in 1841 to abduct Isabella. In brief, though he was on state business, he found himself again in one of those waking dreams of which, apparently, he could never be rid. Indeed, after this romantic introduction to Isabella II, he was never again able to see her in the clear light of her somewhat sordid day. At a distance through the long rows of apartments, the Americans beheld indistinctly figures in black:

It was the little queen, with her governess Madame Mina,<sup>186</sup> widow of the general of that name, and her guardian, the excellent Arguelles: all in deep mourning for the Duke of Orleans.<sup>187</sup> The little queen advanced some steps within the saloon and then paused; Madame Mina took her station a little behind her. The Count Almodovar then introduced me to the queen in my official capacity, and she received [me] with a grave and quiet welcome, expressed in a very low voice. She is nearly twelve years of age, & is sufficiently well grown for her years. She has a somewhat fair complexion; quite pale, with bluish or light grey eyes; a grave demeanor but a graceful deportment. I could not but regard her with deep interest, knowing what important interests depended upon the life of this fragile little being, and to what a stormy and precarious career she might be destined.<sup>188</sup>

This was the first of Irving's descriptions of Isabella II, detailed, pictorial, idealized now and later, too, when he knew of her imperious temper and her dissolute life. "God protect," he thought, "the poor innocent little being through the perilous career that is before her."<sup>189</sup> It was a curious expression of his sentimentality, his chivalry, and his innate kindness of heart. She glided noiselessly toward him, like one of the shadows in the twilight rooms. He bowed deeply and spoke. He spoke, and not as to Espartero, guardedly, but as he felt, simply and reverently, linking her with that other Isabella.

I hear [replied "the little queen"] with the greatest satisfaction the expressions of true friendship which you have conveyed in the name of the President of the United States, in delivering to me the letter which accredits you near my Person.

You may be assured of my active and sincere desire to strengthen more and more the bonds which link us to the United States.

The agreeable recollection which you mention to me of the illustrious Queen whose name I bear and whose throne I occupy doubly strengthens my affection toward this part of the New World which she discovered, and whose prosperity is for the same reason dear to my heart.

The proper appointment which your country has made of the worthy interpreter of its feelings, will be a new proof of the friendliness which happily exists between the United States and the Spanish nation.<sup>140</sup>

Thus, at the very beginning of his four years as Minister to Spain, Irving was already well adjusted to his new life, having acquired certain fundamentals for his content: an agreeable literary importance, a dignity, however temporary, in his work, and a diverting spectacle of public events. He meant to continue all these: he would write, possibly once more on Spain; he would "task [his] abilities . . . to the utmost,"<sup>141</sup> satisfy Webster; and, he thought, he would never tire of Espartero and Isabella. "Spanish history," he declared, "has at all times born the air of romance, and does so especially at this moment."<sup>142</sup> Besides, though he missed Sunnyside and the nieces, he had his own fireside, or rather his own rooms, where he could be comfortable. At sixty he was planning no more horseback rides to Granada. Instead, he had engaged quarters, far away from his old room with Rich in Atocha, in Alburquerque's home, in the hôtel of the Duke of San Lorenzo in the Calle de Alcalá.<sup>143</sup> This house has perished, and the Plaza de Villa, which he described as opposite his windows, is altered, but one may still see the "small square, with the *ayuntamiento*, or town hall, on one side, and a huge mansion on the other, in a tower of which Francis I is said to have been confined when a prisoner in Madrid."<sup>144</sup> Vail had lived here; it was only a brief turn on foot to the Palace. Down the street often blared military music; or a bugle called, announcing the return of the Queen from her drive in the Prado.

Within was a congenial household. It seemed strange, after Sunnyside, to find himself lord of a great mansion; strange but not lonely, for his "young gentlemen" were here, very agreeable and very merry.<sup>145</sup> The Minister insulted the Spanish habits of daily life by rising at five and writing until he had, almost simultaneously, his juniors' society, breakfast, the mail, and the booming military band at the change of guard.<sup>146</sup> Soon how natural seemed this way of life! Wandering about the city, sometimes old faces, old thoughts wooed him to melancholy; the house of the D'Oubrils was blank and empty. He saw little of Navarrete. The old scholar was very feeble; on October 8, 1844, he tottered into his study, bade farewell to his books, and so died.<sup>147</sup> Yet the dead past still brought Irving blessings; one morning a servant announced: "The

Duke of Gor! "Instantly the old friends were in each other's arms. Wilkie had passed on; Dolgorouki was in Naples; but here in flesh and blood was his companion of Granada. Irving stifled him with questions. Yes, Gor admitted it, he was now a prominent man of affairs, but a *Moderado*; no, no friend of Espartero! How was "bright-eyed" Dolores? Married, and gone from Granada. The old Count de Luque? Long since dead, and, worse, his daughter, with whom Irving had played, had died in childbirth. Gor's own scion, redoubtable chaser of bats in the Alhambra, was a stripling at his father's heels. And Mateo Ximénez was now an illustrious cicerone in the Moorish palace. Gor and his Duchess were living in Madrid; Irving need have no further fear of loneliness.<sup>148</sup>

Altogether, with guests, the house in the Calle de Alcalá sheltered, as Irving said, "a very snug family."<sup>149</sup> Later correspondence hints at financial stringency, but now the mansion, the servants, the independence, and the ministerial salary of nine thousand dollars counseled ease of mind.<sup>150</sup> All four enjoyed a sense of luxury, cramped only by the baffling delays of the Spanish customs service. There must have been humor as well as annoyance in their protests, magniloquent and in the diplomatic third person, begging agents to relieve the anguish of a bachelor who was "daily suffering great inconvenience and incurring expence from the detention of articles indispensable to his daily use and the entire arrangement of his domestic establishment." "The Undersigned," angrily added the Minister himself, "cannot refrain from observing. . . ." <sup>151</sup> The "list of effects," which Irving finally included with a peremptory letter, suggests a genial family as well as some excuse for Spanish customs officers. Besides an ample equipment of carriages, horses, harness, furniture, and clothing, the gentlemen were expecting one small case of wine, three barrels of wine, twelve hundred bottles of wine, one hundred bottles of liqueurs, six dozen packs of playing cards, and five thousand cigars! <sup>152</sup>

In September, the quartet moved to the center of things, to a house owned by the Marquis of Mos in the Calle de las Infantas, a strategic base, near other Legations, Buenavista, the Prado, and the opera. In addition, the new refuge was quiet.<sup>153</sup> All was gain save the loss of sympathetic Madame Alburquerque.<sup>154</sup> Here the Minister became more settled, speculating long, in his room overlooking the garden, whether or not he should dig out from his trunk the notes for his life of Washington. Or he attended the opera, and returning, fell asleep with *Lucia di Lammermoor* still sounding in his ears. There is a good deal of talk now in his letters on furniture,



china, glass, candelabra, and "window curtains (of poplin with satin stripes)." We might indeed assent to his sudden, self-conscious exclamation: "Am I not gossiping like some old dame of a house-keeper?" In fact, he now displayed an increasing tendency, in using his observant eyes, to focus upon a dowager's dress or the draperies of a room. Yet this was perhaps well. The Minister was planning to pay his social debts. The "pink saloon" might be the best place for his dinner party?<sup>185</sup>

For by November, Irving, never slow in attracting friends, enjoyed a wide acquaintance in the cosmopolitan society of Madrid. Immediately after his interview with the Queen, Argüelles had sought him out, reminding him of their previous meeting in London.<sup>186</sup> He was often with Gor, of course, but informally; for Gor was officially out of favor. Another old friend appeared unexpectedly, De Saussaye,<sup>187</sup> now a brigadier general and the Governor of Segovia. Yet Irving lived rather with the diplomatic fraternity, in which the lucky incident of the credentials had given him standing, with the Alburquerque, with Aston, with the Duke of Glücksberg (the French representative), and with the lovable veteran, Borgo di Primo, Danish *Chargé d'Affaires*. For this group the rallying place was apt to be the house of Aston, about whom dark rumors circulated. Irving spoke, even in an official dispatch, of Aston's "great personal intimacy" with Espartero.<sup>188</sup>

The dictator's eminence had not obliterated his humble birth, and certain aristocrats' condescension to Espartero now included Aston.<sup>189</sup> Yet the Englishman, unabashed, went everywhere, bearing a cool, able mind for the administration of his Government's complex purposes. For some reason he was exceedingly friendly to the American Minister; he knew Espartero and the Queen intimately, and in his frank, offhand manner kept taking Irving to dinner and the theater. There was to be a time when such courtesies seemed to Irving less disinterested.<sup>190</sup> Even now he feared a little these wise children of European diplomacy. How easily, at Irving's first *besamanos*, Aston put the embarrassed little Queen at her ease, while Irving could only stammer that he spoke Spanish too badly to express his reverent feelings toward her Majesty. "'But you speak it very well,' said she, with a smile, and a little flirt of her fan. I shook my head negatively. 'Do you like Spain?' said she. 'Very much,' replied I, and I spoke sincerely. She smiled again, gave another little clack of her fan, bowed, and passed on.'" <sup>191</sup>

As a matter of fact, he felt on safer ground with the Spaniards themselves. He truly loved the noble-hearted Argüelles,<sup>192</sup> and

resented the royalist slanders on his guardianship of the Queen. He liked Quintana,<sup>168</sup> too, but the latter—alas!—had fled these troubled spheres. He had other audiences with the Queen, and occasionally with Espartero, whose wife, the Duchess of Victoria, interested him.

She is [said this seasoned critic of the sex] one of the handsomest women I have seen in Spain; about twenty-eight years of age; a fine brunette, with black hair, fine dark eyes; her person well shaped though a little inclining to embonpoint; her manners extremely affable, graceful and engaging. She sustains the elevated station to which she has been raised by the gallant and patriotic achievements of her husband; with native dignity and propriety.<sup>169</sup>

The Duchess received Irving graciously, and he watched her for proof that the old nobility of Madrid were right. Was she a *parvenue*? He had disliked this gossip, and now, so devout an admirer of her husband, he exonerated the Duchess:

She has been falsely represented as the daughter of some obscure tradesman of Logrono. She is, however, the daughter of a military officer; and whether she derived it from nature, or has acquired it by cultivation, has certainly one of the most pleasing and easy and graceful modes of receiving company that I have ever witnessed at any court.<sup>169</sup>

He would see more of her, he vowed, at the resumption of her *soirées*.

All such was part of the game. He was preparing for his long series of dispatches to Washington; he was determined to achieve the objectives of his mission. Yet, first, he must know the world in which he moved. So on September 27 he gave a dinner to ten persons from the Brazilian and British Legations; and on October 6 a second to the Ministers of Brazil and Portugal and to the *Chargés d'Affaires* of Mexico, Belgium, Holland, and France. He could not rival Aston's brilliant *fêtes*, supported by larger experience and fuller exchequer,<sup>168</sup> but these ventures were successful, despite a vast fuss of making ready and wrestlings with Spanish underlings who must have triple pay and siestas as well.<sup>167</sup> He was now better acquainted with the labor of his office—"fagging at diplomatic business," he called it—which was leading him into bizarre corners of economics, finance, law, and history, causing him, he said, "to make researches and treat about subjects quite foreign to my usual range of inquiry."<sup>168</sup> This was salutary. The effect of

such studies we may perceive in his capable summaries of Spanish politics and American affairs, to be discussed in the next chapter.

Meanwhile, what of his own writing? His private thoughts? More than for the five thousand cigars he had importuned the customs office for his books. And in December he had packed his young gentlemen, now weary of Madrid and beaten in attempts to know better certain dark-eyed *señoritas*, off to Andalusia, to scenes of his youth.<sup>169</sup> He was not displeased by the consequent loneliness; these were good fellows, but between them and him lay, sometimes very wide, the gulf of years. So he paced through his empty rooms, silent save for his own echoing footsteps. Free for hours from routine, it was the time to write. Yet instead, he found himself falling into his mood of reverie, too dangerous, perhaps, now when life was nearly done. Since leaving New York, his self-governance had been strict, but he had always to fear these fond, disturbing associations—and in Madrid such were unescapable.

One theme of meditation, as he mingled in the watchful society of his diplomatic circle, was its contrast with the natural, whole-hearted affection of uncalculating friends during his earlier period in Madrid. Dismayed he poured it all out to Dolgorouki :

My return to Europe after such a long absence is full of half-melancholy recollections and associations. I am continually retracing the scenes of past pleasures and friendships and finding them vacant and desolate. I seem to come upon the very footprints of those with whom I have associated so pleasantly and kindly, but they only serve to remind me,—and *mournfully* to remind me,—that those who made those footprints, have passed away.<sup>170</sup>

Wilkie, Everett, Dolgorouki, Hall, the D'Oubriels, and, soon afterwards, Navarrete<sup>171</sup> were gone! His new friends were cordial, but something was lacking, that affection so necessary to him—or was it merely the passing of his youth? He could not say, but now at times he hated these Spanish jealousies which he had once viewed so tolerantly. He loathed also this society's cynicism, and he felt even bitterness when he saw the Spanish girl whom he had first known in the tableau of the Virgin of the Assumption, now the smiling mistress of a *madrileño* : "The charm was broken, the picture fell from the wall."<sup>172</sup> Looking back at another incident, he was, perhaps, amused at the suggestion that it would be well to select a *señora* at the court who might be pointed out as the American Minister's mistress! It was well, they said, for His Excellency to follow the custom of the country.<sup>173</sup>

He was not shocked; he was merely tired of the emptiness of it all in contrast to his life with the D'Oubrils,<sup>174</sup> whom he was never to see again.

What [he said] would I not give to have that house of the D'Oubrils once more inhabited by its former tenants; just as they were when I was here in 1826. I long for such a resort; I long for such beings in whom I can take interest and feel delight. Madrid is barren, barren, barren to me of social intimacies.<sup>175</sup>

He had long needed a wife, and was now nearer to admitting this truth than ever before. His bachelorhood was, he conceded, "inexpressibly barren and joyless." For such loneliness, he repeated, nature had never designed him. Since Matilda's death his whole life, in this regard, had been a compromise. He had always had a "domestic affection . . . that seeks an object."<sup>176</sup> Why had he not buried the past—and married? From such futile thoughts his mind turned inevitably to Sunnyside, to his nieces, to his "womenkind." How many pages of his letters from Spain are mere reviews of news from the Roost!<sup>177</sup> From the parapets of the Palace he watched the sunsets over the Guadarramas, and longed for those of the Hudson. Only by severe efforts of the will did he control this "cloud of sad and weary fancies."<sup>178</sup>

All of which, of course, we should view in perspective. To the last day of his life, Irving was a man saddled with moods, and such introspection, recurrent throughout this stay in Spain, never conquered a certain serene enjoyment of the scenes which were sometimes so painful. He worked fitfully; frequented society; and took the idle strolls which he loved. Once he sat by a deserted fountain outside the city's walls, "summoning up past scenes and the images of those that are far away."<sup>179</sup> On another day his reflections were more personal, defining for us his present attitude toward romantic Spain, and, indeed, toward life. It was a defense of his temperament against a critic's evaluation, an evaluation and a defense that abide:

A stranger from the gayer, more polished and luxurious countries of Europe has much to tolerate in coming to Spain. I see it much more in its positive light than I did sixteen or seventeen years since, when my imagination still tinted and wrought up every scene. I am at times afraid that these involuntary tintings of my imagination may have awakened expectations in others with respect to this country which the reality will disappoint; and that they will concur with an English traveller in the south of Spain in pronouncing me "the easily pleased Washington Irving." Would to god I could continue to be "easily

pleased" to the end of my career. How much of a life chequered by vicissitudes and clouded at times by sordid cares, has been lighted up and embellished by this unbought trickery of the mind. "Surely" says the bible "man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain" — but this has not been the case with me — Shadows have proved my substance ; and from them I have derived many of my most exquisite enjoyments ; while the substantial realities of life have turned to shadows in my grasp. When I think what revelry of the mind I have enjoyed ; what fairy air castles I have built — *and inhabited* — when I was poor in purse ; and destitute of all the worldly gear on which others build their happiness ; when I recollect how cheap have been my most highly relished pleasures ; how independent of fortune and of the world ; how easily conjured up under the most adverse and sterile circumstances ; I feel as if, were I once more on the threshold of existence, and the choice were given me I would say, give me the gilding of the imagination and let others have the solid gold — let me be the "easily pleased Washington Irving," and heap positive blessings on others, until they groan under them.<sup>180</sup>

This was, he hastily added, "a rhapsody." He turned to his notes on Washington, spurred on by the consciousness that he had hardly touched them since April and by thoughts of the future, when his salary must cease :

On my contemplated literary campaign depends much of the ease and comfort of my after life. If I can succeed in preparing some productive writings for the press I may be able to get once more a head and gradually secure the wherewithal to return home and pass the evening of my days among those who love me.<sup>181</sup>

So he dreamed, but in the last weeks of this eventful year in Irving's life Catalonia rose up fiercely against Espartero. George Washington's campaigns faded in his mind before the ruthless bombardment of Barcelona. He wrote, not biography,<sup>182</sup> but interminable dispatches to his Government.

## CHAPTER XXII

### IRVING AND THE REGENCY

1843

AT THE time of this Catalonian insurrection Irving had been in office four months; he was ready to act intelligently, should the crisis affect American affairs. From the first he had been determined to comprehend Spanish politics, to master this "game of trick and hazard,"<sup>1</sup> and to take "an unobtrusive but a firm" stand in all relations with the Regency.<sup>2</sup> His first dispatches to Washington were noncommittal; it was not until August 27, 1842, that he essayed a summary of national conditions. At last, on November 5 he composed a long, characteristic message to Webster, who is said to have dropped sometimes all other business for the pleasure of reading the prose of his literary diplomat. This dispatch, like the rest throughout the four years, hardly adheres to the traditional barren form. Employing quotation and anecdote, it is touched with sympathy and satire.

Thus a suitor of Isabella dwelt in Madrid, "visiting this Court *incog*, like a prince in fairy tale"; and Espartero, according to his enemies, had

been elevated from the ordinary ranks of life into the dazzling proximity of the throne; he has drunk deep of the intoxicating draught of almost regal power; it is impossible that he can look forward with complacency to descending after two short years, from his brilliant elevation, and retiring to the modest and monotonous obscurity of Logrono.<sup>3</sup>

As the Minister gained self-confidence, he was often humorous, as in his sketch of General Zurbano's affair with the old Frenchman Lefèvre;<sup>4</sup> or he brought himself up sharply with an apology for such amusement at the affectations of these play-actors:

If [said he] I have not treated some of them with the gravity they may be thought to deserve, it is because it is impossible always to look on

with solemnity where so much of the petty is mixed up with the grand; where princes are playing such a paltry game, and where the patriotism that has sprung up with the constitution is overlaid by the old fashioned trickery of the days of Gil Blas.<sup>6</sup>

Yet his dispatch of November 5 was characteristic, too, in its mastery of facts. It depicted, besides the business of the consulates, the hostility to Espartero's foolishly chosen Cabinet; the coalition against him on the pretext of freedom of the press; and his wish to prolong the minority of Isabella, with the consequent royalist attacks on him for using this excuse to retain his regency. This dispatch, like Irving's private letters, professed his trust in Espartero. To the end of 1844 Irving talked in stock phrases of his idol's manly bearing, his candor, his loyalty; the Minister's information came, unhappily, from Espartero's partisan intimates. He never seems to have penetrated the selfishness of the Dictator. Indeed, this dispatch deserves study as suggesting Irving's merits and defects as a diplomat, with its gossip of Carlota Louisa, "a woman of an ambitious, intrepid and designing character,"<sup>6</sup> of her son, the Duke of Cádiz, and of the serenaders under the window of this nobleman linking his name with Isabella's. As for the Americans, he told Webster, who were in haste about negotiations with Spain concerning the cotton trade—well, let them wait a little longer. He would watch Espartero's Government for an opportunity to present their demands.<sup>7</sup>

It was indeed this question of American trade with Spain which was already pulling at the nerves of the new statesman. The ephemeral Cabinets and overnight revolutions made excellent reading for his letters to Sunnyside, but unfortunately he now had to transact business with these erratic officials. He had intended, as the dispatch of November 5 indicates, to pursue a Fabian policy until he perceived the fate of Espartero's Cabinet. One morning, however, he discovered accidentally that England and Belgium were shrewdly pressing their tariff negotiations. He at once wrote a hasty note to the Ministry, explaining the American claims and his hopes for a more liberal policy in trade.

In the meantime, he confessed his dismay to Webster at the situation which European diplomats accepted as a matter of course, namely, the instability of Spanish governments:

It appears that, within the last eight years, there have been *forty two* changes in the department of war; *twenty five* in that of the Marine, and so on with the rest. This consumption of ministers is appalling.

It is true the lowest number of changes occurs in the department of State, with which we would have to negotiate, but even here it is *nineteen*; which is at the rate of nearly two ministers and a half per annum. To carry on a negotiation with such transient functionaries is like bargaining at the window of a railroad car, before you can get a reply to a proposition the other party is out of sight.<sup>8</sup>

Yet Irving did shove in at the window, on November 8, 1842, a long official homily, lamenting the burdensome restrictions now existing between Spain and the United States, describing the losses to Spain in return for her restrictions on trade between her West Indian possessions and the United States, and prophesying genially the eventual ruin of all commerce between America and the Peninsula. Indeed, he was ready with statistics to show that hardly an American vessel was now to be seen in Spanish ports. He pleaded for some slight tariff modification, especially upon tobacco.<sup>9</sup> Yet his rhetoric was in vain. He got nowhere, partly because Spain's energies were directed toward a profitable commercial treaty with England, but chiefly because of the sudden Catalonian cyclone. Even the British were put off, and Irving's humble petition became scrap paper. He must twirl his thumbs, like the other diplomats, until Espartero had punished Catalonia.

At any rate, this revolt was to strengthen Irving's regard for the Regent. He had no sympathy for these traders of the North. In 1829 he had observed without enthusiasm Barcelona's thrifty, energetic population of merchants and manufacturers; and he had commented on the Catalonian resentment toward the central government, which had rebuked Barcelona so severely for being upon the unlucky side in the War of the Succession. Moreover, in the War of Independence Catalonia had been a dubious asset to Madrid. Francophile by proximity and inclination, the North now flamed up at the prospect of a treaty with England which would destroy cotton and woolen industries. Yet the causes, as Irving wrote Webster, were even more deep-seated. The Catalonians detested Espartero, believing that his Government, unpopular in Barcelona for many another reason, was England's tool. In no uncertain terms they demanded a revision of the Spanish Constitution, the guarantee of a Spanish husband for Isabella, and, of course, the resignation of Espartero.

This hero could now play the part he loved best, that of soldier and despot, and Irving at once lost all sight of justice and political issues in viewing this theatrical warrior. Espartero was off for



Barcelona, and in the Prado took leave of the National Guards. One of the mob, Irving was captivated by the scene : <sup>10</sup>

The air resounded with military music. . . . It was a bright sunshiny day. About two oclock the Regent sallied forth from Buena Vista, at the head of his staff. He is a fine martial figure, and was arrayed in full uniform, with towering feathers, and mounted on a noble gray charger with a flowing mane and a long silken tail that almost swept the ground. He rode along the heads of the columns, saluting them with his gauntleted hand, and receiving cheers wherever he went. He stopped to speak particularly with some of the troops of horse men ; then returning to the centre of the Esplanade, he drew his sword, made a signal as if about to speak, and in an instant a profound silence prevailed over that vast body of troops, and the thousands of surrounding spectators. I do not know that ever I was more struck by any thing than by this sudden quiet of an immense multitude. The Regent then moved slowly backwards and forwards with his horse, about a space of thirty yards, waving his sword and addressing the troops in a voice so loud and clear that every word could be distinctly heard to a great distance.<sup>11</sup>

Espartero was making his facile speech about protecting constitutions and safeguarding innocent queens. Concluding, he spurred his horse and was on his way through the gate of Alcalá to terrorize Barcelona. The rumors in Madrid now insisted that with the suppression of the rebellion Espartero's Government would be stronger than ever. So Irving thought, and, like others deceived by the Regent's ostentation, was surprised at the real consequences of the brutal bombardment of Barcelona ; during his absence disaffection increased ; on that day of farewell to the Guards Espartero really took his first step toward exile.<sup>12</sup> Indeed, Irving might have been nearer the truth concerning this event if he had included in his dispatch to Webster the incident of which he wrote his sister :

Just as Espartero issued forth from Buena Vista and rode slowly down the Prado between the columns of the troops, a solitary Raven came sailing down the course of the public promenade, passed immediately above him and over the whole line of troops, and so flitted heavily out of sight. This has been cited, even in the public papers, as a bad omen.<sup>13</sup>

Yet in Espartero, Irving kept his faith. During the tempest of abuse concerning the bombardment of Barcelona, Irving wrote two letters, one an official dispatch eulogizing the Regent, the other a private communication defending him against these critics of his





savage gunfire. He maintained, after a long analysis, that the city could not have been reduced by direct assault or famine.<sup>14</sup> In the dispatch he reproached the French,<sup>15</sup> minimized the losses of Barcelona,<sup>16</sup> and justified the overbearing character of Espartero. "I expect," said he, "that the echoes of the bombardment of Barcelona, which have been so noisy for a time in the Paris and London press will gradually die away in the softening reverberations of Diplomacy."<sup>17</sup> In brief, he saw in Espartero a misunderstood hero: "The poor man is surrounded by pitfalls dug by treacherous hands; and has not the wiley head of a statesman to guard against them. If he were as wary a politician as he is a brave soldier, the destinies of the country would be safe in his hands."<sup>18</sup> True, Espartero was a clumsy politician, and he was also a tiresome egoist. No one ever doubted his own wisdom less frequently, and the periods of apathy, which puzzled Irving, were really the delays of the military man awaiting a favorable turn for his next attack.

More and more one wonders about Irving's belief in this Government, which daily numbered fewer friends and which was under the control of a pig-headed soldier whose proper place was in the barracks. Irving was not anti-French; though now annoyed by the policy of Louis Philippe, he later reiterated his admiration for the French King,<sup>19</sup> and the issue of Cuba demanded vigilant eyes on England. Yet since 1826 he had been shocked by French intrigue in the Peninsula, and from Spaniards themselves he had heard terrible stories of the invaders.<sup>20</sup> For pro-French Catalonia, too, as said, he lacked sympathy, caring little for the people whom he called "the Yankees of Spain." Moreover, apart from Cuba, the aims of England in Spain were akin to his own. Both wished a stable government for the conduct of peaceful national business, and the overthrow of Espartero would mean a period of painful readjustment. Aston had already hinted to Irving that a treaty between England and Spain on the mooted cotton question might entail benefit for America.<sup>21</sup> Thus, for the time being, with Aston, Irving was intimate; with the Duke of Glücksberg<sup>22</sup> he was merely friendly. As other causes of Irving's support of Espartero one is tempted to add that he himself was at heart Anglophile and that the Dictator's sonorous declamations in behalf of the "little queen" had their influence upon him. All this may be speculative. Yet if we think of his character, it is difficult to see him on the other side—joined with Catalonia, France, and the enemies of Isabella.

In any case, Espartero's Government was doomed. Irving admitted to Webster that the Regent's reception on his return from

Barcelona was "cold."<sup>23</sup> His dangerous situation was apparent from the opposition of the Coalition to any treaty whatsoever which he might propose. These enemies declared in the press that a treaty dictated by Espartero

would be an infamous and lionlike bargain, in which to secure his domination, he would put at the disposition of England the future industry, the prosperity, and even the political existence of our Country. Patriotism and decorum, compel us to show to England, or to any other nation that desires to enter into mercantile negotiations with Spain, that we will not consent that they treat with one who represents nothing; with an odious and exotic power, whose aggrandisement is founded on the ruin of the nation; In fine — We oppose ourselves formally to the celebrating of any treaty of commerce in the *Headquarters of Buena Vista*.<sup>24</sup>

Such an attitude was not hopeful for the aims of England and the United States, but as late as June 17, 1843, Irving was "inclined to think" that Espartero would "weather the present storm."<sup>25</sup>

These first six months of the year 1843 had revealed a nexus of political cabals, with Espartero fighting desperately to keep his slippery foothold. One device of his enemies was to plan amnesties which would recall his political rivals, and in particular the dreaded Narváez. Irving now saw the Infante Don Francisco de Paula, at present deputy from Saragossa, enter the city in great state, accompanied by his calculating wife, Carlota. He observed also that "unprincipled, dangerous man, Count Parsent, who is always with them, supposed to be the paramour of the Princess, and who has great influence with the lower orders: This arrival will complicate still more the difficult question of the Queen's marriage."<sup>26</sup> Yet this was now incidental. The real struggle was connected with the government itself. Espartero's friends repeated that the only aim of those called upon to form new Cabinets was, by forcing upon him dangerous associates, to encourage him to renounce the Regency. His enemies, on the other hand, protested that when, after labor and difficulty, Cabinets were formed, Espartero always refused sanction for the sake of his allies or his military rule. In the resultant insults and recriminations, the rival nations France and England were, of course, generously included.

In opposition [wrote Irving, of the anti-Esparteristas] to the charge made against their party of being under the French influence they urge the subjection of Espartero to England, and the constant and undisguised interference at Buena Vista of the British Ambassador,

to whom they say the late changes are to be chiefly attributed, he being well aware that he could not procure the assent of the late Cabinet to his commercial treaty.<sup>27</sup>

Meanwhile, rebellions flamed up throughout Spain. On June 21, 1843, Espartero's rule hung by a thread.

Toward these insurrections Espartero, a soldier, could no longer remain impassive. He set out from Madrid at the head of his army, and, with his other friends, Irving prayed for his success. He attended the farewell levee and heard again the well-known speech about the Constitution and the Queen;<sup>28</sup> he watched the review of the National Guards; and he listened to the prophecies, accurate this time, that Baldomero Espartero would not return. There was now nothing to do but wait; a few days would unfold the event. Meanwhile, he could indulge his feelings toward the "little queen." He worried about her with Argüelles, who talked in his sibilant English very freely to Irving of "these two yong ladies." Isabella, according to her mentor, never wasted an hour—history, geography, mathematics! Moreover, she was all amiability, devoting her private allowance to charities. So Irving's romantic attachment batted on the goodness of Isabella and her sister—these "two little women of business" studying petitions for poor relief. He had seen Isabella several times recently and thought her more womanly;<sup>29</sup> "plump" was his favorite word. The other victim of this strife was Espartero's wife:

The Duchess was pale, and had a dejected air, complaining of head ache. I rather fear it was heart ache, for she feels their hazardous position and the pitfalls which surround them. She is an amiable and a lovely woman: and her dejected air rather heightened her beauty in my eyes.<sup>30</sup>

While others watched fearfully the rebellious provinces, such were the private reflections of Geoffrey Crayon.

And now General Francisco Serrano, a member of a Cabinet dissolved by Espartero, was in arms at Barcelona, and Narváez, advancing toward Madrid and linking his armies with that of Aspiroz, placed the city in a state of siege. In a second Isabella and the Duchess of Victoria were forgotten; in all his variegated life Irving had never before been invested by hostile armies. His spirits rose within him, and his pen scratched off racy accounts of Madrid in war time. From his window he watched the commotion in the streets, and Lorenzo came, like Liancourt to Louis XVI, to tell him

that it was "a revolution." The army of Aspiroz was at the Puerta de Hierro; troops were assembling from every hole and corner; and all signs of peaceful life had fled. Eighteen thousand men were under arms in the city.<sup>81</sup> What should an unescorted, slightly lame, foreign Minister do? Riding coolly through the streets, he was conspicuous, but he met with no misadventure. At night, when the city was brightly illuminated by torches, he hurried to the center of these unusual scenes:

The gates were barricaded, batteries planted — commanding the approaches to the city, trenches dugged and breast works thrown up in the principal streets, troops stationed in the houses on each side to fire from the upper windows and every preparation made to defend the city street by street and step by step; and to make the last stand at the palace.<sup>82</sup>

He had almost forgotten a recent illness and was temporarily in high spirits, now in company with George Sumner, who enjoyed his "dry humor . . . flowing most freely"<sup>83</sup> over every grotesque militiaman, or over his hardships of war — no butter or newspapers at breakfast! With the rest of Madrid he gulped down the wild, contradictory tales about the Regent — conspiracies, assassinations, and ruin for all. A few days later the enemy was at hand, and the National Guards kept up a rattle of musketry near the city gates. By day he rode or hobbled about the city; at night he watched the flash of the guns. The experience was rejuvenating, electric.

He had now, however, whenever inactive, an anxiety which was almost personal. "It is apprehended," he wrote, after a description of the besiegers, "that one object of the advancing army will be to get possession of the person of the young Queen."<sup>84</sup> He determined to protect her if he could, and he composed a letter which urged all the foreign diplomatic corps to repair to the Palace to insist to Narváez's conquering army that here was sanctuary for Isabella. This incident has been variously represented. It has been said that the American Minister took this action only under the direction of the French authorities; that the initiative came from Aston; and even that Irving himself rescued Isabella, single-handed! The last rumor may be disregarded, but the news of Irving's devotion floated off to America, where Brevoort bantered him about it:

Y<sup>r</sup> interposition in the late outbreak of Madrid has added immensely to your diplomatic fame among your *admiring* countrymen; besides stirring up the ambitions of becoming Ministers among y<sup>r</sup> literary contemporaries Bancroft Sparks Cooper &c who are all sighing &

dying for the honor of representing the pomp & dignity of our republic at the several Courts of Europe—for a certain consideration.<sup>86</sup>

Irving in his official dispatch described the procedure as a joint action of the foreign representatives. Fine words! Brave deeds! Yet the visiting diplomats could hardly have been surprised that their offer of protection for the Queen of Spain "was respectfully declined."<sup>86</sup>

On July 22, the Regent's troops under Zurbano and Soane were also outside the city, and, as Irving wrote his dispatch, he expected tidings momentarily of an annihilative battle. But anxiety turned to laughter. For he noted, "July 23<sup>d</sup>. The question is decided. The armies met yesterday morning; a few shots were exchanged when a general embracing took place between the soldiery, and the troops of the regency joined the insurgents. . . . The city was overwhelmed with astonishment."<sup>87</sup> Zurbano entered Madrid, a fugitive. It was comic opera, but Irving could not deny one fact; the "battle" had decided the political fate of Espartero.<sup>88</sup> He was beaten. Irving could now betake himself to the problem: What Spanish government had he the honor to address? He was not certain, and he cast one regretful, backward glance at the fallen leader:

The closing campaign of Espartero's career has certainly been unfortunate. An ambiguity has hung about his movements; which has perplexed his best friends; an inactivity in times of gathering peril; an apparent want of decision and an absence of concerted plan. The bombardment of Seville, too, is exclaimed against as an act of barbarism, particularly as it was continued after intelligence of the loss of the capital had time to reach his camp and to shew him that his cause was hopeless.<sup>89</sup>

Irving pictured him fleeing to Puerto de Santa María, embarking on a British man-of-war, which gave forth a salute of twenty-one guns, and thus ending this episode of Spanish history and, incidentally, the best-laid plans of a hopeful diplomat at Madrid. "Poor Espartero!" said Irving, and paid a melancholy farewell call on the Duchess.<sup>40</sup>

The situation was certainly not easier. The coalition which had conquered Espartero had been united chiefly by hatred of the Regent; as individual members they were leagues apart, ultra-conservatives rubbing shoulders with ultra-liberals. At once, after the embracings outside the city, the eternal feuds recommenced. At this instant, however, the Moderates, numbering such men as



O'Donnell, and Narváez<sup>41</sup> held the whip. In fact, it was Narváez, really a *Moderado*, who controlled the army, and hence the new Government. Narváez, Irving was to know presently only too well. Just now he was puzzled, like all Madrid, at the strange conditions in the city:

There are already three rival Generals in the capital, each watching with jealousy the honors accorded to the others. There are opposite factions each claiming the merit of the recent victory and grasping at the lions share of the spoils. . . . A stern discontent and silent uneasiness prevail in the capital; the inhabitants see with humiliation and chagrin bands of rough soldiery, and catalan guerrillas, who look like demi savages, roaming about their streets with triumphant air, while their National Guards, the legitimate defenders of the city are disarmed.<sup>42</sup>

In the meantime, Irving's problem of recognition was pressing. Other representatives, most of whom had been in sympathy with the deposed *régime*, had sent home for instructions. Should the United States accept this "Government of the nation . . . acting in the name of the Queen Isabella II?"<sup>43</sup> In the end, Irving fell back on the comfortable advice of Webster; to him it would certainly appear that the Government of Narváez merited the same recognition conceded Espartero's. Valdivieso, the able Mexican Minister, whom he consulted, agreed with him. Irving accordingly opened communication with the new oligarchy, justifying his course to Webster by echoing the words he had heard from him in Washington. It was the business of the Minister "to treat always with the Government *de facto*, without enquiring into its political history or origin."<sup>44</sup>

With his recognition by the Government of Narváez, Irving had completed almost a year of service as Minister to Spain. Beginning quietly in August, 1842, his duties, more exacting at the time of Barcelona's revolt and during the months of 1843 just described, had absorbed nearly every energy. His private life in the Calle Mayor and in the Calle de las Infantas has been sketched until January of this year,<sup>45</sup> and we may now pause for a moment over the events which intensified his anxieties in the last days of Espartero's rule. It has already been hinted that during the siege of Madrid he was ill. In February, 1843, his old enemy had attacked him. Beginning with a cold from the treacherous air of the Guadarramas, it focused once more, as in 1822, in his herpetic ailment, causing severe inflammation of his hands and ankles. It was not a

dangerous, but a cruel, tormenting malady, incapacitating and seemingly endless.<sup>46</sup> It drove him relentlessly to his armchair, his couch, his bed. It promised to disappear in the bright Madrid spring,<sup>47</sup> but it returned; and by May, in spite of the devotion of Hamilton and his servants, it had rendered him a rather pitiful old man.

Yet during this period his dispatches never ceased. In a final estimate of Irving one should record to his credit this perseverance in Spanish politics, especially in the light of his weakness during the first six months of 1843. For at times he could only dictate his dispatches; at others, he could not even read; and his sadness described at the close of the last chapter, became in these days of ill health a hateful melancholy. He thought of returning home, and there was talk of this in America.<sup>48</sup> Yet it was no time to abandon post. Espartero's back was to the wall; a change of Ministers now would have been harmful to every interest of the mission. He was needed here, and he would stay, though his letters reflect one of those depressions which once again dispel the tradition of his smooth-flowing life. He was lonely and sick, pouring out in letters his battle against "this harrassing malady," this "wretched dejection of spirits."<sup>49</sup> At last, he buoyed himself up by writing to Webster for leave of absence. If he could only flee to Sarah in Paris!

Perhaps, in spite of the point of honor in remaining, he would have given up the struggle on the ground of poor health, had he not realized still more acutely that his salary was now a necessity. His investments in America were frozen credit, and his royalties, sharing the troubles of the American book trade, had shrunk. He could not afford to return to Sunnyside. "Suppose," he wrote concerning his illness,

I had remained in America and it had been brought upon me there, by the literary tasks in which I was disposed to engage with all my powers — what would have been my situation? Without income to meet current expenses, and all the sources of future profit suddenly dried up, I should have been driven to despair.<sup>50</sup>

And again he cried out, a few weeks later :

Oh, if I could but once more be myself again and have two or three years of health of mind and body, to carry out my plans and close my literary carreer; then I should be content to throw down my pen and idle away the remnant of life that might be allotted me; for then I should have provided for the well being of those dependent upon

In June, the faithful Hamilton, also out of health, left for recreation across the Pyrenees; and shortly afterwards Irving angrily discharged Benjamin, who had shown his true metal by "soldiering" during his master's sickness. Thus he was almost alone, but by midsummer he had conquered his illness. Still, he was shaken, and the following passage to Sarah is memorable. He tells her how much her letters have meant to him during this trial, and describes the receipt of one during a crisis in his suffering:

I had been for several days confined to my bed; in a helpless state reduced by fever and by bleeding; until my very heart had given way and became as weak as a child's. I felt lonely and homesick; it seemed an age since I had heard from any of my friends; I turned an anxious eye to Lorenzo every morning as he brought in the mail, but turned from him peevish and disheartened when I saw nothing but newspapers. I felt *vexed with you*, for it seemed to me as if you ought to have known that I was ill and ought to have written. At length came a letter from you. Lorenzo handed it to me with exultation—I was so miserably weak in spirits that I could not command myself but seized it from him, and kissed it and burst into tears.<sup>53</sup>

It was this illness which darkened the first part of the year 1843 and forced Irving to be content if he could perform only the business of the Legation.<sup>54</sup> Earlier he had attended the ball of the Countess of Montijo,<sup>55</sup> but such gayeties now vanished. He drew some comfort from the friendship of Aston, who seemed to be "above the old fashioned formalities, mysteries and finesse of diplomacy."<sup>56</sup> Yet his distress of body and mind was rendered more harassing by the political upheavals of Spain, its "paroxysms and rough remedies; so that between the disease and the doctor the patient has a hard time of it."<sup>57</sup> In January he wrote Sarah wearily of "the mysteries of Spanish politics, which are full of trick, intrigue and falsehood. My heart aches at times for this unhappy country which seems doomed to be kept in a state of confusion by foreign intrigue and domestic treason."<sup>58</sup> And when his malady had run its course, George Sumner, who was seeing him almost daily, talked of him as "thoroughly disenchanted in his opinion of Spain."<sup>59</sup>

The difference between this Irving, aged sixty, and the wanderer of 1828 is apparent, too, in his indifference to his beloved scenes of the South. He listened curiously but without excitement to tales of old friends. Don Ignacio Pinzón had appeared, a true descendant of that family which had inspired him to make the journey to

Palos. In those far-off days old Pinzón had wept when Irving bade him good-by, and now this Don Ignacio, who had then been a law student at Seville, described his father's funeral, seven years ago.<sup>59</sup> But Irving had no longings for Palos or for Moguer — nor did news of Mateo Ximénez stir him to thoughts of revisiting Granada. Mateo was anxious to see his patron, and, learning from visitors in the Alhambra of Irving's return to Madrid, had sent him a scrawl in almost-indecipherable Spanish. He was, he assured Irving, not in confinement for being a murderer; it was his son who had killed a man in a brawl. He himself was now a guide under the auspices of a small hotel within the walls of the palace. And, this he reiterated, Irving must come to Granada. Miguel, the physician, now the husband of Dolores, also beseeched him. A change of government had evicted them from the Alhambra, and two of their children had been born dumb because of "the chagrin experienced for a long time by poor Dolores at being ejected from her favorite abode."<sup>60</sup> Miguel's letter, too, was full of affection; it included an old calling-card of Irving's to demonstrate his loyalty. It was all very touching. Nevertheless, Irving would not take that journey to Granada. It was all in the past; he was an old man, and he had even commenced to compose a brief autobiography<sup>61</sup> of the days that were no more. Old-gentlemanlike, he was thinking of physical comforts, of short walks in the Prado. For a day with Sarah he would have given all Andalusia!

Such were Irving's political and private vicissitudes until August, 1843, when his thoughts again turned toward his leave of absence, now officially granted by the Washington potentates. If he could have but a few weeks with Sarah, he might begin again. He expected Hamilton daily, but from him suddenly received a message postponing his return to Madrid.<sup>62</sup> Irving was disturbed, but was now well enough to endure until September. Once, during the siege, he had been on his feet for fifteen consecutive hours; he was confident that he could get through the summer. Sustained by mere thankfulness for better health and by the prospect of his visit to Paris, he watched, until his departure, the new intrigues and, especially, the splendors in palace and chapel. The new Government was determined to prove itself distinguished, if only by brass bands and marching troops.

Narváez's simple plan to demonstrate that the Queen was Queen indeed, was to file his entire army beneath the balconies of the Palace while his iron-throated hordes acclaimed her as an immortal sovereign. Such a spectacle might take the people's minds off the

somewhat inhibited Cortes. Accordingly, after the usual quarrels, "the Queen was addressed by the cabinet ministers, announcing to her that it was the wish of the nation she should be declared of age by the next cortes; before which body she would take the necessary oaths, until which time they would conduct the government in her name."<sup>88</sup> This jubilee elicited one of Irving's most eloquent letters, in which he once more poetized the Hall of the Ambassadors. Again this was all crimson, gold, and velvet, but its mirrors now reflected not the familiar glories of Espartero, but those of the mighty Narváez, of his lieutenant Aspiroz, and of O'Donnell, whose soldiers had attacked this very palace.<sup>89</sup> It was a theme for a painter, but also, in the conspicuous absence of Espartero, a subject for a commonplace moralist, and Irving did not fail to take his accustomed cue. Ah, the paths of glory, in Spain, led but to exile! Yet his regret for Espartero did not prevent his noting with appreciative eye the review, under the balcony, of the sunburned troops of the new Regent. For an hour he watched "men who looked like banditti rather than soldiers—arrayed in half-Arab dress, with *mantas*, like horsecloths, thrown over one shoulder, red woollen caps, and hempen socks instead of shoes. . . . a fierce, turbulent race."<sup>90</sup>

Yet even this letter is less colorful than that depicting the High Mass in the Royal Chapel. At last, his "little queen" was to sit upon the throne of her namesake; the Patriarch of the Indies would conduct the service; and all true Spaniards would unite in the *Te Deum*. Chairs of state, silk and damask robes, and the arms of Spain; and opposite, heading the diplomatic corps of the nations, sat Mr. Washington Irving of Tarrytown. He was early, and watched the chapel fill slowly. He did not miss "the dark flashing eyes" of the *señoras* in veils and mantillas, or "the restless movement of their fans so expressive of their own restless and excitable spirits." He heard the sudden swell of military music and noted the bustle in the gallery. Into the chapel had entered the Queen and her party, most of whose names are familiar from Irving's letters. With the delicate observance of a seamstress, he remembered for his nieces the smallest ribbon on the Queen's robe.<sup>91</sup>

As for Isabella herself, she vindicated his veneration; she appeared most womanly, most proper, most self-possessed: "It was a beautiful sight to see her at various parts of the service, rise from her chair, advance to the *Prie Dieu* and kneel down at it, with her prayer book; her long train extending behind her across the throne."<sup>92</sup> And now the moral, as in *The Sketch Book*: ". . . when a gleam of sunshine sheds its splendor about her throne: how fleet-



MARÍA CRISTINA DE BORBÓN

After a portrait by López, in the Prado, Madrid.



ISABELLA II, AT THE TIME OF HER CORONATION



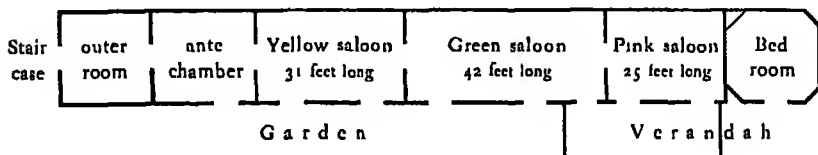
ing and deceptive that gleam may be ; and what fearful gloom may follow it, who can tell ! ”<sup>68</sup> And after the moral, which, therefore, we forgive him, the characteristic humor—a delightful fantasia in which the chapel is transformed to the church in Tarrytown, the Patriarch of the Indies into the Reverend Doctor Creighton, rector to the Irvings, all clad in velvet trains and diamond coronets, and the throne into the sofa at Sunnyside itself, more dear than all the house of Bourbon !<sup>69</sup>

“YOUNG HAMILTON,” wrote Madame Calderón de la Barca, “takes charge of the *helm*.”<sup>70</sup> To him Irving committed the task of the long dispatches to Washington concerning the Spaniards’ feverish schemes for the marriage of Isabella. For at six o’clock on the morning of September 7, 1843, with the devoted Lorenzo awaiting him in Bayonne, he set out, to escape all this turmoil at Sarah’s fireside. “I come,” he wrote her, “as an *invalid* and having suffered the ills mean to claim the privileges of the character and to excuse myself from all visiting and *fêteing*.”<sup>71</sup> Nine days later, after a brief stay in Bordeaux with the Guestiers, he was at her home in Versailles. His joy was deep ; he now felt certain of “perfect restoration.”<sup>72</sup> He still suffered, to be sure, minor adversities. He became ill again, and French doctors took their turn at his legs. In addition, Anson Jones, Secretary of the Independent Nation of Texas, drove him to earth and forced him to discuss a possible treaty between Texas and Spain.<sup>73</sup> Yet, on the whole, he had many hours of rest and happiness. It was something to hear Grisi once more, in *Norma*. And one day he and Sarah, driving in the Champs Elysées, almost ran over Samuel Rogers. Thereafter, he and Irving met often, true to old times, at breakfast, at which Rogers evoked the past with anecdotes of everyone, not sparing Queen Victoria.<sup>74</sup>

Uneasiness, however, about hours lost to his writing, which, toward the end of this year, Irving mentioned almost with distaste,<sup>75</sup> and anxiety about his post counseled return to Madrid. Hamilton was capable, but in such a country—who could tell ? So on November 22 he was stretching his bothersome ankles across his carpetbag in the *malle-poste* for Bordeaux. Between Bayonne and Madrid robbers were abroad, but he had long since despaired of enjoying this particular type of romance, and, employing an old talent, he slept through all the dangerous parts of the road. Arriving, he was greeted by Juana, weeping joyfully, and by the celebrations in honor of Queen Isabella’s accession to the throne.<sup>76</sup> These he viewed, at first, abstractedly, still homesick for Sarah and



little Kate, of whom the faithful Lorenzo had broken a long silence at Bordeaux with "Es mal tiempo, señor, para la niña; no puede salir a pasearse. Jamás he visto niña más bonita: nunca — nunca!"<sup>77</sup> It was difficult to wade at once into the swamp of politics. Instead Irving worked at "the pink saloon," carpeting and cushioning, and sending Sarah a diagram of his quarters. It was a habit of mind not irrelevant to our picture of Irving at the age of sixty:<sup>78</sup>



Yet, finally, he plunged in. Hamilton's clear, if rather wooden, dispatches had portrayed the assembling of the Cortes on October 15; the attempted assassination of Narváez, an episode worthy of Irving's pen; the declaration by the Cortes of the majority of Isabella; and the ceremony as she took oath to support the Constitution.<sup>79</sup> If we return to that morning of Irving's arrival in Madrid, we find in his letters concerning Spanish affairs his deep interest in the dramatic story of Isabella. For beneath the ostensible rejoicing, old suspicions and hatreds took their course:

The Houses were decked out with tapestry; there were illuminations by night; games, dances, spectacles and parades by day; fountains were running with wine and milk, and the streets thronged by the populace in their holiday garbs . . . while at that very moment the political world was agitated by an occurrence, the effects of which might shake that throne to its foundations. In contrast to the gay throngs of the populace might be seen dark knots of politicians muffled in their cloaks and holding mysterious conversations at every corner; while the legislative halls, and the streets and squares in their vicinity were filled by anxious crowds watching the course of affairs, and contributing to the general agitation by their factious clamours.<sup>80</sup>

What had happened was this: Isabella had appointed Olózaga, her former tutor, to head her Ministry. Hampered at every turn by the conservatives in a liberal policy, according to which he proposed, among other measures, an amnesty to the Esparteristas, Olózaga finally submitted to the Queen a decree to dissolve the Cortes. This she signed, but on the next morning declared that Olózaga had obtained her consent by force. Her statement to the Cortes on

December 1 described in detail how Olózaga had bolted the door, seized her dress, and commanded her to sign. "This," says a historian, "was the statement of a wilful, capricious, and spoilt child of thirteen, surrounded by persons hostile to the minister affected. . . . Olózaga never varied in his denial, nor did Isabel in her statement."<sup>81</sup>

The charge against Olózaga was made public, and two days later was issued the royal decree dismissing him from office.<sup>82</sup> To Irving the evil seemed to be in bringing the matter, with its direct test of truth in either Olózaga or the Queen, before the Cortes:

The discussions growing out of this subject have been personal and acrimonious, the auditors having taken sides in the controversy and every inflammatory period uttered on the floor has produced hisses or shouts from the crowded galleries.

The discord thus commenced in the Palace and the legislative halls soon spread into the streets; there were tumults even on the days of rejoicing. A crowd in front of the town hall cried "viva Espartero," "death of Narvaez"; "death to all traitors," and while some hailed the name of the newly enthroned Queen others shouted for the "*Sovereign People*."<sup>83</sup>

Meanwhile, added Irving, "Narvaez makes the bayonet glitter in every street." Alas, for the "little queen"! Her devotees now heard her slandered on every side. "Let events go as they may," said Irving, "a fatal blow has been struck to the popularity of the youthful queen, and with it, to the stability of her throne."<sup>84</sup> So the stage was set for the second part of the official service of the American Minister, now seasoned, and known everywhere in Madrid as "Señor Irvine" or, as many called him, "the poet Irving."<sup>85</sup>

## CHAPTER XXIII

### IRVING AND THE NEW GOVERNMENT

1844

IF WE trust Madame Alburquerque, Irving's holiday in Paris had been a mistake; she thought him now too discontented with Spain. He had quoted the disillusioned Lorenzo to the effect that a promenade in Paris was worth all the *fêtes* of Madrid.<sup>1</sup> Yet he was happier, at the beginning of 1844, than this sympathetic lady believed. His health was tolerable, and he was more seasoned professionally, adjusting himself readily to the inevitable exits of old friends. He missed Aston sadly, and cared, to tell the truth, little for his successor, Bulwer.<sup>2</sup> But the variety in diplomatic life had always interested him; ever new actors and new scenes. A change of post meant fresh gossip from the appointee and sometimes a renewal of old connections. Through his literary eminence and his long stays in other capitals, Irving was now one of the most widely known members of the American diplomatic service; he seldom met an American or Englishman of distinction whom he could not recollect from earlier years or who was unknown to him either as a friend or the friend of an acquaintance. He had always chosen his associates with discretion, and the cultivation of new official intimacies was not difficult. But he missed Aston, so superior to himself in political insight — and so amiable.

There were other changes in the little circle of diplomats. Glücksberg had departed; in his place was Count Charles de Bresson, "whirled to this half barbaric capital" after many years in Berlin, to whose Teutonic comforts he looked back with a heavy heart. "He seems perfectly aghast," wrote the amused and acclimated Irving, ". . . at the wild chaotic character of Spanish politics, where as yet every thing is perplexity and contradiction to him."<sup>3</sup> Another neophyte, the Prince of Carini, was ugly-faced, but affable. He "may," Irving thought, "very easily be better than he looks." Our connoisseur forgave this ill-favored Neapolitan for the sake

of his Princess, with her "very fine eyes and . . . animated manner."<sup>4</sup> Good Alburquerque was still here and the all-obliging Borgo di Primo. No need to conciliate these warm friends, but something must be done—a dinner or two—for the new representatives. Irving gave his orders to Lorenzo, to strengthen the weak links in the chain. De Bresson, Carini, and Bulwer must be fêted at once.<sup>5</sup>

In the diplomatic world, as in entering a room, the advantage was for those already seated. The gossip concerning Bulwer's appointment must have been entertaining; even what we hear from the prudent Irving concerning this Englishman is enlightening. "Bulwer," wrote Madame Calderón de la Barca, "has arrived with a train of men and women and birds and monkeys, filling it is said 14 carriages. He is deeply marked with the small-pox, and his face is half a yard long, not content with which, he wears his hair like a tuft of feathers, which makes it longer."<sup>6</sup> Bulwer, an extremely capable diplomat, came fresh from triumphs in other European capitals and with the prestige of that country never inconspicuous in Spain—England. He and Irving called on each other vigorously, and Irving found him at first "disposed to remain a looker on while others puzzle through the game they have commenced."<sup>7</sup> This was not Aston's way, and Irving kept his ears open. "I understand," said he slyly, "he has made up his mind to be pleased with every thing and every body at Madrid, which is excellent policy."<sup>8</sup> So he watched with interest, and, a month later, beheld poor Bulwer deep in the currents of Spanish enmities, as perplexing, Irving thought, as the whirlpools of his own Hell Gate. "He set out," remarked Irving, bearing up under Bulwer's adversities,

with a determination to sail smoothly over the troubled water of Spanish politics and avoid all the shoals and quicksands which disturbed the navigation of his frank open hearted predecessor: he has, however, in spite of his coolness and caution got into repeated scrapes. He gave a snug dinner to Gonzalez Bravo<sup>9</sup> the minister of state and two others of the cabinet; without knowing that the two last held the first in utter contempt as a renegade and an upstart, and that, though leagued in the cabinet, they were bitter enemies in private life.<sup>10</sup>

Even an American amateur could not keep a straight face at such a slip. After the snug party, he added, Bulwer

gave a dinner to the good Arguelles and two or three others of the leading men of the regency, and the government newspapers were instantly out upon him for feasting political leaders who were in open

opposition to the government to which he was accredited. So poor Bulwer, like the man with his ass in the fable, in attempting to please every body, has so far, pleased no body.<sup>11</sup>

And Irving's final anecdote, if not dignified, makes real for us the world in which he was living; it echoes the laughter of Madrid:

The fact is, he has launched out too soon: he should have taken a little more time to make himself acquainted with the intricacies of Spanish society. . . . The only person in Spanish society that I have heard to speak well of him was the Marchioness, aforesaid, who . . . broke out in praises of Mr. Bulwer who had twice visited her, and was so polite and agreeable that he had quite made a conquest of her: her female friend hinted to me, after she had gone, that it was a very easy conquest on which Mr. Bulwer need not plume himself.<sup>12</sup>

So he gossiped, like an old resident. In addition, these veering winds of diplomacy now blew to Madrid the Calderóns. Don Ángel Calderón de la Barca, "a noble specimen," said Prescott, "of the real chivalrous Castilian,"<sup>13</sup> had been Spanish Minister to Mexico and to the United States, where he had been extremely popular. This was the species of friendship which the bachelor loved; the husband was an old acquaintance and the wife intelligent and as charming as Madame Alburquerque, or even as Madame d'Oubril in the old days in Madrid.<sup>14</sup> She was like them, too, in other ways, taking a personal interest in his health, and writing letters to America in praise of him.<sup>15</sup> While in Mexico, she had read his biography of Margaret Miller Davidson, forwarded by Prescott,<sup>16</sup> who was presumably the subject of their first conversation. In addition, Madame Calderón had written a preface to Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*,<sup>17</sup> which Irving had just been reading, perhaps with mingled feelings. He had also run through and was able to discuss the gifted lady's own book, *Life in Mexico*.<sup>18</sup> Altogether, he had much to say to this delightful, vivacious woman, steeped in his own interests and inclined, so the whisperers hinted, to parallel her Mexican volume by one on the society of Madrid. Irving hoped she would, was eager to help her; in short, he fell into a loquacious mood which surprised him in recollection: "I," he said, ". . . *did most of the talking myself*."<sup>19</sup>

Indeed, in spite of his rebellious ankles and his weariness of Spanish intrigue, he was becoming, during this second winter, almost satisfied with his life in Madrid. He was diverted by the many "Spaniards of note"<sup>20</sup> to whom he talked daily and by the official follies of Bulwer, while his affections had rest not only in Hamilton,

but in Madame Alburquerque, Madame O'Shea,<sup>21</sup> and Madame Calderón, who, in spite of their misleading married names, were, respectively, American, English, and Scottish. At last, he enjoyed again the sympathy prescribed by his nature. Though agreeing about Calderón's intimate friend Martínez de la Rosa, Irving and Calderón could never be in unison about Espartero; <sup>22</sup> so, following the custom of the country, they built separate compartments for political and personal opinions, and remained friends. Besides, the Calderóns had other interests than the exiled ex-Regent.

One of these was Gayangos,<sup>23</sup> now in Madrid; another was the beautiful Cuban Leocadia Zamora,<sup>24</sup> with a voice so lovely that she drew tears down the cheeks of all who heard her, including Irving, who now professed himself "*fanatico por la musica*."<sup>25</sup> Born in Havana, she lived with her brother and father in Madrid, where throughout this winter of 1843-1844 she was the leading prima donna. Leocadia Zamora is forgotten, but, for our own purposes, we should see her on these evenings at her home. To her guests, among them the Calderóns, Hamilton, and the rapt Irving, she presented *tableaux vivants*; or she sang, "excited by her own melody,"<sup>26</sup> and reveling in the music she gave forth. Irving, perhaps recalling the days with Payne in Paris, noticed the door at the end of the room and behind it the small draped stage and suggested a play. On this hint Leocadia sang long passages from the opera, and, stretched on a sofa, now his regular posture in society, the American Minister to Spain listened, Madame Calderón at his side.

Ah, how could he have ever said that Madrid was barren, sterile? He heard the bridal soliloquy of Juliet, though he missed Leocadia's "harp scene of Desdemona";<sup>27</sup> and he "returned home . . . at night to dream of delightful music; singing pictures and bright Spanish eyes." Yes, he declared thoughtfully, after weighing the matter as deliberately as his own Wouter Van Twiller another question, "decidedly Leucadia's eyes surpass those of Fanny Kemble."<sup>28</sup> Such, in the winter of 1844, were the compensations of arid Madrid — to attend the opera of *Lucia*, to enter the house of the fair Leocadia, to greet a "party . . . small, but comfortably select,"<sup>29</sup> including often the stern Narváez. Irving's adoration of the singer had a queer self-conscious ending. Late in the year he called upon her but found her not at home. He observed that, since he had met her, "she appeared to be very much launched in the gay world." He added: "I have not followed up the acquaintance as I have a horror of being thought to play the old beau to a young belle."<sup>30</sup>

It was a gay winter, though at each return to Paris, Irving com-

plained to Sarah of the meager social life of Madrid. No society, certainly, was quite dead in which occurred the wedding of the Countess of Montijo's daughter to the Duke of Alva,<sup>81</sup> or the balls of General Narváez: "A las 6 de la tarde era la hora señalada para el convite diplomático que daba el General Narváez. La escalera de su casa-habitación estaba toda adornada de macetas de hermosas y variadas flores. . . ." And so, for many columns, continued *El Herald*,<sup>82</sup> ending with the list of attending ambassadors. At such assemblies Irving was present, or at the smaller parties, alert, tactful, humorous, a worthy successor to our earlier home-bred diplomats, like Franklin with his Madame Helvétius. Surely, no one had a quicker ear for the whispered *on dit*; in his letters to Sunnyside he could gossip with equal relish of Phil Paulding's misdemeanor or of Narváez's wig.

When he called on the Princess of Carini, she was out, but he boasted that he had *heard* something more of her, that is "I heard her pulled to pieces . . . by a Spanish marchioness, who would not admit a word in her favour." With the Marchioness, he then listened to another lady; the two behind their fans and the old courtier made a trio worthy of *The School for Scandal*. This lady informed Irving that she entertained the highest regard for the Princess—"but was obliged in candor to admit, one by one, all the censures of the marchioness." Irving smiled, but was still silent until "they both (being handsome women) agreed that the princess had no pretensions to beauty." At this moment the Minister ventured to suggest very humbly: "But the Princess has fine eyes?" "Fine eyes!" responded the Marchioness, "pooh! what are fine eyes in Spain, where they go begging about the streets?" Irving was crushed. She was also, summed up the Marchioness, "*positively fond of her husband*"!<sup>83</sup> This was conclusive; Irving could defend the Princess no further. Yet he had the last word, after all, in this backstairs meeting, as the Marchioness would have known, had she read his letter to Sarah:

. . . *Positively fond of her husband*, a crime almost unheard of in high life in Madrid. She illustrated this by some over tender speeches made by the Princess to her husband in society; and some fond & rather mawkish reproaches to him for having been absent from her a whole evening—; which were given with a provoking humor and mimicking that compelled me to laugh in spite of my secret predilection for the Princess. It was ungenerous however in the marchioness to attack the poor princess on a point on which she herself was so secure: since no one can accuse her of devotion to her own

husband, though she is said to be full of loving kindness to all mankind beside ! <sup>84</sup>

His good humor was due to better health. Naturally, he never, as in 1826, walked from Atocha down the Prado, up Alcalá, along the Calle Mayor, and on to the Palace. The least excess of body or mind still distressed him, whether it was a long dinner party or a stretch of writing. He nibbled at his notes on George Washington, but really accomplished little more than in the preceding year. He limited his efforts to his dispatches and to his detailed letters to American friends. Yet he was improved. On April 27 he kept erect during an exhausting *besamanos* of three hours, and, more important for his peace of mind, he enjoyed a walk in the Retiro, the first in fifteen months. Five days later he became once more part of that eternal procession along the Prado. Momentarily he was ecstatic. Sitting under the trees, he gave himself up to rejoicing. "I do not think," he declared, "I have seen so many pretty faces in the course of a morning since I was a young man." <sup>85</sup>

Indeed, Irving was learning, as had older diplomats, to enjoy his picnics, while they lasted, on the side of the Spanish volcano. This was still rumbling its threats of revolutions and counter-revolutions. The tumult of abuse following Olózaga's sudden flight to Portugal had been partially stilled by his letter professing willingness to stand examination before a commission. Then had ensued his election as Minister, a momentary triumph for the Progressives but almost an insult to the Queen. Irving later noted with disgust the *Moderados'* intolerance toward the liberals, Concha's and Serrano's jealousy of Narváez, and the weakening of the party in power through the voluntary absence of such leaders as Martínez de la Rosa. <sup>86</sup> Most ominous was the news that the Queen Mother, Maria Christina, was coming to Madrid, though

it is diligently given to understand that she comes merely on a visit to see her daughters : that she intends to take no part in political affairs, and that, if anything, her tendencies would be to uphold the Constitution in its purity. The Youthful Queen certainly stands in need of such a friend and counsellor as a mother of judgment, virtue, and experience might prove ; but it is doubted whether the arrival of Maria Christina might not revive former hostilities, excite additional raucus and add to the perils of the throne. <sup>87</sup>

Yet such apprehensions all Madrid forgot temporarily in the sudden death of the Infanta Carlota Louisa.



The political effect of this loss was negligible. This masterful woman's work was already done; she, during the reign of King Ferdinand, had braced Maria Christina to insist on the rights of Isabella.<sup>38</sup> Her later schemes for the marriage of her son to the Queen had turned to dust, and were, in fact, an indirect cause of her death. During her last days Irving had seen her often and commented on her bitterness—"a fever of the mind," he called it. It was indeed the break-up of a powerful nature. "I know not," Irving quoted her, "what is the matter with me; wherever I am and wherever I go I am in a constant state of irritation."<sup>39</sup> At her death, Irving reluctantly followed the Spanish custom. As her body lay in state, he bowed over her coffin, and formally registered his name on the record of visitors. Then he drifted vaguely through the funeral rooms, the tapers flickering dimly on the royal escutcheons, and he indulged those reflections which we anticipate:

I have given you, my dear sister [said the author of "Westminster Abbey"], some pictures of royalty in its grandeur; here you have it brought down to the dusty level of mere mortality. But a few days previously I had beheld this proud hearted princess walking the prado with her family with sullen and almost disdainful air, scarce noticing the salutations of the well dressed throngs which bowed with uncovered head as she passed. Here she was, on her bed of death; exposed to the gaze of the unmannered populace.<sup>40</sup>

He winced at the muttered jests and the coarse sneers at the body; he turned with loathing from "the face livid and bloated with disease."<sup>41</sup>

Despite his mournful generalizations on our common lot, Irving found the Spanish scene kaleidoscopic, with its romance, tragedy, and sinister humor. Most tempting to cynicism was the increased power of the *Moderados* and their brutal exercise of it. The wretched *Progresistas*, the erstwhile allies of Espartero who had joined with the *Moderados* to oust him, now realized the vanity of their dreams. For, under the steel hand of Narváez, these were now taught to expect nothing; the rights of the Queen served as a cloak to justify their annihilation.<sup>42</sup> The protest of Alicante by rebellion was met by furious severity and by an orgy of executions; pity and irony contended in Irving at the Government's frightful extremes. Persons taken in the insurrection at Alcoy were condemned to the firing squad. In retaliation, the Junta at Alicante ruled that for every death so inflicted five of the *Moderado* prisoners should perish. "The royal decree," exclaimed Irving, "orders

that no heed should be given to such menaces ; and adds that should any loyal subjects be thus sacrificed they would have the consolation of suffering in the cause of their country ! ” <sup>48</sup> Cortina, recently the supporter of Olózaga, was among the prisoners, and in Madrid Irving watched all rebels hurry to cover :

Several arrests [he said] of less note were made and others would have taken place but that, as usual among the hide and seek politicians of this Capital during a crisis, all who considered themselves under the evil eye of government, fled or hid themselves, until the affair should blow over. Among those who narrowly escaped was Lopez, recently so famous as head of the coalition Cabinet which overturned Espartero. His lodgings were searched, but he was fortunately, it is said, “ passing the night with a friend’s wife. ” <sup>49</sup>

Meanwhile, Maria Christina, having presented a third child to Múñoz, upon whom González Bravo had now tactfully conferred a title, set out, after four years’ absence, for Spain. If this lady arrived safely at Court, said gossip, there would soon be perceptible changes in the Cabinet, however vociferously it was declared that she came solely as a *mother*. But the gossip was wrong in detail, if supremely right in principle ; nothing so small as a Cabinet was to engage the brains of Maria Christina. The court’s announcement to Irving left no doubt that he was expected to attend the reception. “ As the day approaches, ” so read the summons to the foreign diplomats,

on which Her Majesty the Queen, DOÑA MARÍA CHRISTINA will set foot on Spanish soil on her return to this Court, the Queen, My Royal Mistress, has decided to proceed to the Royal Residence of Aranjuez, to await there the arrival of her august Mother. In a moment so solemn, the happiness which her Majesty will experience would be greater, if those persons who through their exalted character, have the honour to be present often about the throne, would repair there to be witnesses of the disclosure of her filial love. <sup>50</sup>

So spoke González Bravo, and the diplomats obeyed. Irving hailed the event as material for another chapter in his stout budget of letters which he had named “ The Romance of the Palace. ” The court now turned toward Aranjuez to behold this revelation of “ filial love. ” “ All the world, ” wrote Madame Calderón, “ has gone to Aranjuez, especially the Queen and her sister, *locas de contento*, poor things, at the idea of seeing their mother again. ” <sup>51</sup> Irving and Valdivieso, setting off together in the former’s carriage, finished the journey of twenty-seven miles in five hours and a half,

and in a house reserved for the diplomatic corps, they found the Alburquerque, Borgo, and the rest, including the husband-loving Carini. The Prince himself, grotesque as ever, at once revealed himself as painter, musician, and general entertainer. "I do not wonder," remarked Irving, recalling the Marchioness' severity, "that his little wife is fond of him, notwithstanding his ugliness." The American Minister then stretched his ankles on the sofa, and was universally petted.<sup>47</sup>

Through the fickle crowds, now cheering, now erecting triumphal arches, and now singing *Te Deums* in honor of the woman whom they had banished, Irving and Valdivieso made their way to the royal tent to watch with loyal Spaniards the distant road from Ocaña:

At length the royal cortege was seen descending the distant slope of the road; escorted by squadrons of lancers: whose yellow uniforms, with the red flag of the lance fluttering aloft — made them look at a distance like a moving mass of fire and flame. As they drew near the squadrons of horse wheeled off into the plain and the royal carriage approached. The impatience of the little queen could no longer be restrained. Without waiting at the entrance of the tent to receive her royal mother according to the etiquette she hurried forth, through the avenue of guards, quite to the road: where I lost sight of her amidst a throng of courtiers, horseguards &c. &c. There the mother and her children were locked in each others embraces, with a fullness of feeling that defied all etiquette. A few moments afterwards I saw them as they passed into the tent — the queen mother in the middle clasping the hands of her children; her face varying with conflicting emotions. As to the little queen, she was sobbing with joy and the tears were streaming down her cheeks.<sup>48</sup>

Probably this letter evoked more sighs and tears from the nieces at Sunnyside. On "The Romance of the Palace" we might well demand a final curtain. For, after due allowance has been made in Irving's personal letters for his love of effect, it must still be said that his mood was hardly justified by the facts of history. No sentimental Spaniard in Aranjuez that day was more deceived in Maria Christina than Washington Irving. He should not be spared. Two descriptions of her are, in the light of later events, caricatures. He was not a prophet, but he knew enough of the past to have guessed more accurately at the later episodes in this woman's base life, giving the lie to such passages as these.

You will ask [he wrote] is not her heart lifted up and her head elevated by this triumphant reverse? Poor soul! quite otherwise. She has

learnt, by sad experience, the shallowness and falseness of all this "mouth honor." The last few years have been years of severe trial to her. You may read it, they say, in her looks and manners. Though but between thirty and forty years of age, her hair is already gray; and though yet in the hey day of life, her spirit seems subdued. Her journey seems more a pilgrimage than a triumphant progress. At every stop, instead of exulting in the homage lavished upon her, she seeks the chapel and the shrine, prostrates herself before the altar and passes hours in prayer and humiliation. All this is perfectly sincere; she is in fact becoming almost a devotee; but it is the result of deep mental suffering. She still retains the amiableness of disposition, and the benignity of demeanor for which she was always remarked; for she is evidently one of those natures which sweeten and soften under affliction. She has had her errors, and great ones, but does not this humiliation and contrition of the heart atone for them. And then the idea that she is making her way through a kingdom that was hostile to her and that still abounds with lurking enemies and hidden dangers, merely to take once more her children to her heart, has something in it to me extremely affecting.<sup>49</sup>

Historians are less forgiving than Irving. What he felt at the time was, it has been said, precisely what Maria Christina wished Spaniards to feel. During the stereotyped speeches at the reception of the diplomatic corps he studied again the famous Neapolitan:

She does not, at present, resemble any of the pictures I have seen of her. She is thinner. Indeed, she has the appearance of one somewhat worn by care and anxiety; yet she has a benignant expression of countenance, a most engaging smile, and a deportment full of kindness and affability. The little queen was all radiant with joy. I told her I had seen her in tears that day and that I hoped she would have frequent cause to shed such happy tears.<sup>50</sup>

He was moved, too, by the fond devotion of the Queen Mother, yielding so gracefully to Isabella precedence in affairs of state. "It is not," she kept repeating, "for me to say, you are the queen now, and you are to say when and how it is to be."<sup>51</sup> Maria Christina loved her daughter, and she was religious. For this emotional woman, it may have been a time of sackcloth and ashes. Yet, a few months later, Irving admitted that there had commenced between her and Narváez a bitter struggle.<sup>52</sup> It is difficult to reconcile the permanence of this humility with her subsequent plan to marry Isabella to the effeminate, incapable Francisco de Asís, Duke of Cádiz, in order that, without children, Isabella would, perforce,

surrender the throne to the offspring of her sister, Maria Louisa — a betrayal almost without parallel in the history of Spain.<sup>53</sup>

Just now Maria Christina professed herself satisfied with the Government in power. Both Narváez and González Bravo were assiduous in their attentions at the Palace; and both seemed to be in favor. González, however, whose origin the older *Moderados* had never forgotten, was in danger; the higher caste was plotting to be rid of him. His Cabinet fell on May 2, 1844; and he departed as Minister to Portugal. Narváez became President of the Council and Minister of War.<sup>54</sup> If his enemies hoped, as Irving said, thus to tax his abilities and cause his downfall, they were disappointed.<sup>55</sup> Narváez conquered as a patriot and also as a merciless disciplinarian, boasting on his deathbed that he had no enemies; he had executed them all, to a man. Less interesting in personality than Espartero, he was, presumably, the stronger character. Irving's contemporary portrait, based on a real friendship with him, is of value. He thought Narváez

honest, though limited, in his political views; sagacious and practically experienced, but not extensively instructed or informed; of strong passions, great courage and prompt and energetic action, a true Spaniard in his national pride and his somewhat tumid [?] notions of honor, yet free from arrogance, and by no means deficient in courtesy in private intercourse. He is loyally devoted to the Queen and the Queen Mother, and I believe, however he may err in policy, he is patriotic in his intentions. I have been pleased with certain instances of independence in his conduct which have privately come to my knowledge.<sup>56</sup>

On May 20, Narváez and the Spanish court departed for Barcelona, an act which gave rise to a hundred rumors concerning Cabinet crises, new policies, and the betrothal of Isabella. Some recalled that, four years before, a similar journey to Catalonia, to secure the benefit of the baths, had resulted in the exile of Maria Christina.<sup>57</sup> This removal Irving had long been dreading, for, if the diplomatic corps followed, he, too, must go. It would be a weary journey, and he was in some anxiety concerning the direction of the Legation during his absence. Hamilton had left him; to Irving and to his entire household this had been, he said again and again, a "bereavement."<sup>58</sup> He was finally relieved by the appointment of Hamilton's successor, Jasper H. Livingston,<sup>59</sup> which would assure efficient management of American affairs. At the same moment he received two letters from the President for delivery to the Queen. One of these was a congratulation on her accession to the throne;

the other a condolence on the death of her aunt, Carlota Louisa. Thus the journey to Barcelona became mandatory. On June 26 Irving left Madrid for Catalonia, hopeful that there he might receive permission for a second leave of absence. If so, he would, as soon as the court returned to the capital, hurry again to Sarah at Paris. He might even flee to England for a short holiday in his sister's circle at Birmingham.

The exodus to Catalonia was less exhausting than he had feared. Down through the parched, sunburnt mountains of Castile and Aragon the carriage rolled, drawn by eight mules "clattering along far ahead, and raising dense clouds of dust, which enveloped the diligence and entered on every side."<sup>60</sup> As compensation, with him were his two friends Alburquerque, as quiet and gentlemanly as ever, and Borgo, with his knack of pleasing everybody. In the court Irving had observed this trait doubtfully, but it furnished comic relief for this jaunt: "He is continually making presents to great and small rich and poor; and on our journey, when we occasionally walked through a village, he would dispense halfpence among the beggars and the children until we had a troop at our heels."<sup>61</sup> Thanks to the ebullient Borgo, the three were merry. Late in the afternoon of June 29 they reached Barcelona, and by eight Irving was sound asleep on his indispensable sofa. He woke to find the ugly prince bending over him. Carini had left the opera between the acts to welcome him. In a few minutes he was seated in the Prince's box, gazing into the "fine eyes" of the Princess. He never enjoyed, he declared, the opera more.

It was not quite fifteen years since Irving had last seen Barcelona. The progressive city was, however, less changed than himself. Then he had rather avoided its metropolitan attractions. With *The Alhambra* still unfinished, he was filling his notebooks with sketches of Moorish peasants who had drifted over from Africa. Such freedom was past. He now spent his month in Barcelona in luxurious entertainments, drives, dinners, the opera, and balls on board the naval vessels in the harbor. Pablo Anguerra, who formerly acted as American consul, was still here, and at once made him his honored guest. He strolled on the Rambla; he dined with the De Bressons; and he enjoyed being fêted by his lieutenant, the American consul. He had his audiences with the Queen, and he attended the levees with which Isabella's court enlivened the city. Altogether, he relished the contrast between his present eminence and his obscurity in 1829, and once more the sweetness of the country of the Catalans stole over his senses, so softly that he could not believe himself old.

Yet he was. With other distinguished old gentlemen he drove sedately to the delightful suburb Torres: "Here," he said, "we would sit on the lofty terraces overlooking the rich and varied plain: the distant city gilded by the setting sun and the blue sea beyond."<sup>82</sup> For the moment, he thought it a happier time than his earlier days in Barcelona. First, he felt certain that the Government would presently grant him a respite from duty. It came, in the form of leave of absence for two months. "I can't tell you," he wrote Sarah, "how my heart leaped at the news."<sup>83</sup> Besides, he was setting out for this holiday with the realization that he was successful as American Minister to Spain. He was, indeed, now one of the older foreign representatives. Both Isabella and Maria Christina paid him more than ordinary attention, and all Spaniards, apparently, respected him. There was truth in Livingston's description in his message to Washington concerning "the warm and flattering reception given to our distinguished representative on his arrival [in Barcelona]."<sup>84</sup>

His high spirits persisted as, on July 29, he sailed on the little Spanish steamer, *Villa de Madrid*, for Marseilles. The gay party of Catalans glided along on the summer sea. Old castles looked down upon them from the mountains, and in the moonlit darkness the French villages gleamed white. Irving had taken leave of the Queen and was on his way to Sarah. Such were his thoughts as he entered the cabin to write to her mother, but he was too excited to set down commonplaces. Again he was alone, traveling, and here beside him in the cabin was a fair fellow passenger with eyes not unworthy of Leocadia Zamora or of the Princess of Carini. Old beau, as he really was, he let his pen stray off into the accustomed vein of his youth. He described her beauty, glancing often at his model as he composed:

She is a young married lady, about four or five and twenty. Middle sized; finely modelled; a grecian outline of face; a complexion sallow yet healthful; raven black hair; eyes dark, large and beaming; softened by long eye lashes; lips full and rosy red yet finely chizzled, and teeth of dazzling whiteness.

Nor was the old gentleman's flirtation without a certain grace. The lady was now slightly uneasy under his humorous, appraising glances, but he continued, to Mrs. Paris:

She is dressed in black as if in mourning. On one hand is a black glove; the other hand ungloved, is small, exquisitely formed; with taper fingers and blue veins—She has just put it up to adjust her clustering

black locks — I never saw female hand more exquisite — really if I were a young man I should not be able to draw the portrait of this beautiful creature so calmly.

At this point the *señora* broke down. "Really, señor," said she, smiling, "one would think you were a painter taking my likeness." "I am," replied her admirer. "I am writing to a friend the other side of the world, describing things that are passing before me, and I could not help noting down one of the best specimens of the country that I had met with." At this there was laughter and much bantering with the lady and her husband. Irving then read brazenly what he had written. The lady blushed properly, shook her head, and demurred: "A very fanciful portrait painter!" The husband urged Irving to stop at the lady's destination, San Feliu, where "all the ladies in the place would crowd to me to have their portraits taken." The veteran gallant did not stop, but he helped the beautiful Spaniard from the steamship into the small boat, with a promise some day, perhaps, to pay her a visit. He received a farewell wave from the exquisite hand and resumed his letter to his sister, with, "So theres a very tolerable touch of romance for a gentleman of my years."<sup>85</sup> Trivial, yet illuminating incident! So he remained until the end of his life, the elegant cavalier of a bygone age!

In Marseilles, where Irving landed on July 30, he felt lost; his only recollection of the port was of a little cave on the shore, where he had bathed when a lad of twenty-one. Soon, however, the necessary link cropped up in his mind. Fitch was here, a consular executive, former wine maker.<sup>86</sup> Fitch, then, he hunted down, and was drawn into a dinner party, where he became at once a celebrity. The company drank his health, cheered him, praised his writings, and sent him off in a glass-doored diligence for Avignon. Then up the swift-flowing Rhone he sailed to Lyons; along the Saône to Chalon; and then pressed forward by diligence to Paris. At Versailles Sarah had a surprise for him, a new daughter, twelve days old. Though now, as one of his accomplishments at the age of sixty-one, he plumed himself on his knowledge of children,<sup>87</sup> he was forced to hurry on. He had a few days with Beasley at Havre, and on August 22 passed through London to spend three weeks of domestic happiness with Sister Sarah and Van Wart.<sup>88</sup>

As usual, in his absence the political pot began to boil; he was overstaying his leave.<sup>89</sup> It would not do to entrust the troublesome issue of Cuba to Livingston. So, after picking up Lorenzo, who had been patiently strumming a guitar in Havre, he hastened back to-



ward Spain, remaining in Paris only for necessary conferences with William King, now Minister to France,<sup>70</sup> with Wheaton, Minister to Prussia, and with Louis Philippe. Again he found the French Queen bowed over her needlework; again he talked long with the King about America. It was the Queen who unconsciously stung him. "Are you," she asked innocently, "now engaged in any literary work?"<sup>71</sup> Two years! two blessed years and almost no writing done! How far afield had diplomacy led him! On November 14, he took the familiar road from Bordeaux to Madrid. The indolent interlude which began with the year 1844 was over. During his remaining fifteen months as Minister to Spain, whatever diplomatic wisdom he had acquired was to be severely tried.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### IRVING AS A DIPLOMAT

1845-1846

THE MORE important issues connected with Irving's service as a diplomat culminated between his return to Madrid in November, 1844, and the end of his mission in April, 1846, when he departed for America. Apart from the exclusive Spanish laws injuring American commerce, and the question of Spain's recognition of the independence of Texas, a matter which had disturbed Irving's recent holiday in Paris, these issues concerned Cuba.<sup>1</sup> Since the Florida purchase, American anxiety, such as Webster's, respecting the island had been chronic, and now many letters to Irving repeated the warnings which he had heard in Washington in April, 1842. Spain's attitude toward Cuba, England's, and also that of France, were to be studied continually. An excellent statement of the American point of view in 1844 is contained in a communication from Upshur :

The delicate nature of our relations with Spain, in regard to the Island of Cuba, taken in connexion with the supposed designs of another power upon that territory, renders it necessary that this Government should exercise a sleepless vigilance in watching over the rights of Spain in that quarter, in a matter that so nearly concerns her own interest and security. — You will, therefore, lose no time in endeavouring to ascertain the present views and feelings of the Spanish Government upon this important point, and communicate to your own, all the information you can obtain, in regard to it. — It is necessary that Spain should be duly impressed with the importance of such a crisis as late events have led this Government to apprehend altogether probable, and near at hand ; and it is still more necessary that this Government should be prepared to act, with a perfect understanding of the whole subject, with reference to its own safety and interests. — In the event that Spain shall so far yield to the pressure upon her, as to concede to Great Britain any control over Cuba, the fact will necessarily have an important influence over the policy of this Government.<sup>2</sup>

This was an old story, extremely familiar to Irving. As early as 1819 it was rumored that England planned to possess Cuba,<sup>8</sup> and on April 28, 1823, John Quincy Adams declared that its ultimate annexation by the United States was unavoidable; "Cuba," said he, "almost in sight of our shores, from a multitude of considerations has become an object of transcendent importance to the commercial and political interests of our Union."<sup>4</sup> In 1822 the question of Cuba's relation with England and France had been a chief concern of John Forsyth, one of Irving's predecessors at the court of Madrid, and in 1825 to Rufus King, Minister to London.<sup>5</sup> In 1826 Irving had heard, presumably, from Everett of his hope that Spain would give Cuba to the United States<sup>6</sup> as security on a loan, and in London in 1830 he had discussed the problem with Van Buren. In 1838 Great Britain had sent special commissions to investigate the Cuban slave trade,<sup>7</sup> a step which begot much speculation concerning British policy, and Aaron Vail, *Chargé d'Affaires* at Madrid, in 1840 had received the following command from home: "You are authorized to assure the Spanish Government that in case of any attempt, from whatever quarter, to wrest from her this portion of her territory, she may securely depend upon the military and naval resources of the United States to aid her in preserving or recovering it."<sup>8</sup>

One fact was evident: neither the United States nor Great Britain would tolerate ownership of Cuba by the other. Indeed, the island was to be a political and international problem until 1898 — and afterwards. Irving himself was to hear in 1852 the talk of a party war cry, "Cuba or Canada."<sup>9</sup> In studying for his superiors the subject of slavery in Cuba, he linked himself with the larger issue, whose outcome he was not to see. He understood in 1844, perhaps better than any other American, the feelings of various nations toward this strategically situated island — the proud interest of Spain in this relic of her mighty empire; the jealousy of France; and the desire of England to acquire it, if possible, by purchase. He had often described to his Government the value of Cuba's trade to the mother country, the complication of Spanish-American relations through the joint interest of both countries in her trade, and the ominous intrusion of England into the island's affairs.<sup>10</sup> American expansionists loudly demanded a summary solution of the problem, namely, the conquest and annexation of Cuba as part of the program of Manifest Destiny.<sup>11</sup> Irving had been commanded to lie in ambush, to remain a wary opportunist as to what he should say and to whom. Thus, since 1842, he had striven to maintain re-

garding the island of Cuba "that full and frank conversation . . . which this legation is instructed to hold with each succeeding Spanish government."<sup>12</sup>

More moderate opinion in the United States desired merely a friendly Spain in control of Cuba. The possibility of English ownership, angering even temperate patriots, had led a member of the House of Representatives to announce in 1843 a readiness to go to war with Great Britain at once on the issue of Cuba. Upshur<sup>13</sup> alluded to such passions and also to the incendiary incident of the recall of Irving's friend Chevalier Argáiz<sup>14</sup> as Minister to the United States. Ostensibly, this change was due to Argáiz's inefficiency, but rumors in Madrid attributed it to the "application of Mr. Argáiz to the government of the United States for armed intervention to frustrate the sinister designs of another power against the island."<sup>15</sup> Whether this was true or not, the blunder of Argáiz might irritate Spain and prevent the alignment of this country with the United States against England in respect to the Cuban question.

You will [Upshur commanded Irving] take an early and fitting opportunity to express to the Government of Spain the high estimation in which this Government has always held the public and private character of the Chevalier d'Argaiz, and the regret with which the President has received the letters of recall of that Minister, and you will express in strong terms, the conviction felt here, that the Chevalier d'Argaiz, by his vigilance and his ability to make available to his Sovereign the friendly interests of the United States, — has rendered eminent services . . . with reference to the Island of Cuba.<sup>16</sup>

So ran this more than conventional praise of Argáiz. Upshur was worried. Would Spain yield to the aims of England?

Irving hastened to González Bravo. This suave gentleman at once assured the American Minister that Spain and the United States were in sweet accord on most questions concerning Cuba; he even expressed gratification at Irving's "avowal of the determination of our government to maintain Spain in the possession of Cuba by force of arms, if necessary."<sup>17</sup> Straightway Irving busily sounded other statesmen, and, after hearing some gossip regarding the tactlessness of Argáiz,<sup>18</sup> assured Upshur that all was yet well:

I am satisfied . . . from all that I can judge of the present tone of feeling of the actual cabinet, and of the people at large in respect to England; there is no danger of any views she may have with regard to the island of Cuba, meeting with encouragement in this quarter.<sup>19</sup>

Nor could he believe, he added in a later dispatch, that at the moment England contemplated the acquisition of Cuba. At least he could think of no measure more unpopular in Spain than yielding to British "pecuniary pressure"; proprietary interests in Cuba and jealousy of England's influence would be deterrents to its sale. His conversations with González Bravo make us wonder about Irving's mastery of shifting Spanish policies. Was he a match for the astute Spaniard, who kept telling him that the motives for the recall of Argáiz dated from the time of Espartero; that this Minister's indiscretion, inspiring uneasy rumors in Cuba concerning England, was a negligible factor; that the aroused British consul had not in any way exerted English influence toward removing a Spaniard inimical to British interests in the United States?

Indeed, we cannot censure Spain, if we follow the contemporary newspapers and the bumptious speeches in American political campaigns, for speculating upon the sincerity of America's lofty attitude toward Cuba, as communicated by Irving. Who did not know that many Americans looked lustfully toward the island as the solution of certain problems of trade?<sup>20</sup> Indeed, the partisanship for Cuba against England might easily be construed as a definite design of America to annex the West Indies. Such misinterpretation of American idealism, as they declared it, Upshur and Irving might deplore, for this distrust would be exploited by both France and England for their own purposes.<sup>21</sup> But González Bravo might well be suspicious of American motives. Irving now waited for the arrival of Argáiz, in the hope that the latter could exculpate the United States from the charge of plotting against a Spanish colony.

Yet his return, in May, effected nothing tangible. Some five months later Irving based his hopes for friendly coöperation from Spain in Cuba chiefly on the popular dislike of England. Only the resumption of a powerful influence, diminished since the separation of Espartero and Aston, would create real danger. To reestablish this influence, Bulwer was now laboring zealously; Irving thought this explained his aid to Spain in averting a war with Morocco. Yet, in respect to his ulterior aim, his maneuvers were unsuccessful. Irving was certain of the Spaniards' distrust "of the policy of England with respect to their West India possessions" and of their concurrence with the United States "in any measure to counteract it."<sup>22</sup> So much, at least, he believed he had accomplished, but Cuba remained throughout the year 1845 an anxious business. Hampered by inadequate information from a distant Cabinet, Irving complained bitterly that he had to discover the reason for

his Government's eager intercession for Argáiz from a French diplomat! He was in too cramped a position to deal subtly with perfectly informed European statesmen, and we may be forced to attribute his minor successes in this issue to luck, to other, chance, influences more powerful than his own industrious, urbane petitions. He could only protest fervently again and again that the United States had no invidious designs against the West Indies.

In 1845 Irving directed his efforts specifically against the Spanish tariff on flour imported to Cuba from the United States. Cuba suffered from a high impost on that part of its flour which came from Castile, and from a still higher tariff on that brought in from America. These facts angered the Cubans; they urged free entry for the Spanish article and hoped also for a reduced duty on American flour. Such changes would not only encourage Spanish sales in the commodity, but would lessen the lively contraband trade from American ports. For these reforms Irving fought vigorously, but it was a futile battle because of the deeper issues already discussed. At every move of Irving's the Spaniards were paragons of politeness and procrastination. The question of free trade was bound up in that of slavery. On this point England was sensitive, even now scheming for a law, at this time discussed in the Cortes, for the abolition of slavery in Cuba.<sup>23</sup> England had her own commercial reasons for desiring free labor in Cuba, and her three-decker battleship, ostensibly a receiving ship for negroes, hung about Havana until a Spaniard arose in the Cortes and compared it with the wooden horse of Troy.<sup>24</sup>

Thus, besides championing the peaceful possession of Cuba by Spain, Irving spoke unceasingly for a reduction of the tax on flour imported from America and for resistance to the British propaganda for free labor in the island. In behalf of these problems he besieged the changing ministries. From Martínez de la Rosa he was apt to come away defeated and irritated;<sup>25</sup> he was wont to turn to Narváez, who, though essentially a soldier, often displayed, in informal conversations, a native shrewdness in such matters. Irving's letter of March 10, 1845, is a lucid exposition of the most important aims of his mission at the Spanish court. Among these he affirmed his Government's wish that Cuba remain tranquilly attached to Spain; he was even constrained to admit that the United States desired this out of self-interest: "every blow," he declared, "to the internal quiet and safety of that Island vibrates through the southern parts of our Union and awakens solicitude at our seat of Government."<sup>26</sup>

This was true. The South could not look unmoved at a colony of free blacks at its elbow if the humanitarian enthusiasms of England were extended to Cuba. Nor could United States merchants be happy in these discriminating duties on American flour. Thus, if English ownership of the island would be a catastrophe, the present intolerance of Spain in respect to trade was hardly less so. Irving finally hinted at retaliatory measures if these duties were not lessened. In addition, he deprecated the unwise public allusions in Madrid to Cuba as a mere colony, instead of a dignified member of the Spanish empire, and he ventured a parallel to Britain's arrogance in the eighteenth century, which detached America from her. Indeed, it was to Great Britain, the subject of the relations of Great Britain with Cuba, that he kept returning with animation. The flour question was but another means of alienating Cuba from Spain and making her amenable to the schemes of this nation :

A general uneasiness [he repeated] has been produced among the inhabitants by the agitations of the slave question and a great soreness and irritation by the foreign intrusions and machinations to which it has given rise. They are mortified at seeing their whole commerce under the surveillance and liable to the interruptions of British cruisers and at having a British floating citadel anchored in their principal port.

As Irving wrote on, becoming perfervid, he entreated Narváez to lend his attention to at least the flour question, lest calamities result.<sup>27</sup> Narváez thought this letter replete with "luminous ideas and notable observations."<sup>28</sup> So he sent it to the Minister of State—and Irving heard no more!<sup>29</sup> His pleas for cheap bread for Cubans fell on indifferent ears. Yet he had forced Spain to listen; he was sure that they would not move in England's favor against the United States without wholesome consideration of American bitterness toward Britain and its potentialities.

Perhaps it was natural that Narváez could not be excited by the problems of American slavery and American commerce; his course was almost run. The lady who had come from Paris in the preceding year solely as a *mother* had been active, and the sentimental witness of the reunion at Aranjuez conceded that the breach between Maria Christina and Narváez was perceptible.<sup>30</sup> Always at heart an absolutist, she cherished, among other resurgent ambitions, the desire to rehabilitate the clergy in their pristine strength by the restitution of lands and properties lost to them in the days of her Regency. But here, though Narváez had gone far, he would not

go far enough.<sup>81</sup> He had surrendered much to the conservatives, enough to make him sensible of the increase in his *progresista* enemies, but on this ecclesiastical point he faced the Queen Mother squarely. He would not tear up the roots of society; he would still protect the Constitution. In brief, he maintained himself with more and more difficulty on this isthmus, as Irving called it, between the conservatives and the liberals.<sup>82</sup>

Meanwhile, Maria Christina plotted. The Spanish legate at the Papal court had two sets of instructions, one from the Cabinet, and another, privately forwarded, from the lady. She toured the Basque provinces—for her health, of course—and laid new plans for the marriage of Isabella. Or she carried the court off to Barcelona, complicating and retarding the business of the day. Irving's notion of her character was modified; he thought it faulty, but still redeemed by mother love. He was putting into practice one of the maxims of old age which he now communicated so glibly to Sarah, namely, that of being willing to revise false opinions. His judgment, too, of Narváez was more healthy; the Spaniard was a tyrant. Irving still admired his courage for heading his establishment with his countryfied mother, an old dame from Loja who shared all his prosperity.<sup>83</sup> But both these protagonists of "The Romance of the Palace," Christina and Narváez, he now saw in the light of common day.

Thus what he had regarded as Narváez's deeds of strength he alluded to as "acts of the sheerest despotism."<sup>84</sup> Seeing Narváez almost daily, he became convinced that his besetting sin was vanity. These shortcomings he thought amusingly combined in his banishment to the Philippines of two writers for an offense against the General's self-esteem. These unfortunates "had given a burlesque account of his pomp, and style on a public occasion, with some ludicrous allusions to his person and his wig." This, adds Irving sympathetically, "was not to be tolerated by a man arrived at a *certain age*, yet still a general gallant, and particularly ambitious of the smiles of the ladies."<sup>85</sup> Narváez's foibles, like his passion for gambling, foretold the end. Though he was still to have months at the tiller, his promiscuous tyranny did not increase his popularity; as one instance, he seized a poor fellow who had thrown a brick at an official, and shot him out of hand.<sup>86</sup> Narváez himself foresaw his doom; his next foolish gesture was to offer as a candidate for the royal hand a *Progresista*. He would check the Queen Mother and win back favor with this party, whose sufferings had increased from that day when Espartero fled to England. The



conclusion, however, was still in the future. For the time being, Narváez and Maria Christina compromised. During the remainder of the year 1845 Madrid remained outwardly tranquil.<sup>87</sup>

Since his second return from Paris, in the fall of 1844, Irving had enjoyed the security of his social position, so evident during his stay in Barcelona. At *fêtes*, dinners, whists, and Narváez's balls he had felt free either to take part or to idle, watching Narváez dance with the Queen Mother, or studying Isabella in her old-fashioned dances with the awkward Portuguese Minister. She danced impartially with all diplomats, no longer a shy little girl in the darkened rooms of the Palace, but gay and often convulsed with laughter.<sup>88</sup> His heroine was human, after all. Or he had haunted the opera, listening to Moriani or the compositions of "*Verdi*, a new composer who promises great things, and whose music is full of spirit, beauty and grandeur."<sup>89</sup> He was now, in spite of his sixty-two years, in excellent health, and throughout the winter of 1844-1845 he was seen everywhere. In January he went with all the royal world to Martínez de la Rosa's new play; he attended a ball given by Madame O'Shea; a few evenings later he was dazzled by the hereditary jewels of Spain at the reception of the Marchioness of Miraflores;<sup>90</sup> and at the end of the carnival, behold him with his old friend the Countess of Montijo at her "grand fancy ball"! Here he enjoyed once more the beautiful Leocadia Zamora, and shared the excitement at the groups of young Spaniards in brilliant masquerade costumes of the French Regency.<sup>91</sup>

What was he like personally in these mellow years, in the society which he knew so well? Prescott spoke at this time of his "handsome, intellectual countenance"<sup>92</sup> and kept in his rooms a copy of Hughes's bust of him. Madame Calderón, Madame Alburquerque, Madame O'Shea, the Countess of Montijo, and others never wearied of his companionship; and the old diplomat Augusto Conte devoted space in his recollections to the charm of this American.<sup>93</sup> At the royal banquets Maria Christina thought him an agreeable escort. Once, with Madame Alburquerque on the other side, he had sat two hours at table with the Queen Mother, who reduced him at once to his habitual admiration. They discussed Isabella freely, and then Naples. "That," cried the Queen Mother, "is my native country!" and Irving talked volubly of the gay carnival of 1805.<sup>94</sup> Altogether this merchant's son mingled easily in the society which was so different from that of his youth. He could not help an old gentleman's reflection that he had had an unusual life—and, on the whole, a happy one.

On this he meditated a good deal during his last year in Madrid. He knew now that his time in Spain was short,<sup>46</sup> thought even that, since he was nearing the three score and ten years, it might be so in life itself; what he called the "special indulgence" of extreme old age would soon begin. Sometimes, even in the midst of this society, he dreamed of the past, waking with a start and fearing, though wrongly, that he had not concealed his errant thoughts, that he had been

the very dullest of the dull. Unless there should be some one or other of my very few cordial intimates present to whom I can link myself, I am apt to gaze on crowd around me with perfect apathy; and find it very difficult, and at times impossible to pay those common place attentions and make those common place speeches to scores of half acquaintances, required in the wide circulation of fashionable society. I have grown too old or too wise for all that; I hope those who observe my delinquency attribute it to the latter cause.<sup>47</sup>

Once, during a concert at the Palace, he was restive; the diplomatic corps was seated at the front, and he could not stir from his place. Afterwards, during supper in another apartment, Royalty moved about, addressing a word or two to distinguished guests. When the company returned to the concert hall the American Minister was not among them. In another brilliantly lighted salon he loitered, alone with the superb paintings and with his own thoughts. In the concert room he could hear the distant voices, faintly musical. But he still stood before the portraits of majesty, musing and weaving fancies. Here were those two whom he had known years before, Ferdinand VII and his Queen, the gentle Amelia. In an instant he was once more in the Alhambra, hearing again the cadenced bells proclaim her death. It seemed strange to be romancing now about Ferdinand's daughter—there, in the adjacent room.

However tiresome, we must observe the continuance of this mood in Irving. Soon there was more time for its indulgence. In the spring, the Alburquerque left for Barcelona; the O'Sheas for Biarritz and Paris;<sup>47</sup> and the court departed from Madrid—without him. He lived in his great house quietly as in his first months in Madrid,<sup>48</sup> rising at five and strolling in the Retiro until eight. Then followed the unbroken day of writing—sometimes his own!—and in the evening a drive outside the city. Ah, here was the Spain that suited his mood! The Guadarramas were

all clad in purple and some of them yet tipped with snow; with the sun setting behind them;—and then such evening skies—The mo-

ment I get out on these hills I feel that I am in another region. The air is so light and elastic, and the breezes so bracing and refreshing. The very loneliness of the vast landscape is inspiring; and when it is animated it is by picturesque groupes suited to the scene and characteristic of Spain. Bands of muleteers with their *cavalgadas*: Travellers on horseback, with guns slung behind their saddles, and looking more fit to rob than to be robbed. Or now and then a lumbering Spanish travelling carriage; drawn by half a dozen mules; with jingling bells; and escorted by as many rough looking fellows with blunder busses.<sup>49</sup>

These days atoned for his illness. At last, more than three years after his arrival, he could give a few hours to his own manuscripts. He was fearful, at first, of a return of his malady, but, since he still escaped, he wrote eagerly, pausing occasionally to be thankful that in this remote diplomatic post he did not have, like William King in Paris, a swarm of American idlers demanding entertainment.<sup>50</sup> Madrid was already seething with projects for railroads and other modern contraptions, but he was relatively immune from such tourists as infested Paris.<sup>51</sup> Except for a dispatch or two on the schooner *Siam*<sup>52</sup> or a gossiping letter to Sarah, he could bend lovingly all day over his notes on Mahomet and Washington. It was his only sustained period of literary effort during his four years in Madrid. He became ascetic, grudging himself a holiday, and renewing even his old ardor for literary fame through some climactic book. Besides, it was necessary for those at Sunnyside — this he kept repeating:

In the early part of my literary career I used to think I would take warning by the fate of writers who kept on writing until they "wrote themselves down," and that I would retire while still in the freshness of my powers — but you see circumstances have obliged me to change my plan, and I am likely to write on until the pen drops from my hand.<sup>53</sup>

The Alburquerquees returned, and in crowded Madrid found themselves houseless. Irving took them in, retaining only the office of the Legation and a small apartment for himself.<sup>54</sup> It was an opportunity for a holiday without cessation of business; leaving routine affairs to Alburquerque, he fled again, in September, to Paris.<sup>55</sup> Off duty, by chance he was to render through this absence an important and delicate service to his country. For in Paris he fell in with McLane, sent by President Polk to England in 1845 to negotiate the Oregon question. McLane's fortunes had never recovered from the affair with Van Buren, but Polk thought highly of him,<sup>56</sup> per-

haps because of their common dislike of the former president. The American newspapers, alert for gossip on the Oregon question, noted this meeting in Paris: "Mr. McLane, Washington Irving, and Wm. H. Polk, the President's brother, were all in Paris recently—partly on business. . . ." <sup>57</sup>

Irving had already been in correspondence with McLane,<sup>58</sup> but was startled by the urgency of his request that he come at once to London to aid in the settlement of the Oregon affair. He knew almost as much of this as of the Texan problem. The two were, indeed, twin issues; the battle cry of Polk's party had been: "The Re-occupation of Oregon and the Re-annexation of Texas!"<sup>59</sup> The first months of 1846 now concluded a long debate on the northwestern frontier, with whose development Irving had been familiar from his studies for *Astoria*. After the War of 1812 the boundary line between Canada and the United States had been defined as far as the Rocky Mountains; the territory farther west was to be available for joint occupation. Colonization of this section was slow, but in 1840 a bill was brought into Congress assuming Oregon to be American, recommending a series of fortifications, and offering land to pioneers in this region. About the time of Irving's departure for Spain this bill was again introduced and was successful in the upper house—to the anger of the British.<sup>60</sup> It was the culmination of a boundary question grown out of the Anglo-Saxon peoples' expansion toward the Pacific.<sup>61</sup>

For the next four months war clouds hovered over the two countries. Immigration to Oregon now became patriotic as well as profitable. Polk was elected in 1844 on the union of the two issues of Texas and Oregon; he demanded the withdrawal of the British from the latter region within a year. When Irving reached London, war seemed almost a certainty. Lord Aberdeen had told McLane that a break was likely and that Great Britain had long been prepared for any eventualities.

She will [McLane wrote Buchanan, then Secretary of State] be in a situation to act and strike as promptly and signally as she could have been with her energies directed to that end; and I feel it my duty to add that not to expect, in case a rupture becomes unavoidable, that this Government thus in complete armor will promptly and vigorously exert her utmost power to inflict the utmost possible injury upon our country and all its interests, would not be doing justice to such a crisis.<sup>62</sup>

Irving's task was that of pamphleteer; he was to exercise that gift of adroit writing which Van Buren had admired in 1831. McLane

confessed that the appearance of his new ally was a "god send";<sup>63</sup> he threw the entire burden of this propaganda upon Irving. Apparently, he leaned too heavily, for there is a hint of Irving's old distrust of McLane in his complaint: "I am accustomed to be disappointed by him, when the business in hand did not exactly meet his views or serve his purposes."<sup>64</sup> Yet he set to work on a pamphlet. There was plenty to do if anti-American feeling was to be checked.

The London Times [he wrote] is full of insulting and belligerent articles on the subject of the Oregon question : and the last arrivals from America bring more war speeches, so that the flame of war stands a chance of being blown up by the blusterers on both sides whatever diplomacy can do to prevent it.<sup>65</sup>

The dispute suddenly collapsed in the compromise of Polk<sup>66</sup> and the derision of his political enemies. Instead of "Fifty-four forty or fight!" the United States accepted the boundary at the forty-ninth parallel. Irving left London with the congratulations of McLane. He was in high spirits ; his pamphlet, on which he had toiled eagerly, was not published, but he was convinced that by his presence he had aided McLane and so indirectly softened British rancor against his country.<sup>67</sup>

His content, however, had another source. He had resigned. In a few months someone else could write dispatches on quarantine and worry about Cuba. In surrendering his post, he probably anticipated the action of the Democratic administration, which was still another reason for self-congratulation. He was too familiar with the histories of legations to expect, had he desired it, long tenure. He had long ago explained to the puzzled Don Juan Wetherell, Alexander Everett's downfall under this odd American political system.<sup>68</sup> After he had "got off the Fence," as his enemies expressed it, broken with Van Buren, and supported Harrison, he was known as a Whig, and, since the accession of Polk, he had not been unprepared for a recall. The President, as Irving remarked, had no real reason for replacing him. He was unlikely to endorse the angry comment of Jackson, after Irving's defection from the Democrats, that this Irving was "only fit to write a book and scarcely that, and he has become a good Whig."<sup>69</sup> Yet politics were politics, and the removal of Irving was discussed in Washington throughout the year 1845.

Toward the relinquishment of the post, even with its salary, Irving was almost indifferent, though he disliked the uncertainty ;

and he could even sympathize with President Polk's perplexities concerning the several possible successors. On May 10, 1845, in answer to Sarah's demurral that his recall "would be so unpopular,"<sup>70</sup> he had replied evenly that he knew he was "being weighed in the balance."<sup>71</sup> At the end of this month he was sure that he was under fire. It was not until Pierre relayed the comment of Mrs. Polk — he would "not be displaced for the present"<sup>72</sup> — that he had accepted the fact of several more months in Spain. Since he was to remain longer, he worked hard at the problem of Cuba, but the inevitability of his return and the silence of the administration on the matter still disturbed him:

I am kept . . . in a state of irksome suspense as to the intentions of government towards me, and am looking anxiously for letters from Washington which may throw some light upon the subject. In the mean time I can make no plans nor enter into any arrangements for the rest of the year. I am most heartily sick of this state of dependence upon the will or whim of another; and if I had only myself to think for, would promptly throw up office and live on a crust rather than not be my own master.<sup>73</sup>

These feelings had evidently grown upon him during the summer of 1845, or perhaps he heard confirmatory rumors in Paris in November; it was probably out of his distaste for being a political puppet that in December, before he joined McLane in London, he had sent in the decisive document. The latter parts of its formal rhetoric are truer than its opening clauses:

The unexpected manner in which I was called to this high trust from the retirement of private life; without reference to any political considerations;<sup>74</sup> and the cordial manner in which I was welcomed to it by my countrymen of all political creeds, have ever made me regard it as the crowning honor of my life. I have endeavored to discharge its duties to the best of my abilities, though I regret to say my endeavors have occasionally been counteracted by the derangement of my health. In now offering my resignation I am actuated by no party feeling, nor any indisposition to aid in carrying out the foreign policy of the present administration; but solely by an earnest desire to return to my country and my friends.<sup>75</sup>

But a resignation in this slow-moving nineteenth century was by no means simultaneous with the arrival of the next Minister, an event for which he must wait seven months. He had, therefore, ample time in which to watch a dramatic ending for his "Romance of the Palace." He was not to see either the culmination of the plots

concerning the "little queen" or her marriage on October 10, 1846, to Francisco de Asís, a horrible union, protested by Bulwer in behalf of the English Government. Irving had evaluated the other candidates for Isabella's hand, particularly the sailor Don Enrique, Duke of Seville,<sup>76</sup> whose radicalism won for him not Isabella, but banishment from Spain. Meanwhile, Narváez continued his suicidal policies, supporting the scheme for Isabella's marriage to the Count of Trapani—a plan hateful to the nation. This policy injured the Spanish statesman but rather less than did his increasing greed for power, now bringing him into direct collision with Maria Christina. He prefaced his fall by a burst of farewell tyranny.

On January 12, 1846, he had yielded the presidency of the Council, but by the middle of March he had again regained control, and, proroguing the Cortes, he announced that he would henceforth govern by decrees. This filled the country with terror, though it was believed he would keep his reiterated promises to support the Constitution. Narváez's final mistake was in believing that he could counteract the hostility of Maria Christina by the favor of Isabella.

But [wrote Irving, still under the spell of this story] Narvaez found, to his surprise and mortification, that the countenance of the young queen was changed with respect to him, and that, though she might consent to remove certain of the Ministers, yet she objected to every person proposed by him in their place. When urged to state the ground of her objections to certain candidates, she alleged that they were enemies to her mother. Annoyed at being repeatedly thwarted in his measures by the influence of the Queen Mother Narvaez, in an unguarded moment hinted to the young queen the expediency of inducing her to absent herself from the court and sojourn for a time in the provinces. The young queen understood the whole drift of the suggestion but clung, as was natural, to her mother, and from that moment the continuance of Narvaez at the head of affairs became impossible. He offered his resignation and it was accepted.<sup>77</sup>

Irving portrayed the tumult in front of Narváez's house, the groups whispering in the Puerta del Sol, and the General's vaunting in the magnificent style of the old Spanish school.

Give me [said he, in his final moments as ruler] a few months to carry my plans into effect, unembarrassed by the Cortes and the press, and I will engage to clear away some of the most important evils which are pressing upon my country. I will then report what I have done to the Cortes and will say, if I have done wrong punish me. Order me to the scaffold if you think fit. — I will go there! <sup>78</sup>

This was the fifth act. When Irving came to Spain, Ramón Narváez had been merely an ambitious rival of Espartero ; since then he had become virtually a dictator. And now — it was something to have known this Spaniard ! — Irving saw a Cabinet Minister approach with a document appointing Narváez Minister to Naples. He proudly refused, and, entering his carriage, drove off toward the frontier. Narváez and Irving were, so to speak, retiring together. It made an admirable ending to "The Romance of the Palace." He thought it well also to bid farewell to the virgin Isabella at this particular moment. He never alluded to the scandals associated with her later life.

Meanwhile, in another hemisphere, General Taylor's army was busy with the Mexican War, a complication of American diplomacy which Irving by his resignation escaped. Of this disgraceful assault on a weak neighbor he was officially ignorant, and he was embarrassed by being obliged to discuss it with Xavier Istúriz (the successor of Narváez) without proper information from Washington. Istúriz deplored the war ; so did Irving, though tears of joy, so he said privately, rose in his eyes at the gallant behavior of Taylor's troops.<sup>79</sup> Both he and Istúriz were wondering, of course, about Cuba and England while the American Navy blockaded Mexican ports ; and Istúriz said much in this informal conversation about the inadvisability of privateering and the deep unshakable friendship between Spain and the United States. Irving limited his comments to England, which was now inspiring articles in the Madrid newspapers on the war, in the hope that Istúriz would cause these offensive statements to cease.<sup>80</sup> It was Irving's only service, though a real one, in this crisis. At least he had made Istúriz realize that Washington was not just a seaport in direct communication with Cuba.<sup>81</sup>

In fact, if Irving could permit himself any complacency on the results of his mission, it was in his belief that by his own popularity and persistence he had increased official Spanish respect for the United States. This he noted in one of his last dispatches, attributing it in large measure to the outcome of the Oregon question.<sup>82</sup> Concerning this foolish war with Mexico he had little to say. He had to depart from Spain with a wave of the American flag, and his final dispatch to the Spanish Government reminds us of his essays upon our naval heroes. It is very long, very patriotic, and shudders at such turpitude as Mexico's. The truth is, one suspects, that it was written in President Polk's office. "I am," Irving declared, and the metaphor must also be credited to Washington,



instructed to say that we go to war with Mexico solely for the purpose of conquering an honorable and permanent peace. Whilst we intend to prosecute the war with vigor both by land and sea, we shall bear the olive branch in one hand and the sword in the other and whenever she will accept the former the latter will be sheathed.<sup>88</sup>

Yet a dozen wars could not drive from his mind his happiness that he was going home. Everything counseled departure: his intimates were leaving Madrid, "a place," he said, "where a stranger is always a stranger";<sup>84</sup> Juana was to be married; even Pedro, the coachman, had entered Borgo's service; and Sarah Storrow was now at Sunnyside!<sup>85</sup> The new Minister was rumored to have left New York in April, and the homesick Irving scanned the newspapers for his arrival in Europe. In May he heard from Buchanan that this gentleman was really on his way.<sup>86</sup> At last, on about July 22, he reached Madrid, General Romulus Saunders, of North Carolina.<sup>87</sup> Perhaps, at the moment, any successor would have seemed to Irving a blessed angel, but Saunders was a better Democrat than Minister. Gayangos, in particular, disliked the change and said so to Prescott, who merely remarked philosophically that "Washington Irvings don't grow on every bush."<sup>88</sup> Prescott, however, may have been thinking of researches in Spanish libraries, in which Irving had never ceased to aid him.

The ex-Minister now lost no time. He had already set in motion the slow machinery of the Spanish customhouse; he had secured an interview with the "little queen" for General Saunders;<sup>89</sup> and on July 29 he took his own leave of her.<sup>90</sup> For the last time, then, he passed through the spacious apartments, with the dimly lighted portraits. It was a moment for reflection, and, as he read his speech in Spanish, so carefully prepared, he felt, he admitted later, a "little sensitive."<sup>91</sup> The Queen, Istúriz by her side, listened, and then she began, this heroine of his romance: "Con mucho sentimiento mío recibo el anuncio. . . ."<sup>92</sup> Again he felt that, despite the jangling intrigues, he still marveled at this girl, ruling strange, mysterious Spain. During the four years she had inspired in him that mood without which he could not live—romance. But she was going on to say: "Your distinguished personal merits have gained in my heart the appreciation which you merit by more than one title."<sup>93</sup> Was she less detached than four years ago? More conscious of *him*? He sent her address to his superiors, and, as a final word in "The Romance of the Palace," he included a translation in the letters to Sunnyside, More articulate and very sad was

his parting with the Alburquerque. Early in August he started for London,<sup>94</sup> and, after a few weeks in Birmingham, embarked early in September in the *Cambria*, bound for Boston. He had sent out to his friends assurances that he would some day return and pay them all visits. Actually, he was leaving Europe, where he had passed almost a third of his life, forever.

Surveyed as a whole, it will be seen that these four years as a diplomat at Madrid really formed an extension of that career in the normal American life of his time upon which Irving had embarked on his return from England in 1832. He was still thinking, in contrast to the days before this date, in terms of American politics and American standards of life. The fact is illustrated not only by his uncritical acceptance of the gospels of his age in respect to Cuba, Oregon, England, and Mexico, but in his incredible imperviousness to the Spain which had so thrilled him fifteen years before. He did not even visit Granada,<sup>95</sup> and he could write nothing new of Spain. "The Romance of the Palace," though a collection of magnificent letters, was a pallid substitute for *The Alhambra*. Moreover, now would seem the time for literary friendships like that with Fernán Caballero. He was famous; he had easy access to the best circles; and the Spanish romantic movement was in full flower.<sup>96</sup> He was thrown constantly with such scholars as Don Pascual de Gayangos and such poets as Martínez de la Rosa.<sup>97</sup> Yet to him the former remained Prescott's agent and the latter a statesman.

The fact is that he had bartered the changeless world of literature, which had inspired his youth, for the ideal of the prosperous American who wrote occasionally, a conception of letters which will presently be most apparent in his renewed friendship with John Pendleton Kennedy.<sup>98</sup> He no longer filled notebooks, as in 1825, with favorite passages from Spanish, German, and French literature. He no longer jotted down ideas for stories. The full correspondence of these years even demonstrates that he *read* little except an occasional novel. He wrote under difficulty, but the truth was he had no hankering for his old craft except when tormented by the fear of poverty. He revised fussily his notes for the books on Mahomet and Washington. In him not only the creative power but the curiosity about literature was dead or dying. Youthful still in some ways, his literary passions had atrophied. In their place was sentiment about books and a lively interest in a comfortable, gentlemanly existence.

Thus the story of these four years has been that of such a gentleman at the court of Isabella II. There can be no misgivings con-

cerning his efficiency in his routine tasks. He directed with discretion such affairs as the Harang case or the incident of the bark *Zulette*.<sup>99</sup> His consuls respected him, and he was admirable in the trying episode of Máximo Aguirre. This candid friendly behavior of the better type of American business man of 1840 he tried to adapt to the graver questions of the hour. He disclaimed "subtle management" and defined his principle in negotiation as "frank and open conduct." "I have," he repeated, "an opinion that the old maxim, 'Honesty is the best policy,' holds good even in diplomacy!"<sup>100</sup> Perhaps. But it seemed sometimes to approach *naïveté* when practiced by Washington Irving in his relations with Maria Christina or González Bravo.

To be sure, this was the only course open to him. Our diplomatic service was, in comparison with the present, untrained.<sup>101</sup> He must have measured his own preparation for his post with that of, say, Aston or Bulwer. He labored, too, under severe handicaps. One was geographical. His instructions were always late. Honesty plus ignorance was certainly not the best policy. Another hindrance was the relative indifference of Spain to this remote, if powerful, republic in overalls. Every issue concerning trade advanced by European countries received consideration from Spain; memories of British and French armies in the Peninsula were still unfaded. But, except for the question of Cuba, interlocked with larger international problems, Spain could afford to be casual toward the bowwows of American Whigs and Democrats. Again, Irving never quite emerged from his bewilderment at the government which averaged two and a half Ministers annually. This topsy-turvy system of revolutions and exiles European ambassadors accepted with a shrug of the shoulders, and exploited it craftily. In fact, Irving finally found himself acting in the train of these others, who divined more accurately than he when and to whom to present their petitions. Their backgrounds were sound, their instructions specific and prompt, their procedures guided by far-reaching national policies. We need only recall the affair of Argáiz to see how completely Irving was at the mercy of Spanish intrigue.

On the face of it, then, Irving was not a great Minister. Perhaps the times did not require it, times which thought the Monroe Doctrine a Rock of Ages. Certainly Irving himself did not desire to be a distinguished Minister. Poor King's troubles at Paris and McLane's at London he regarded with horror. At times the summit of his ambitions was a post with greater leisure for himself, as is suggested by his letter to Moses H. Grinnell: "I wish you had interest at

Washington . . . to shift me to either of the German courts that should become vacant. I might there regain my health entirely, and resume those literary pursuits which now are suspended." <sup>102</sup> It may be truly said that Irving's anxiety for his friends in the service, such as Beasley at Havre, did not include himself. He wished to do his work honestly, and he craved spaces of time in which to earn money by writing. That was all. The diplomatic service was to Irving less a career than a useful, profitable occupation, which often seemed an "exile." <sup>103</sup>

Yet, in spite of his amateurishness, we must not underestimate Irving's achievements as a diplomat. Perhaps he was merely a popular New Yorker, living in Madrid and informing our secretaries of state about Spanish-American interests. Yet this service he rendered well. He accomplished this by that indefinable power of his to inspire good will. When he reached Spain, he was already popular, and, throughout all the gossip of the court during these four years, it is impossible to find an enemy. Espartero, Narváez, Maria Christina, Isabella II, Argüelles, Martínez de la Rosa, and a legion of foreign functionaries were his personal friends, and it is a commonplace to find to-day his name in Spanish histories as the favorite American Minister to Madrid. "Why does not your government," a distinguished Spaniard asked Bryant in 1857, "send out Washington Irving to this court? Why do you not take as your agent the man whom all Spain admires, venerates, loves? I assure you, it would be difficult for our government to refuse anything which Irving should ask." <sup>104</sup> He seemed so capable, in spite of all his vagaries, of convincing Spaniards of his love of their country that they returned his affection a hundredfold.

He showed [says Conte in his *Recuerdos diplomáticos*] the greatest enthusiasm for Spain, and this he has set forth in his works, so that almost all deal with affairs of our country; and he was so much pleased with everything Spanish, that, as he told me at one time, he loved even the odor of the kettle which escaped from the most humble dwellings in the low quarters of Madrid. He was a man of letters as modest as he was agreeable and of fine appearance. <sup>105</sup>

This cordiality was indeed a working capital to balance against his debits of ignorance and provincialism. Prizing this friendship of Spaniards, he knew when to speak and when to be silent, never rushing in like the too-eager Bulwer. It permitted him to take advantage of opportunities, as in his presentation of his credentials and in his plan to protect Isabella at the time of Espartero's down-

fall. It allowed him to interpret, probably better than a more seasoned but unpopular diplomat, the attitude of his country toward Cuba and Mexico. He actually solidified the reputation of the United States in Spain, and in this he fulfilled the purpose for which Webster had appointed him. It may be said, I think, that few Americans would have accomplished more for their country in Spain between 1842 and 1846 than did Irving. As for the place of this interlude in his life, we should see him, as in these chapters, in the midst of this Spanish drama of the 'forties, watch him, through his letters, enjoying the play, with his keen sense of its romance and its irony, entertaining James Buchanan with Maria Christina's plots at the Papal court at Rome. "It remains to be seen," says he with relish, "whether, in this diplomatic game, the woman and the priest will not be another [?] match for the soldier, bold and wary as he is."<sup>108</sup>

## CHAPTER XXV

### LAST YEARS OF ACTIVITY

1846-1856

LONGFELLOW noted the arrival in Boston on September 18, 1846, of the ship *Cambria*, bearing the caricaturist Cruikshank and the former Minister to Spain, Washington Irving.<sup>1</sup> Of interest in this English visitor or in his official superiors at Washington or in his New York friends, who later welcomed him quietly, Irving gave no hint. He fled posthaste to Sunnyside and to the arms of his nieces. "Never," he exclaimed of such reunions, "did old bachelor come to such a loving home, so gladdened by blessed womankind."<sup>2</sup> Here he was to pass the remnant of his existence, from this time of comparative vigor until, thirteen years later, the grandchildren of his brothers and sisters passed reverently by the old gentleman dozing on the porch in his Voltaire chair.

Here he was to have repose. The protective spirit of the nieces never flagged in creating that "mill-pond existence"—Byron's phrase, which he was wont to quote lovingly.<sup>3</sup> Sarah, however, soon returned to Paris, and the warder of these days became Pierre, who was at once amanuensis and financial secretary, shielding "the most fortunate old bachelor in the world"<sup>4</sup> from anxiety about his slender fortune. During this decade Irving traveled at intervals<sup>5</sup>—even to Canada; and at each return from these holidays the nieces, spyglass in hand, watched for him, and, dragging him into the cottage, laughed and wept over him. How abundantly they repaid in affection his generosity!<sup>6</sup> During his visits to Virginia he contracted a mellow intimacy with lovely Mary Kennedy.

And now my dear Miss Mary [he wrote in a series of wistful letters] if to the pure regard and perfect esteem thus inspired you add a little of that sentiment of devotion to the sex which may be permitted to linger about the heart of an old bachelor of seventy, you have an idea

of that friendship which it is a happiness for me to entertain for you — for it is by such friendships the heart is softened and purified and made better.<sup>7</sup>

Meanwhile, Pierre warned another side of his nature by news of five-per-cent quarterly payments from the Screw Dock Company.<sup>8</sup>

Irving was to enjoy a benign old age. Yet few American men of letters toiled so unremittingly to the end. He was to publish before his death three more biographies; and one of these was to be his longest book. Even when his literary successors pointed him out on Broadway at the age of seventy-five, walking briskly along in his Talma cloak and resembling, so these observers said, a character in one of his own tales,<sup>9</sup> he was even then struggling with his shapeless bundles of notes and with that pen which, he so boasted to Pierre, had won him fame. The years until 1856, and even later, were active years; that final vacancy which might well have been prophesied for his indolent nature never occurred; until his last days he wrote unceasingly. "I have had," he said in 1849, "more toil of head and fagging of the pen for the last eighteen months than in any other period of my life."<sup>10</sup>

Now, during the winter of 1846-1847, he lay on his sofa in the den and planned eagerly a new Sunnyside; and by the summer, with the aid of a battalion of workmen, he had wrought his architectural miracles — laundries, pantries, cellars, bedrooms, and closets. These are triumphs stupid enough now in the telling, but they yielded Irving more satisfaction than his negotiations with González Bravo and Narváez. He was all excitement, not over a siege of Barcelona, but over an ill-tempered horse or the marriage of a grandniece. He remained amiable, though with the advancing years he displayed occasionally a trait of Old Grumpy; he wrote Gouverneur Kemble, as a director of the railway which now puffed past his home, to stop at all costs, in spite of profit to the owner of Sunnyside,<sup>11</sup> this abominable screeching of the locomotive.<sup>12</sup> He was sometimes, complained his old friend Paulding, "testy and quick on the trigger."<sup>13</sup> We need not dwell on these petticoat days, but they must be kept in mind as the background of his life during the next ten years. Sunnyside was a tranquil haven from which he ventured forth to new, if more sedate explorations.

Now, at the age of sixty-three, he forswore politics, though in the year of his return Tammany Hall considered him as a candidate for mayor on its ticket.<sup>14</sup> He offered opinions on party platforms and national issues, and advice to President Pierce, but in the main

he played the part of retired statesman and man of letters. Foreign visitors to our shores, from Louis Napoleon to G. P. R. James, sought him out as one of the sights of America.<sup>15</sup> Their records of him and of his retreat on the Hudson are often more vivid than those of his worshipful countrymen, such as Charles Godfrey Leland or Bayard Taylor, who pronounced him vaguely a "glorious old man."<sup>16</sup> Thackeray met him in New York with Bancroft, Bryant, Halleck, Verplanck, and Willis, and then went on to Tarrytown, to the

funny little in-and-out cottage . . . little bits of small parlours, where we were served with cakes and wine, — with a little study not much bigger than my back room, with old dogs trotting about the premises, with flocks of ducks sailing on the ponds, — a very pleasant, patriarchal life.<sup>17</sup>

Or Fredrika Bremer, who had been converted to *The Sketch Book* in Sweden,<sup>18</sup> studied him shortly after his return from Spain. Her impressions localize the innumerable bland descriptions in books and magazines.<sup>19</sup> Miss Bremer drew him aside from a crowd of strangers at a fashionable dinner, and stored him away among her transcripts of American life, this "man of about sixty, with large, beautiful eyes, a large well-formed nose, a countenance still handsome, in which youthful little dimples and smiles bear witness to a youthfully fresh and humorous disposition and soul."<sup>20</sup> The authoress dreaded the proverbial sleepiness, but Irving talked on gallantly of Sunnyside, and even consented, after dinner, to sit for an informal portrait.<sup>21</sup> A friend was stationed opposite him as entertainer while Miss Bremer's pencil worked rapidly :

The handsome old gentleman now became wide awake, loquacious and lively, and there was such vivacity in his smile, and so much fun in all the merry dimples of his countenance, that it is my own fault if I have not made one of the best and most characteristic portraits that has ever been taken of this universally beloved author.<sup>22</sup>

Thus he appeared in New York society, and Miss Bremer's supplement to her description may stand for scores of other reproductions of him in his castle. She passed the meadow with its cows, the white walls, softened by ivy, and entered the living room, so full of summer warmth. Here Irving greeted her again, with the politeness of the old world but with a shade, too, she thought, of the nervous shyness of the author. He seemed enveloped in memories of the past, and there, on the walls, hung the picture of him in his



youth; with its dark hair and eyes it might have passed for a Spaniard's.<sup>23</sup> The visitor recalled the tradition that he had once been engaged to "a young lady of rare beauty and excellence";<sup>24</sup> and she approved the verdict of his followers that Washington Irving had thought best "to content himself with the memory of a perfect love, and to live for literature, friendship, and nature."<sup>25</sup> She saw about him the plain, kindly nieces.<sup>26</sup> All sentiment apart, he seemed "a wise man," and one, surprisingly, "without wrinkles and gray hair."<sup>27</sup> Miss Bremer's eyes failed her here; Irving's wig was skillfully made.<sup>28</sup>

Into the cottage poured by letter or in person the writers of the next generation. Willard Fiske wrote ecstatically to Charles Dudley Warner that, at last, he had seen Irving and Sunnyside.<sup>29</sup> Nat Willis craved merely a scrap of the master's blotting paper.<sup>30</sup> Thackeray, calling out "This is very jolly! How jolly!" inspected the parlor's souvenirs of Boabdil, Washington, and John Jacob Astor.<sup>31</sup> Though he had written nothing really significant for American literature since *The Alhambra*, Irving was now, even more than before the years in Spain, the embodiment of our middle-class ideals in writing. A *bourgeois* Atticus! He spent days in his study acknowledging tributes from individuals, and from societies, literary, scientific, or genealogical. A bit more irritable, he declined tartly to deliver lectures, write for albums, or, sometimes, even to humor "those pestilent musquitoes of literature,"<sup>32</sup> as he called them, the autograph hunters. Yet he encouraged Charles Lanman, Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, and even the elder Thomas Storrow, with his essay "The History and Character of the Cat," to persist in their ambitious labors.<sup>33</sup> His friendship with young Donald Grant Mitchell deepened into a real influence, and, in the South, John Esten Cooke was even now modeling *Leather Stocking and Silk* and *The Virginia Comedians* upon *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*.<sup>34</sup>

Indeed, so widespread was his popularity as a national figure toward the close of his life that we are in danger of underestimating the solidity of his influence upon American writing. Recalling Cooper's contempt, Poe's scornful wish to reevaluate him, and Laughton Osborn's satire on "Dame Irving," we incline to think that his roots did not reach deeply into the spirits of sound writers. This is not so. The story of his power over Longfellow has been related.<sup>35</sup> We should recall Prescott's respect for him and Emerson's acknowledgment of his attainments.<sup>36</sup> But, more than this, evidence continually appears that the beauty and delicacy of his

prose had affected better writers than himself. The relaxation of his standards had begun after 1832; since that date, he had diluted his talent as a stylist by relatively uncongenial themes and by subservience to his old notebooks. But the inspiration of his earlier classics, such as *The Sketch Book*, now became apparent in tributes from writers who had themselves achieved success, notably Longfellow and, though this is less generally known, Hawthorne.<sup>87</sup>

Perhaps the shy genius of Salem read, like Longfellow, *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* while still an undergraduate at Bowdoin College. When Irving was in the Alhambra, Hawthorne had already begun his long immurement in his lonely chamber. Drawing directly from his own mind, he was never long under the spell of another artist, save, perhaps, Spenser, Milton, Bunyan, and Defoe. Yet there crept into his writings allusions to Irving, intimating that in the chamber he had read him with emulation.<sup>88</sup> How graceful is the reply of the student Eustace Bright, when asked to relate "Rip Van Winkle"! He could not, he said, for

the story had been told once already, and better than it ever could be told again; and that nobody would have a right to alter a word of it, until it should have grown as old as "The Gorgon's Head," and "The Three Golden Apples," and the rest of those miraculous legends.<sup>89</sup>

Between these two there was apparently no formal communication until 1851, when Hawthorne's own fame was secure and his name linked frequently with Irving's.<sup>40</sup> The latter had already praised, in his uncritical fashion, *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*.<sup>41</sup> Hawthorne's presentation of the latter novel elicited from Irving only a conventional reply,<sup>42</sup> but the novelist, who had been silent throughout his apprenticeship, now accompanied, in the next year, a gift of *The Blithedale Romance* with a letter confessing the extent of his regard for Irving. "I beg you to believe, my dear Sir," he said earnestly, "that your friendly and approving word was one of the highest gratifications that I could possibly have received, from any literary source."<sup>43</sup> This was more than compliment, as the rest of the letter demonstrated.

Ever since [he continued] I began to write, I have kept it among my cherished hopes to obtain such a word; nor did I ever publish a book without debating within myself whether to offer it to your notice. Nevertheless, the idea of introducing myself to you as an author, while unrecognized by the public, was not quite agreeable, and I saw too many faults in each of my books to be altogether willing to ob-

trude it beneath your eye. At last, I sent you "The Wonder Book," because, being meant for children, it seemed to reach a higher point, in its own way, than anything that I had written for grown people.

Pray do not think it necessary to praise my "Blithedale Romance" — or even to acknowledge the receipt of it. From my own little experience, I can partly judge how dearly purchased are books that come to you on such terms. It affords me — and I ask no more — an opportunity of expressing the affectionate admiration which I have felt so long; a feeling, by the way, common to all our countrymen, in reference to Washington Irving, and which, I think, you can hardly appreciate, because there is no writer with the qualities to awaken in yourself precisely the same intellectual and heart-felt recognition.<sup>44</sup>

This tribute from the independent Hawthorne is doubly suggestive. Irving's best writing had penetrated into the thought of authors better endowed than himself; in spite of the diffusion of his talents since 1832 he was, after all, in a few sketches, more than Rogers had called him, "Addison and water."<sup>45</sup> In his old age this influence is apparent in the respect of Hawthorne; Irving's finished prose had reached the inner life of this writer, twenty-one years younger than himself, this artist of select enthusiasms. The other reflection for us is Irving's indifference to this influence. To him Hawthorne was merely one of the later American writers. He was used to their homage; had come to think it natural. Indeed, it may be asked whether he did not think as highly of mild Henry Theodore Tuckerman's essays<sup>46</sup> or of Mitchell's *Dream Life* as of any book written by the greatest American novelist. His friendship with Mitchell defines sadly this older Irving, with his sentimental, middle-class, American ideals for literature, in contrast to the younger man who studied German at Scott's request and revised, word by word, the stories of "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." And it was the younger Irving, the meticulous craftsman, whom Hawthorne revered.

The friendships with Mitchell and Kennedy<sup>47</sup> mirror Irving's literary faults in their maturity and in their decay. Here may be seen the weaker Irving of *The Sketch Book*, the author of "The Broken Heart" and "The Pride of the Village." Mitchell, just beginning his career as a writer of tepid, urbane sketches, entered one day the sunny parlor of a house opposite the Astor Library.<sup>48</sup> He was a slender young man of twenty-eight, with poetic eyes and wind-blown hair,<sup>49</sup> and of the "smiling, quiet well-preserved gentleman" whom he found there romping with the children,<sup>50</sup> he promptly became a disciple. Irving already admired Mitchell's *Fresh Glean-*

*ings* and *Reveries of a Bachelor*, new books of the heart, like *Margaret Miller Davidson*; and he now accepted gratefully Mitchell's dedication to him of *Dream Life*.<sup>51</sup> Possibly Mitchell's personal attentions were a factor, but it is unedifying, after Irving's indifference to Hawthorne, to find him praising Mitchell extravagantly<sup>52</sup> and writing to him in the dreadful vernacular of "men of sensibility." *Dream Life* had reduced Sunnyside to tears:

Could you [he declared] witness the effect of the perusal of it upon us all, you would feel satisfied of your success in touching the true chords.

Be assured your little work will remain one of the household favorites of our literature, making its way into every American home and securing a niche for its author in every American heart.<sup>53</sup>

Mitchell, this "very gentlemanlike amiable little fellow," evidently released the sentiment in the old man.<sup>54</sup> In 1852 he followed Irving to Saratoga Springs, now the latter's favorite resort in summer, for its waters and for its "very agreeable female society";<sup>55</sup> Mitchell was a ladylike Boswell with blue, dreamy eyes and a vast, red, silk scarf about his throat. Known from this decoration and his sudden literary success as "the comet's tail," he would stroll with Irving from the porch of the United States Hotel to the springs, noting down with deft pencil every chance remark of his idol.<sup>56</sup> Thanks to Mitchell, not yet the more robust creator of the Edgewood volumes, we see Irving clearly in this summer of 1852. Together they watched each fair young figure in muslin drapery; together they mused over writing, music, manly sensibility, or the faunlike step and dovelike eyes of a Louisiana heiress.<sup>57</sup> Daily Mitchell viewed Irving through a mist of sentiment. Frequently he perceived, startled, that other faculty, Irving's alert attention in observing single objects such as had in the past found their way so trenchantly into his notebooks: "A flower, a tree, a burst of music, a country market-man hoisted upon his wagon of cabbages."<sup>58</sup>

Mitchell was right in regarding Irving as the exponent of the sentimental criteria of American letters.<sup>59</sup> The original forces in this literature, now finding expression in Emerson, and, a few years later, in Whitman, who was already contemptuous of Irving, the latter was never to understand. It must be remembered that the disciples of the old traditions were, as Edward Everett proudly said, disdainful of such new obscurities as those of the New England Transcendentalists. Irving and the Everetts loved other gods. Writ-

ing, Irving believed, was to pour out feelings of the heart, and, indeed, writing had become but an aside in the life of a successful old gentleman whose mind, it must be said, was now almost as portly as his body. The old ideals were dulled; the old longings were dead.

This growing condescension, discernible during Irving's four years in Spain, toward the craft of literature was most evident in his intimacy, between 1846 and 1855, with John Pendleton Kennedy, whom he had first known in 1832 as a frank imitator, in his *Swallow Barn*, of *Bracebridge Hall*.<sup>60</sup> Kennedy, Irving's junior by twelve years, had practically concluded at the age of forty-three his career as a man of letters. During Irving's stay in Spain he had served in Congress, and now, during part of this period of close association with Irving, he was Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore. Energetic, capable in politics or on his estate, a powerful figure in Southern life, he found time in his gentlemanly way to be the patron of Poe, the intimate of Thackeray, and to write *Horseshoe Robinson*.<sup>61</sup> But the point is that he found acquiescence from Irving when he declared that he would show America "that a literary man can be a man of business."<sup>62</sup> To this conception of the man of letters, so detested by Emerson but approved by all Irving's substantial friends from Philip Hone to Martin Van Buren, the successful author now adhered, unashamed.

Like Mitchell, Kennedy crystallized for Irving an attitude toward literature, and one which was characteristic of the 'forties and 'fifties in America. Throughout the fifty odd letters of Irving<sup>63</sup> which Kennedy carefully preserved, throughout Kennedy's detailed diary, and throughout the records of their travel together in Virginia and Maryland,<sup>64</sup> exists hardly an allusion to books or writing. Irving's intimacy with Kennedy was founded on the same interests which cemented his friendships with August Belmont and Charles Augustus Davis,<sup>65</sup> the American plutocrats. Geoffrey Crayon and "Horseshoe" Kennedy had been authors in their day, but they were now just two prosperous American business men, hobnobbing together; concerning the state of literature and the arts in their country they exhibited no curiosity whatever. Thus their talk was forever of insurance companies, Wall Street, railroads, and the building of houses.<sup>66</sup> These fascinating topics rightly outweighed, they both thought, Irving's writing and Kennedy's "little gentleman-like exercise of the pen, such as he has marked out for himself."<sup>67</sup>

For these reasons Irving's own unfinished book on Washington,

the ostensible occasion of his frequent journeys to the capital and to Kennedy's home in Baltimore, was to be a biography almost wholly divorced from literature. Spent was that Irving who once gave his nights to Elizabethan drama or his days to German that he might master the folklore of Austria. Like Longfellow, he had once waited eagerly for the conversation to shift from politics to literature; now the reverse was true. The society of democracy had proved a jealous mistress; as diplomat and American citizen he had very nearly forgotten the art of writing. His was, ironically enough, the very fate which he had long ago dreaded for Washington Allston when the artist returned to America. It became the fate of scores of gifted Americans, from Freneau to Bryant, living in Philistia. Hawthorne and Poe were the first, perhaps, to maintain to the end their communion with literature as art. But Irving was more docile. He had now accepted the creed of his country. Like so many other Americans, having proved that he could write, he turned to issues that, he thought, really mattered; the pen became an embellishment for the statesman or man of affairs.

So, as he approached his seventieth year, he floated along on the surface of society, and of a literature which was unfed by the deeper springs of imagination. At Baltimore homes such as Gray's<sup>88</sup> and Kennedy's, he enjoyed his glory, becoming a guest of honor in Washington in 1853 to meet Thackeray,<sup>89</sup> and dominating the President's levees. "Irving," wrote the pleased Kennedy, was "a great lion to-night."<sup>90</sup> President Pierce took him aside and assured him privately that he would not fail to take care of Hawthorne.<sup>91</sup> He resumed his friendship with Madame Calderón; he breakfasted at the President's house at Mount Vernon; and with two presidents, Fillmore<sup>92</sup> and Pierce, he visited critically the caloric ship *Ericsson*. And whenever literature became a subject of conversation, he fell back on the drivel born of Kennedy's declining talents. Back at Sunnyside, in this year, he read until the small hours the latter's addresses delivered before the Mechanics' Institute and the Asbury Sunday School. His delight in these products of Kennedy's "gentleman-like exercise of the pen" tells eloquently the story of his degeneration. He could not in 1815 or even later have relished without some humorous self-criticism Kennedy's "strange story of the poor poet . . . his sore struggles with penury and the strange mixture of poetical excitement with utter wretchedness."<sup>93</sup> Never, he thought, as he read on, had he been so moved: "I had to stop repeatedly to wipe away the tears that blinded me. Never has Kennedy written anything with better tact and better feeling. It made

my heart throb toward him. My nieces are now crying over the story and learning to love the writer of it."<sup>74</sup>

To freshen the stuffy air of these last friendships we turn with relief to a final chilly blast from his enemy Cooper. Putnam brought them together one day in his office,<sup>75</sup> and the two chatted amicably, but nothing could alter the novelist's aversion to his genteel, conformist, literary colleague. On March 29, 1848, Astor died, and Irving, besides being a pallbearer at his funeral, was appointed an executor of the magnate's will.<sup>76</sup> Cooper burst out again to his wife:

To-day, J. J. Astor goes to the tomb. It is said that he sent checks of \$100,000, each to several grandchildren a few days before he died, in order to place them at their ease from the start. Irving is an executor, and report says with a legacy of \$50,000. What an instinct that man has for gold! He is to be Astor's biographer!<sup>77</sup>

Such obdurate enmity stung; it disturbed his rôle, sincere enough, of universal benevolence. Cooper was in error; Irving may have received ten thousand dollars for his services. Was he to blame, he may have reflected, if Astor thought well of him?<sup>78</sup> Was he embarrassed when, at Cooper's death in 1851, he found himself on the committee of memorial?<sup>79</sup> He made a halting announcement, and declaimed those truisms, of which he was a master, concerning the blank created by the novelist's decease.<sup>80</sup> This, at least, he could proclaim truthfully. Cooper would be missed. But he must have winced when Bryant in his address alluded coolly to the well-known disagreement between America's pioneer authors.<sup>81</sup> Meanwhile, the sentimentalists collected and placed side by side autographs and relics of the two enemies.<sup>82</sup>

Cooper's sneer was echoed. Irving's critics let it be known that he had feathered his nest, and included him among the obnoxious capitalists. That he received from Astor the sum named by Cooper is now known to be untrue. The compensation he obtained for his services he viewed sometimes complacently,<sup>83</sup> sometimes with fear that it would be misunderstood. He must have been angered if he saw in an Edinburgh paper the news that he had accepted from Astor "a handsome fortune, which enabled him to retire from the labours of political life to that elegant yet simple rusticity so congenial to his tastes and nature."<sup>84</sup> Astor had certainly not made him a rich man, but Irving's habits in New York perpetuated the legend. He was appointed the first president of the Astor Library;<sup>85</sup> he was director of this, honorary member of that;<sup>86</sup> and he lived much in the city,<sup>87</sup> dining with prominent families, visiting



BRYANT, WEBSTER, AND IRVING  
AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, FEBRUARY 24, 1852  
After a sketch by Dan Huntington.





from box to box at the opera, managing a fancy-dress ball,<sup>88</sup> and mingling in the throngs about Jenny Lind and Marietta Alboni, the pupil of his beloved Rossini. Those who recollected his early days in his merchant family could not fail to contrast the two epochs of his life, sometimes unkindly.

He himself had perceived in 1849 that his old house in William Street had been torn down,<sup>89</sup> and he commented with approval on the prevalence of European habits in the city of his boyhood. Could this New York, with its fashionable center now in Union Square,<sup>90</sup> with its uproar, like that of Frankfort in fair time, be that which Diedrich had satirized? Could this New York, now "one of the most racketing cities of the world,"<sup>91</sup> be the old "Manahatta"? No, no more than he was now Jonathan Oldstyle or Diedrich Knickerbocker. He was making the best of these ravages of time, of Bryant's editorials, of Kossuth, of abolitionists,<sup>92</sup> but sometimes the veil was lowered, and we see him as in the past. Once in Canada he gazed at the scene which he had beheld a half century earlier with the Hoffmans.

I sat [he said] for a long time on the rocks summoning recollections of bygone days and of the happy beings by whom I was then surrounded—all had passed away—all were dead and gone; of that young and joyous party I was the sole survivor—they had all lived quietly at home out of the reach of mischance—yet had gone down to their graves—while I, who had been wandering about the world, exposed to all hazards by sea and land—was still alive.<sup>93</sup>

It has already been observed that during this decade, in the midst of his literary friendships, his social and business occupations, and his travel, he was still writing steadily. This energy seems to contradict what has been said of his apathy toward literature. Actually, such busyness is consistent with his intellectual sterility. He was making a last disposition of the old manuscripts in his portfolio. The number of pages which he composed or revised between 1846 and 1856 was prodigious, but it is hardly too much to say that not one of these sprang from fresh inspiration. An engrossing task was the revision of his collected works; another was the rounding out of a book begun in Spain in 1826 and offered tentatively to Murray in 1831 (*Mahomet and His Successors*<sup>94</sup>); still another was the expansion of a sketch commenced for Galignani in 1824 (*Life of Oliver Goldsmith*). How ruthlessly he now despoiled his old papers and the pages of the *Knickerbocker* for his volume called *Wolfer's Roost!*<sup>95</sup> Even the manuscript biography of Washington bore the

date of 1825.<sup>90</sup> Day after day, in his den at Sunnyside or in his New York house, he tinkered and reconditioned. Just as he added, to the amusement of Gouverneur Kemble, the pagoda of old lumber to Sunnyside, so he rehabilitated *Mahomet and His Successors* and the *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*. It is a mistake to think of Irving devoting his last years peacefully to a final, monumental work; not until 1851 was he able to give himself wholeheartedly to the life of Washington.

Thus, as suggested in the first chapter of the present work, he was not really a Parkman, completing the aims of a lifetime. Though after 1856 there was a certain nobility about his battle with the five long volumes, most of his time during the decade was consumed by his old notebooks and potboilers. It was only after the publication (1855) of the second volume of his biography of Washington that he realized how impressive a full-length portrait of his hero might be as a conclusion to his career. Something will be said later of this last desperate effort. Just now we must see him troweling busily in his garden at Sunnyside and renouncing, with no great effort, for the sake of a livelihood his enthusiasm for literature. His concession to the practical purposes of the hack writer, a state of mind recurring at intervals throughout his life, was never less attractive than in these years. Over and over he confessed that all writing was irksome. He was a very tired man, and was living, he said, at the rate of twice his income. "Nothing," he declared, "but sheer necessity, will ever drive me again to full literary application."<sup>91</sup> It is not pleasant to hear him echoing again the commercial standards of his friend Kennedy, that writing was but a gentlemanly avocation: "I have," he said of literature, "as great a contempt for these things as anybody, though I have to stoop to them occasionally for the sake of a livelihood."<sup>92</sup>

Possibly this indifference to writing himself down, which, in his youth, he had dreaded, was due not only to straitened means, fatigue, and old age, but also to the consciousness that in this America of casual literary standards nothing could now diminish his reputation. Magazines published garrulous accounts of his career.<sup>93</sup> His bust towered above his countrymen in Bryant Park, and his face looked out upon them from prints on the walls and from signboards creaking before village inns.<sup>100</sup> To announce a book from Washington Irving was to whet anticipation. Thus his dull account of the Prophet elicited this outburst from the *United States Magazine*: "The life of Mohammed by Washington Irving! What visions of delight flood the mind at the thought! What stores

of long-buried lore, rescued from the dust of the ages by so experienced a literary deliver, may we not reasonably hope to see!"<sup>101</sup> Discriminating readers turned to Poe and to Herman Melville, but the tribute to Irving in *Harper's* in 1851 as a kind of sovereign of American literature was characteristic of the age,<sup>102</sup> and Thackeray returned to England to dwell on the universal veneration for this patriarch.<sup>103</sup> He was "immortal"; he was a classic; he ennobled gift books;<sup>104</sup> he was the father of "Irving Societies" and "Irving Literary Institutes";<sup>105</sup> he was delectable fare for school children;<sup>106</sup> he was already in histories of literature, even those of Europe.<sup>107</sup> All this he knew, and he must have dumped the residue of his materials upon the public with a sense of security. He may have seen the twenty-four page eulogy in the *Southern Quarterly Review*: "There is no name," said this admirer, "in the youthful history of our country, which does, or should, occupy a higher place, than that of Washington Irving."<sup>108</sup> Nothing could be said or done, said the *United States Magazine*, to add to the "world-wide fame of Mr. Irving."<sup>109</sup>

Very well, then—something should be devised to increase the sale of these popular books, to swell the income of Mr. Irving. Though he was widely read on the Continent, his receipts from such sources were necessarily nominal. In 1855 Bernhard Tauchnitz, the German publisher, sent him one hundred and fifty dollars!<sup>110</sup> Nor could much be done about English profits, though in 1852 Miss Mitford declared that "the author of the 'Sketch Book' is almost as much a classic with us as in his own country."<sup>111</sup> This was because Murray's and Bentley's control of Irving's publications was vitiated by the lack of international copyright. When Irving had begun his career, few Americans were popular enough in England to make the piracy of their works there an issue. Indeed, the guilt of such larceny was chiefly in America. English books were reprinted in cheap editions almost simultaneously with their appearance in England. Now, with the popularity abroad of Cooper and Irving, the situation was doubly baneful. The *New-York Mirror* exclaimed:

*The poisoned chalice returned — beauties of the present copyright system.*—A friend laid before us the other day a copy of a London edition of Ingraham's late novel, entitled "Captain Kyd,"<sup>112</sup> printed in a newspaper form, and the whole work sold for a sixpence! The works of Cooper, Irving and Dr. Bird<sup>113</sup> have been treated in the same unceremonious manner. No American writer can hereafter hope to derive any emolument from the sale of his works in England; for the

moment he attains the least degree of popularity that moment will his literary offspring be seized upon by the Herodian conductor of the "Penny Novelist," and published on whitey-brown paper for the delectation of the economical lovers of polite literature in Wapping and the purlieus of Grub-street. This is all fair in the way of retaliation. Our publishers prey upon English authors; and English publishers can now say to us in the words of Shylock — "The villany you teach me I will execute." The system is a monstrous one. Will it never be remedied? Will our legislators never consent to remove abuses so flagrant and so discreditable? <sup>114</sup>

Irving had previously met this danger by publishing in England and almost at the same instant bringing out his books in America. He had assumed that, though an American citizen, he enjoyed the privileges of British copyright. Such, indeed, was, in effect, the law. Even then there had been some republication of his tales in magazines. But about 1848 Bohn published edition after edition in his popular library series,<sup>115</sup> a brigandage which enraged the English holders of Irving copyright, Murray and Bentley. Bohn, however, declared that he printed Irving as an American author, unentitled to English copyright. Murray and Bentley now assailed Bohn at law, basing their procedure on the right of aliens to hold English copyright, but also maintaining in this particular case that Irving was an English writer<sup>116</sup> on the ground that his father was a Scotsman! There followed research in the Orkneys for birth certificates, and to-day in the files of Murray's papers is a long document recounting in minute detail Irving's ancestry and his life in England.<sup>117</sup>

Meanwhile, for Irving himself the warfare had grown embarrassing. He had no love for controversy or, particularly, for a decision, however advantageous to his pocketbook,<sup>118</sup> which might prove to his countrymen that he was not quite an American. Murray had urged him to come to England to testify, and had probably offered him compensation for such a journey. Irving refused. "Above all," he wrote, "I have no idea of compromising my character as a native-born and thoroughly loyal American citizen in seeking to promote my pecuniary interests, though I am willing to take all proper steps to protect yours."<sup>119</sup> So the English publishers fought it out until, finally, to the joy of John Murray, Jr., Bohn bought the Irving copyrights.<sup>120</sup> It was the only way to end the squabble, and Murray's own expenses had now reached some eight hundred and fifty pounds.

One good, at least [he wrote Irving], has been elicited out of this contest—it has settled the right of foreigners to hold copyright in this country. . . . I hope, therefore, that the “Life of Washington,” and other works to come from your pen, may yet bring advantage to their author from this country; but *priority of publication in England* is an indispensable condition.<sup>121</sup>

This was but one phase of the whole complex matter of international copyright. One can understand Irving's reluctance to be proved a British citizen better than his unwillingness to champion a reform. Perhaps his diffidence arose from his fear that his advocacy would be attributed to self-interest or from his dislike of the phraseology of the petition for such a law.<sup>122</sup> When, in 1839, a bill providing for international copyright was about to be brought into Congress, Prescott had written him, earnestly begging his aid and declaring truthfully: “If anything be done, there can be no doubt that you are the one who, from your literary position in the country, should take the lead in it.”<sup>123</sup> Apparently, Irving did nothing, but he was soon afterwards annoyed by uncomplimentary murmurings because he had refused to sign the document.<sup>124</sup> In his letter to the *Knickerbocker* in January, 1840, he was at pains to explain this attitude on the grounds of objections to the manifesto's phraseology; he protested that he had written to a member of Congress in support of the measure. Yet he was lukewarm, in spite of his pretty clauses about the need of protection for our “young literature springing up, and daily unfolding itself with wonderful energy and luxuriance.”<sup>125</sup> He did not care, or he was afraid of criticism. Was it true, as some said, that, throughout his long life, he had never once led a vigorous fight for a principle?

So no increase of income could be expected from England. In America, however, it was otherwise. If he was already an American classic, it might be possible to issue his collected works. These could include his earlier writings, now virtually out of print. Such volumes as *Salmagundi* and *A History of New York* might have new significance almost half a century later if republished under his “immortal” name.<sup>126</sup> He had long meditated upon this scheme and in 1842 had approached Lea and Blanchard concerning a large, expensive edition. Toward the project this firm had been shy, but he went to them again in 1848, representing himself as tormented by profitable offers from publishing houses in New York and Boston. Yet this temptation, too, the old Philadelphia firm resisted, and, finally, on July 26, 1848, Irving concluded with George P.

Putnam a contract for the reissue of all his writings,<sup>127</sup> supplemented by several new volumes, which were to be an integral part of the same series.<sup>128</sup> Thus was born the text through which the modern reader knows Washington Irving.<sup>129</sup>

This formidable contract called for drastic revisions, and Irving toiled upon the old texts at intervals until the close of the year 1850. Wearily he turned from one piece of hack work to another. During the winter of 1847-1848 the life of Washington had absorbed him,<sup>130</sup> but he left it now, so that by December 1, 1848, four volumes had appeared in their new guise. Yet within the next two years he had salvaged from his trunk and arranged in various stages of completion the lives of Goldsmith and Mahomet and some Spanish chronicles which, even Pierre warned him, were mere "skim-mings."<sup>131</sup> So he danced about, revising the *Works*, writing a chapter or two on Washington, polishing sections of the *Mahomet*; during one period he found himself wrestling with no less than five different books. It was a pathetic higgledy-piggledy; and it may have cost him a year or two of his life. For the feverish efforts after 1856 to finish the final volume on Washington were due to this delay. The most costly diversions were the biography of Goldsmith, his thrice-told tale, and that of Mahomet, both of which he included in the Putnam edition. As day by day he had to push the life of Washington aside, he felt that in this, after all, lay his hope of a dignified valedictory to his readers. If he could only be done with these old manuscripts! Soon the fear that they would prevent the completion of the biography became a horror. "If," he cried, "I can only live to finish it, I would be willing to die the next moment. . . . If I had only ten more years of life!"<sup>132</sup>

In 1851, the path was nearly clear. The story of Irving's writing from this time is that of the composition of the life of Washington.<sup>133</sup> He could turn, without thoughts of revised editions or makeshift biographical sketches, to notes collected during some twenty-five years. Here were the documents assembled in London; here the notes on Sulgrave Manor; here the feeble beginnings of 1841; and here the chapters written in Madrid. Here were the fruits of desultory conversations, and the random letters from antiquarians. Here, also, were all his doubts about the subject. Had not Sparks and others already exploited it to the point of weariness? Had not some critics rightly said that it was "very foolish for him to be writing any book at his time of life"?<sup>134</sup> Yet all these fears faded before his determination to finish the biography and before his deep-seated love of the subject.

By 1853 his correspondence on his formidable subject was voluminous, his visits to libraries incessant, and his study intensive. His business in New York suffered regular interruptions, and even his holidays, periods of "literary abstinence," as he called them, became pilgrimages to scenes identified with Washington. Thus at Saratoga he reconstructed the setting of Burgoyne's surrender. On his journeys south his new notebooks were ever at his side; at Baltimore he scoured newspapers, and at Washington he thumbed government records and military dispatches. At Mount Vernon he studied the rooms, the furniture, and the gardens, and on February 4, 1853, he postponed his return to Sunnyside because of "a world of documents to examine."<sup>185</sup> Three months later he was in distress because he lacked personal anecdotes, but he had, he boasted, finally brought the narrative down to the commencement of Washington's administration, and he was groaning over his accustomed "toning up" process.<sup>186</sup> In June of this year he laid aside his pen, exhausted, believing that he had ended his labors. The first volume of the life of Washington appeared in 1855; the second in the following year.

Yet he had not finished. He had gathered his materials, but he was to write three more volumes in the agonies of failing health, amid the sorrow foretold by the Psalmist.



CHAPTER XXVI  
FINAL WRITINGS  
1849-1859

**B**EFORE we live over with Irving his declining years, we must, in justice to his literary career, examine the farewell writings from his pen. During the last ten years of his life he published four substantial books. Besides the long *Oliver Goldsmith* and *Wolfert's Roost*, with its thirty-two essays, he actually put through the press himself the two volumes of *Mahomet and His Successors*, and with the aid of Pierre, the five stalwart tomes of the *Life of George Washington*, adding, in all, nine more books to the sagging bookshelf in the Sunnyside library of Geoffrey Crayon's collected works. Such fecundity between the ages of sixty-six and seventy-six was, as said, chiefly the result of self-sowing. Not one of these books did Irving originate during the decade; all sprang from seeds planted years before; all were imperfect realizations of earlier plans; all bore traces both of the dreams of his youth and the weariness of his old age. In the *Goldsmith* were passages penned long ago in France at Galignani's orders during the winter of hack work in 1823-1824. Parts of *Wolfert's Roost* he had composed in Rich's library in Madrid, in Payne's rooms in Paris, and even, such as "Mountjoy," in Mrs. Holloway's lodgings in London in 1818. *Mahomet* he had begun in Madrid in 1827 or 1828, and the biography of Washington in its original form perhaps antedated all these. We know merely that Constable's letter of exhortation to him on the subject found him in 1825 mildly receptive.<sup>1</sup>

Such perspective, however, on the four books hardly impairs the impressiveness of Irving's performance. Though he was known to successive generations as an idler, his literary life was productive to the end. In noting the facts that he wrote in the decade (1849-1859) nearly a volume a year and that he composed until the very month of his death, we should also observe his many interruptions

from ill health and, in particular, his brave struggles to finish the biography of Washington. Only the miscellaneous collection of *Wolfert's Roost* was born without pangs. Upon the others he labored painfully in this hour before the Angelus. All the nine volumes are superseded and nearly forgotten save by the curious student; one, oddly enough, is kept alive by school children;<sup>2</sup> yet over them all lingers the spell of Washington Irving's varied life. In one is the record of his visit to Goldsmith's haunts in Green Arbor Court; in another are his recollections of Gibbet Island, the Paris of 1823, the Alhambra, and the redmen of the South; and in the last, his life-long hero worship of the soldier whom he had seen with his own eyes walk down Broadway in the New York of 1789. Indeed, the four books, less alive in 1859 and now than even "Abbotsford" or "A Tour on the Prairies," sum up the life which we have been studying; they reflect Irving's devotion to the great themes of the Moors, of England, and of America, and they reflect his energy during the last years of his life.

Irving would not have been Irving had he not been aware of this final felicity in linking his own name still more intimately, in two of these books, to the Englishman and to the American with both of whom, for different reasons, he had long been associated. Soon after his first fame, Europeans, in jest or sentiment, mentioned him in the same breath with Washington; and few reviews of his writings after 1822 omitted the parallel of Goldsmith. "Mr. Washington Irvine," said the irritated Hazlitt, "binds up his own portrait with Goldsmith's . . . and to many people seems the *genteeler* man!"<sup>3</sup> However unimportant the two biographies were, they bound him more specifically in the minds of both English and Americans to these two idols of his youth. In respect to Goldsmith one is tempted, first of all, to face the ghost of Irving's debt, to lay it or to accept it, and, perhaps, to proclaim the biography to be the final proof that the author of *Salmagundi* and *The Sketch Book* was the stepson of the creator of *The Citizen of the World*<sup>4</sup> and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. *Oliver Goldsmith*, from its first appearance, has been regarded as tribute from pupil to master, as the climax of an influence profoundly affecting the writings of Irving for nearly fifty years.

The truth of this belief may be questioned. Certainly the first readers of *Salmagundi* recognized the debt of the Mustapha letters to Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*; and, in spirit, parts of *The Sketch Book* echoed the earlier writer. Character types such as Uncle John, Squire Bracebridge, the preachers and the yeomen of

village scenes, in both *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, strengthened the conviction, which arose soon after the publication of *Tales of a Traveller*, that Irving was "the Goldsmith of the Age."<sup>8</sup> His reverent pilgrimage to Green Arbor Court, recorded in the last-named volume,<sup>9</sup> and even his picture of the Charter House, in *The Sketch Book*,<sup>7</sup> were cited as evidence. Finally, the Preface to *Oliver Goldsmith* seemed to acknowledge his debt; here he adapted Dante's words of homage to Vergil.<sup>8</sup> So, inevitably, the parallel was extended to personalities. George Washington Greene declared that

they both look at human nature from the same generous point of view, with the same kindly sympathies and the same tolerant philosophy. They have the same quick perception of the ludicrous, and the same tender simplicity in the pathetic. There is the same quiet vein of humor in both, and the same cheerful spirit of hopefulness.<sup>9</sup>

Thus the indomitable desire to label every American writer with an English epithet included Irving as "the American Goldsmith," even as Cooper had been christened "the American Scott" and Bryant "the American Wordsworth."

One could shatter readily enough the fragile resemblance between Goldsmith and Irving as human beings. The antitheses between the Irishman and the American are more arresting than their similarities, as, for example, Irving's shrewd management of diplomatic affairs, his social tact, his gift for success — to mention two or three virtues absent in Goldsmith. In brief, no one would accept the final line of Irving's biography of Goldsmith, as readers have accepted it, if it were applied to the biographer himself; "Poor Goldsmith" has clung; the ineptness of the phrase "Poor Irving" intimates a difference in the two lives. We are, however, less interested in the popular fusion of their names than in Irving's actual literary debt to Goldsmith, and its relation to the biography. Was *Oliver Goldsmith* the expression of a vital obligation?

All evidence declares the contrary. The Mustapha letters were, after all, but a fraction of *Salmagundi*, and in these papers Goldsmith contends as an influence with many others. In *A History of New York* Irving's plagiarism included many writers of the eighteenth century, but not Goldsmith. Our studies of the sources of *The Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and *Tales of a Traveller* have indicated the unimportance of Goldsmith, save in casual allusion.<sup>10</sup> The passage on Green Arbor Court in "Buckthorne and His Friends" is incidental; this story was derived from the true history

of a London publishing house. As for the character types, such as the village preacher, these, to be sure, can be traced to Goldsmith, but were, as we have seen, characteristic of the eighteenth-century tradition, which Irving borrowed impartially from the current magazines, from Crabbe, or from Burns, or from such writers as Fielding and Thomson.<sup>11</sup> After 1824, with his diversion to Spanish and Western themes, the influence upon Irving of Goldsmith became still fainter.

Indeed, if thoroughly tested, this alleged influence upon Irving's writings becomes nebulous. His letters and journal show conclusively that in his active reading and writing Goldsmith bore no part, was never really in his thoughts. Probably the first part of the sentence in his Preface to the biography is the core of the matter: Goldsmith's "writings," said he, "were the delight of my childhood, and have been a source of enjoyment to me throughout life."<sup>12</sup> We all know such authors. They shape our earliest feelings; they reappear unconsciously in our imaginations; but their power as causative inspirations throughout mature life is distilled. Such, presumably, was Goldsmith's influence upon Irving. He read him in those early days in his father's library as he read Addison and Steele, as he read Shakespeare, Elizabethan drama, or the *Gentleman's Magazine*. That he deliberately imitated Goldsmith is doubtful. He himself denied as much to Pierre Irving.<sup>13</sup>

Thus it is not surprising to find that his biography of Goldsmith was not the result of an imperative need, as in the case of Washington—to write of one often in his thoughts. His motive was expediency. For, concerning Goldsmith, Irving created three distinct sketches or biographies, and in each instance he wrote not for self-expression but to please his public and to replenish his purse. We remember Galignani coming to him in Paris in 1824 with his plan for an edition of British Classics; Irving was to select the poetry and write an introduction for each volume. His essays on Rogers, Campbell, and Goldsmith were to usher in the first three books, and Goldsmith was chosen for the introductory volume. For such a biographical sketch, conditions could hardly have been more unfavorable. Irving's sole source in 1824 was a short, commonplace biography written a few years earlier; he admitted coolly, in his second version, that the first attempt was "a mere modification of an interesting Scottish memoir."<sup>14</sup> His crude article of about fifty-six pages, distinguished by feeble material and clumsy expression, included the bald statement that he had merely copied the original. Yet this was the real basis of Irving's biography of twenty-five years

later, destined to rivet finally in the minds of his readers his kinship with Goldsmith.

Nor was the second stage of the biography the result of an irresistible desire to retell Goldsmith's story. Throughout his journal from 1824 to 1829 he may be seen drifting toward new themes. He contemplated a life of Byron; he was absorbed in a half-dozen Spanish projects; but his renewed intimacy with Goldsmith had aroused in him no passion to become the latter's first capable biographer. It was not until the appearance of Prior's work in 1837 that he decided to do more with "Noll," and this project, too, was motivated by financial need. In his anxious days during 1840 he edited a two-volume edition of Goldsmith's writings for "Harper's Family Library," prefixing a new sketch of one hundred and eighty-six pages,<sup>18</sup> but this was merely the old article of 1825 buoyed up by new material exhumed by Prior. This scholar's factual records he left intact, but he lifted, with a general acknowledgment, all personalia and anecdotes suitable for his superficial narrative. No collection of gossip about Goldsmith is less important than this hodgepodge of the "Scottish memoir" and Prior. Only bibliographers of Goldsmith and Irving know of its existence.

The causes for Irving's third version were primarily his publication of his revised works and the timely appearance of Forster's biography. Though more hastily written than the two earlier sketches,<sup>19</sup> this *Oliver Goldsmith*, nevertheless, surpassed them both—for two reasons. First, it tossed aside the lumber of the editions of 1825 and 1840; this book is a long essay, skillfully wrought and subdued into one soft color as in Irving's best writing. In addition, it borrowed from Forster an implication about Goldsmith and Mary Horneck; expanded this debonairly into a plausible story; and fashioned the slender kernel of gossip into a romance between Goldsmith and his "Jessamy Bride"—a legend which even now, in the popular mind, resists the meagerness of evidence. With indifference to new facts from both Prior and Forster, it also repeated errors about Goldsmith; sentimentalized him in graceful paragraphs; became, indeed, a tale so winning that, like the school children suckled on it, we are loath to disbelieve its persuasive fiction. Forster himself, not disarmed by Irving's compliments, was as irritated by his borrowings as by the edifice reared upon them. In later editions, after paying his ironical respects to these thefts, he defined Irving's unauthorized interpretations of a hint. Irving accepts, he said, "the suggestion as if it were an ascertained fact, and [proceeds] to instal the 'Jessamy Bride' in all the

honours of a complete conquest of Goldsmith, which, as he tells his readers . . . 'has hung a poetical wreath above her grave.'"<sup>17</sup>

It is easy to understand Forster's annoyance; *Oliver Goldsmith*, appearing within a year of his own capable work, detracted appreciably from its fame. How unfair that Irving's offhand appreciation of Goldsmith should be solemnly reviewed side by side with his and Prior's scholarship! Yet this was done, and in such comparisons Irving invariably came off well. On the whole, critics preferred what Ellery Channing called "an agreeable repetition of Boswell, Johnson, and Company"<sup>18</sup> rather than the books to which it owed substantially its entire existence. Irving had brought out, the London *Critic* thought, "GOLDSMITH, the man, as he actually was,"<sup>19</sup> and the *Athenæum* even forgave him his Americanisms because of the beauty of the book as a personal portrait.<sup>20</sup> The foolish linking of the names of Goldsmith and Irving was partly responsible for this ill-advised admiration; in both England and America this thrice-bastard biography attained popularity, attested by its inclusion, within a year, in Routledge's popular shilling republications.<sup>21</sup> In spite of its sentiment, the verdict of *Graham's Magazine* for November, 1849, represented the general opinion throughout the remainder of this century concerning Irving's life of Goldsmith:

From no living person could we have expected a more delightful biography of Goldsmith than from Washington Irving, and, accordingly, we have one, written closer to the heart and brain of its subject, than any other in English literature. There are two biographies of Goldsmith with which it will naturally be compared, Prior's and John Forster's, both of them works of merit, but neither equal to Irving's in respect to felicity in conveying to the reader a living impression of Goldsmith's character and life; and of depositing his image softly in the mind, as an object of good-natured affection. . . . Irving is, in intellectual constitution, sufficiently like Goldsmith to comprehend him thoroughly, and his biography, therefore, has the truth and consistency of dramatic delineation, without any parade of knowledge or sentiment. With exquisite refinement of thought, and simplicity of narrative, it exhibits the gradual growth of Goldsmith's mind and disposition under the tutorship of experience, and so clear is the representation, that the dullest eye cannot miss seeing the essential features of the character, and the dullest heart admiring them.

Meanwhile, Irving's studies in Arabian history reached their culmination in 1850 in the two volumes, separately published, of *Mahomet and His Successors*, studies which had begun, as we know,

in Rich's library.<sup>22</sup> While at work on the *Columbus* and the *Granada* he had read Jean Gagnier's translation of Abul Feda; deep in this Arabian historian's account of the Prophet, he had envisaged a book on the rise and fall of Islam. He would place it first in his series of volumes on Arabian, Moorish, and Spanish themes! From the birth of Mahomet to the conquest of Mexico—such had been his dream. Within two years the *Columbus* and the *Granada* had become realities; in 1835 he had brought out refurbishings of his notes as "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," but by this very year his dream had faded, and it passed forever in his surrender to Prescott in 1839 of the epic of Mexico. As a matter of fact, by 1831 he had abandoned his more ambitious plan concerning Mahomet; he would never visit Africa, and he could not master Arabic. One notebook shows his pathetic beginnings in this subject.<sup>23</sup> In 1831 Murray had viewed a version without enthusiasm, and by the next year Irving's biography of Mahomet was already doomed to his portfolio of fag-ends, to be dragged out only in case of financial need.

From this time on, Irving vended his life of Mahomet as hack work. His opportunity came later through a newly awakened interest in the Prophet.<sup>24</sup> Though he made no allusion to it, he probably saw Carlyle's lecture on Mahomet, published in 1841. A fourth edition of Simon Ockley's *History of the Saracens* appeared in 1847; in the next year Irving returned to the revision of his own book. He was also familiar with Hammer-Purgstall's six volumes (1837-1838); and in 1844 he was excited about the publication of Gustav Weil's *Mohammed der Prophet*, writing eagerly to London in search of a translation.<sup>25</sup> It was, then, easy to return to Gagnier's two volumes, to Marigny, and to his own weather-beaten Conde. Thus, in principle, his attitude was precisely that held toward the rehabilitation of Goldsmith. With materials from these scholars he could reclothe his outline. Yet, in spite of his love of legend and the lore of the East, he was not stirred, as in writing the third version of the *Goldsmith*, by old affection. Both volumes became an arid recapitulation of second-hand sources.

In no book of Irving's is there so weary a distaste for control of source material or for those other principles which he had followed rigorously in some of his other historical writings. He avoided discussion of conflicting evidence; he almost entirely omitted documentation; in many parts of this book he even dispensed with his beloved process of "toning," admitting that he offered merely a digest of the originals. These reappear, accordingly, as lifeless, free

translations of English, French, and German versions of old Arabian chronicles. Volume I, which comprises about one third of the entire work, is concerned with the life story of Mahomet. Typical instances of Irving's dependence upon Gagnier may be found in his chapters on the Prophet's birth, on his journey to the Seventh Heaven, and on Mahomet's love of Mariyah. The passages on the dissensions in the harem are, like many others, in debt to Weil.<sup>26</sup> Chronology alone saves the second volume, dealing with the events from the death of Mahomet in 622 to the invasion of Spain in 710, from absurdity, so numerous and so unfused are the sources. To Ockley, Irving owed the narration of the more dramatic episodes, such as the sieges of Damascus and Baalbek; to Marigny such anecdotes as that of Khaled and Calotus; from Hammer-Purgstall he borrowed material for the expedition of the Moslems into Persia.<sup>27</sup> Some of the popular legends concerning Mahomet appear in all the sources, but it is often possible to trace Irving's version to these almost verbatim. The various materials from many books impinge on each other, without the careful assimilation evident in the *Columbus*.

Indeed, the subject of Mahomet would have been for Irving, even in his better years, baffling. Now he did not even attempt to discuss mooted problems concerning the Prophet. Theology, philosophy, and ethnology of the Arabs he avoided. Mahomet's death occurs at the conclusion of the smaller, first volume, and the remainder is a tiresome chronicle of battles and petty feuds. Even such drama, better enacted in *The Conquest of Granada*, is here halting, repetitious. The apology that "the author lays no claim to novelty of fact, nor profundity of research"<sup>28</sup> hardly excuses the dusty biographies of the twelve caliphs. In one mannerism only is the old Irving evident, his sly irony in the relation of the supernatural events. In his amusing recital, for example, of the timely revelations of the Koran during Mahomet's amours,<sup>29</sup> he is momentarily the Geoffrey Crayon of *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*.

Mahomet and Islam, at the time of Irving's book, were controversial topics; possibly his refreshing ignorance of doctrine insured *Mahomet and His Successors* its brief day. Instead of discussing Mahomet as an impostor, Irving merely enriched his story with a brocade of legend; his point of view was not didactic but that of the teller of old tales. For the easy-going reader this attitude of the good-natured, humorous observer was a blessing, "for," said the *North American Review*, "if we miss the imposing strength imparted by partisan bias or sectarian malignity, we are also pro-



tected from the prejudices which are so apt to cloud the vision of those who look at men and events with the mental eye ever so little inflamed."<sup>80</sup> Religious ardor was certainly not a fault of this new biography. Irving's *Mahomet* was just another narrative on Eastern themes. Inane as it was, *Mahomet and His Successors* was acclaimed as one of the few impartial lives of the Prophet. The American reviews were flattering, and the *Literary Gazette's* praise of the second volume summarized for a few years a general conviction about this hack work:

For variety, adventure, and characteristic traits of a singular people, and the wonderful imposition of a strange religion upon the world, it is hardly possible to imagine a more stirring narrative. The essence of Romance pervades the solid structure of History. . . . it is throughout redolent of the East.<sup>81</sup>

Irving's third publication of his last decade, *Wolfert's Roost* (1855), was denied the revision bestowed upon *Oliver Goldsmith*, it was a compilation of essays from the *Knickerbocker* and of other fragments. As early as 1847 he had admitted to Pierre he was revising old material,<sup>82</sup> which had been lying in his trunks, he said like rubbish; and, while writing the other two books, he had continued to play with these trivial papers. Yet he had no plan, and he did nothing until Putnam insisted; they were "enticed," said the publisher, from Irving's desk.<sup>83</sup> The first three essays of *Wolfert's Roost* Irving remodeled; but essentially these and the other sketches in the book differ little from those published in the magazine.<sup>84</sup>

Yet it is astonishing to discern the effect of uniting these trifles into a book. Such essays as "The Birds of Spring" or "The Field of Waterloo," in the *Knickerbocker* quite insignificant, here, with their comrades, Dutch, Spanish, and Southern reminiscences, have flavor, reminding us again of that form in which Washington Irving was skilled, the miscellany of essays. *Wolfert's Roost*, in fact, may even be defended as his best book since *The Alhambra*. Unrevised for the most part, it breathed forth on many pages, unlike the *Mahomet*, the spirit of Irving's youth, a fact pointed out by the critics.<sup>85</sup> It was a popular book, so popular and so praised that Irving on one occasion burst into tears, though he knew only too well the reason for its success. "It has," said Cozzens in *The Sparrowgrass Papers*, "bewitched everybody."<sup>86</sup> This thin book, this "garret-trumpery,"<sup>87</sup> as Irving himself described it to Mitchell seemed to some readers, especially to those in England, who did not know of the essays' previous appearances, a new *Sketch Book*

How much better, they thought, was this limpid writing than the repellent particles of Emerson's prose! <sup>38</sup> "Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.," they declared, "is *ridivivus* [*sic*]. . . . He gives us what are apparently relict odds and ends which missed insertion in the original Sketch-Book." <sup>39</sup> "There is," said the *Spectator*, "as much elegance of diction, as graceful a description of natural scenery, as grotesque an earnestness in diablerie, and as quiet but as telling a satiric humor, as when Geoffrey Crayon first came before the English world, nearly forty years ago." <sup>40</sup> Indeed, declared this critic of this book of Irving's old age, in some respects *Wolfert's Roost* showed improvement! <sup>41</sup>

Meanwhile, in 1851 Irving was "fully engaged on the life of Washington. A task which was commenced nine years ago but which has been repeatedly interrupted and laid aside." <sup>42</sup> He had, in fact, always realized the difficulties of this enduring ambition — the investigation of public and private documents, the collation with existent biographies, and the correspondence concerning details. Such obstacles had formed the basis of his refusal to Constable in 1825, when he had said of the project, "*I stand in too great awe of it.*" <sup>43</sup> But Sparks had spent the years between 1828 and 1838 upon just such researches, <sup>44</sup> and now his book was at hand, the very leaning post which an Irving required. Indeed, the analogy to Navarrete's aid in the life of Columbus is apparent; there is truth in the statement of Sparks's biographer that "Irving could no more have written his 'Life of Washington' without the aid of Sparks than he could have written his 'Columbus' without the help of Navarrete." <sup>45</sup>

Sparks's volumes, then, were Irving's chief sources, however much he was at pains to go behind them to the primary manuscripts; Sparks and Marshall were always beside him. His letter to his bookseller in 1841, when he first attacked the subject in earnest, reveals his debts. He asked for

two or three works that have been published on the subject, such as Paulding's *Life of Washington*. <sup>46</sup> Weems D<sup>o</sup> *Custis Memoir of M<sup>rs</sup> Washington*, published in the 1<sup>st</sup> vol of *American Portrait Gallery* — These and any other works relative to the matter (excepting Sparks & Marshall which I have) I would thank you to procure for me. <sup>47</sup>

With these borrowed bricks, then, he began to build, adorning, according to his habit, with incident and anecdote drawn from out-of-the-way places. Thus, he studied Washington's diary, but even in his long transcripts of this, with which he filled an entire note-

book,<sup>48</sup> one may detect the presence of Sparks. Sulgrave Manor, Mount Vernon, and Saratoga contributed their iotas of information, but could not alter the main fact of Irving's obligation to published books.

Once more, as in England and in Spain, he took what he needed from others, and once more, having passed it through the process of his own transforming style, he contented himself with perfunctory gratitude. The reader of Sparks will learn nothing essentially new from Irving's biography. This Irving confessed in private letters; <sup>49</sup> Sparks's remark to a friend is pertinent: "As," said the historian, "to the ample use he makes of 'Washington's Writings,' it will be obvious to you upon a slight inspection."<sup>50</sup> And, after such a comparison, Sparks's annoyance is comprehensible if we turn to Irving's easy acknowledgment:

I have also [said he] made frequent use of "Washington's Writings," as published by Mr. Sparks; a careful collation of many of them with the originals having convinced me of the general correctness of the collection, and of the safety with which it may be relied upon for historical purposes.<sup>51</sup>

Cavalier, indeed! Sparks's protest is too mild: "I think he might have given a more full account of that work in his preface, especially as he was to draw so largely from it."<sup>52</sup> Certainly, an earlier biographer of Sparks might well feel that Irving need hardly have left his library at Sunnyside to have written his life of Washington!<sup>53</sup>

This is, however, an exaggeration. If little credit can be given to Irving for his basic investigation, it is no less true that his industry and skill in the management of his source materials are visible in two other ways. The first of these is his ferreting out of those minor bits of history which by their very multiplicity created the impression of fresh knowledge and so enlivened his book. In such quests he was indefatigable, talking with antiquarians, visiting places associated with Washington, and writing to scholars—or to some spinster blessed with a scrap of gossip. A vast number of Irving's letters after his return from Spain deal solely with the tracking down of such obscure clues and indicate his eagerness to add even the most trivial fact to the standard data of other historians. Thus his correspondence with Benjamin Silliman in 1856 yielded him Governor Trumbull's journal of the siege of Yorktown.<sup>54</sup> Leslie forwarded him a note of Washington's, found in an old magazine.<sup>55</sup> His friendship with Winthrop secured him some

unusual stories.<sup>56</sup> Prescott, as a sequel to their interview of 1842, sent him anecdotes, notably that of Washington laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks.<sup>57</sup> William Duer gave him a little-known profile of the President; <sup>58</sup> and scores of other acquaintances loaned him letters, though he found that some of these had already been printed in other collections.<sup>59</sup> Grains of sand and grains of gold! But gradually, as the latter increased, they shone at intervals through the five volumes, brightening the narrative, for whose bed rock he had been dependent upon other writers.

This enrichment of his sources with special details is bound up in his other claim to our respect—namely, his simplicity. Weems had been grandiose; Custis was filial; Marshall was stately; and Sparks was too formal. In contrast to modern biographers, Irving himself seems grandiloquent, but, set beside his predecessors, his attitude was more informal, perhaps because he worked unsystematically. "Ah," he said, "don't talk to me of system: I never had any: you must go to Bancroft for that: I have, it is true, my little budgets of notes—some tied one way—some another—and which when I need, I think I come upon in my pigeon-holes—by a sort of instinct. That is all there is of it."<sup>60</sup> In fine, he was not a professional historian, but an essayist writing of a man whom he had long loved, much as he had loved Isabella I or Boabdil. This was, indeed, sentimental, but it was genuine. One has only to read the American writings published during Irving's boyhood to perceive how constantly Washington affected the thoughts of his countrymen. Such an influence had inspired Irving far more than his supposed loyalty to Goldsmith. He had been in awe of the subject, but he had never given it up. When, in 1832, he had turned to American themes, it had still been in his mind, and he had been aware of the exhortations of the magazines to write of Washington:

The strife [they urged] in which a half-armed and half-mutinuous body of militia—for such was the army of Washington—foiled the veteran and disciplined legions of Britain, and established a splendid republick, would make a work of several volumes—a work wherein he would be at home, and which could not be otherwise than welcome to the world.<sup>61</sup>

When he was America's representative in Spain, the newspapers still announced that he was at work upon this great subject.<sup>62</sup> So now he hoped to be accurate and complete, but most of all he wished to write of Washington as he had long known him in imagination.

Thus, toward his material, the known facts from other writers and his own picturesque gleanings, he maintained a persistent honesty. He would present Washington not as a marble statue but as a man, and this presentation should be in simple language.<sup>68</sup> Irving's talk of Washington as the "true pattern of sincerity, goodness, and benevolence"<sup>68</sup> is trying, as is his account of the General's fondness for Light-Horse Harry because he "was the son of his old sweetheart."<sup>68</sup> Yet the fact remains that he sincerely tried, without the chicanery of, say, his *Conquest of Granada*, to arrange, as he told Henry Tuckerman, "the facts in the most lucid order and place them in the most favourable light; without exaggeration or embellishment; trusting to their own characteristic value for effect."<sup>68</sup> Frederick Cozzens told him he had read parts of the book to his children. "Ah," exclaimed the old man, his face lighting up,

that's it: that is what I write it for. I want it so clear that anybody can understand it. I want the action to shine through the style. No style, indeed; no encumbrance of ornament; but I had a great deal of trouble to keep the different parts together, giving a little touch here and a little touch there, so that one part should not lag behind the other nor one part be more conspicuous than the other.<sup>67</sup>

Unevenness in this life of Washington is obvious. The last three volumes are disproportionate in structure, and they are hurried. They are, as one reader said, tired, like the septuagenarian who wrote them. Such adverse comments had worried him: "They expect," he said, "too much—too much."<sup>68</sup> The critics found, too, the inevitable errors of fact,<sup>69</sup> and Irving's anxiety to show the human traits of Washington made him err on the side of sentimentality.<sup>70</sup> Still another fault, detected by Sparks, marred the book's essential worth as a biography. Irving's rival at once observed the preponderance of background; asserted, in fact, that this was not a biography at all, but rather a history of the events of the age,<sup>71</sup> spiced with anecdotes about Washington. Moreover, what seemed a chastened style to Irving and to his contemporaries appears to us rhetorical. Washington, with Braddock, at Valley Forge, or in the White House, is still a careful actor on a deliberately painted stage. To-day this biography of Washington is but a name; its manuscript, separated into a thousand leaves and found in the hands of collectors, seems to mock the efforts of Irving to immortalize his memories of a man who had once kissed and blessed him.<sup>72</sup>

Yet he had attained his immediate goal. For a long period the life

of Washington held its place as the first human study of the soldier president. After the first and second volumes (both in 1855), tributes to the very qualities of composition for which he had striven poured into his study at Sunnyside, to encourage him in "a time of painful doubt and self distrust,"<sup>78</sup> and to mitigate such judgments as those of the *Westminster Review*:

It reads like a succession of events rather than of *actions*; and the functions of the historian, in separating the accidental from the essential, in bringing out the character, the living will, mind, and energy of the men engaged in the work, are imperfectly visible. We find rather material for a history of the war, than a biography of the greatest man who has appeared in this world since Oliver Cromwell.<sup>79</sup>

Irving was, in a sense, a forerunner of the "modern" biographer. Like him, he used others' researches; like him, he acknowledged obligations sketchily; like him, his aims were pictorial, literary, and, with limitations, psychological. In his prefaces to the lives of Columbus, Goldsmith, Mahomet, and Washington is often stated an ideal for biography which, if not realized with the technical skill of to-day, nevertheless links Irving with the imaginative creative writers of our own time. In any case, the simplicity of his style, which seems to us perilously like *naïveté*, his descriptive power, as in the depiction of Washington's life in colonial days, and his fluency of narration won, by their contrast to the earlier, official, elegant lives of Washington,<sup>78</sup> plaudits which were silenced only years afterwards by the more scientific, sophisticated school of biography. Abridged for school use,<sup>79</sup> quoted at patriotic assemblies, blessed by the *North American Review*,<sup>77</sup> marked out as the last work of America's first eminent author, discussed by scholars,<sup>78</sup> the five volumes stood for thirty years on the shelves, beside the life of Columbus, as the layman's biography of George Washington.<sup>79</sup>

## CHAPTER XXVII

### DECLINE AND DEATH

1856-1859

LIKE MOST human beings, Irving had been wont to dismiss the possibility of living in health longer than seventy years.<sup>1</sup> More than insensitive men, he had always been aware of the solemn, relentless march of Time. Even in the gay days of Cockloft Hall he had watched the hourglass; in his middle years he had yielded to melancholy, in his private journal, over the fact, so commonplace, so devastating, of our mortality; and now, almost with surprise, he found himself not unlike one of those kindly, wise old men who appear in the pages of his books.<sup>2</sup> He suffered, however, more than they. While creating Squire Bracebridge or other genial patriarchs, he himself had not visualized the ills that now beset him: the failing breath, the intense nervousness, the horror of the moment when he first learned of his weakening heart.<sup>3</sup> Here was no play with idealized characters. He himself was treading the familiar yet unfamiliar road into the Unknown.

This fact he faced bravely, even humorously, except for his collapse of nerves during the last months of 1859. He was too sensible not to be thankful for his blessed escape from the other evils of senility. Those two burdens which he had dreaded since the age of sixty, neglect and loneliness, were never his; nor was he ever, in spite of his improvident life, an unwelcome care to others.<sup>4</sup> Protected by his nieces and by Pierre Irving, enlivened by the throngs of guests at Sunnyside, and braced by a last battle with his pen and beloved, clear sheet of paper, he went down, as he had determined, "with all sail set."<sup>5</sup> His deliberate preparations for the last event he made with dignity,<sup>6</sup> writing his will<sup>7</sup> and choosing his resting place beside his mother.<sup>8</sup>

He had never been a deeply religious man; the posthumous stories of his fervid piety are based chiefly on his practical devotion, during the last decade of his life, to the church in Tarrytown, and



*Washington Irving*

*daguerre Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> 1851*

WASHINGTON IRVING

After a portrait by Charles Martin. c. 1850



WASHINGTON IRVING

From Brady's National Portrait Gallery,  
New York City, c. 1855





upon nothing more.<sup>9</sup> He became a warden of Christ Church, a member of its finance committee, a delegate to national diocesan conventions, and a regular communicant.<sup>10</sup> His indifference had changed to acquiescence; he now accepted gently the comforts of religion. That was all. There is no evidence of spiritual rebirth. Though he wept at the picture of "Christus Consolator";<sup>11</sup> though he walked or rode, almost to the end, the two miles, each way, to Doctor Creighton's church; though he quoted from his remarkable knowledge of the Scriptures, with memories of Deacon Irving; though he attended vestry meetings regularly; still, there is no proof that orthodox religion was more essential for his approaching journey than for the time when he had turned away from the evangelical Fosters. Then and throughout his life, his days had never seemed incomplete if prayers and sacred music were lacking.<sup>12</sup> He was now, among the other communicants of Christ Church, "their beloved friend and most efficient associate,"<sup>13</sup> but presumably he thought his simple code of goodness enough. The Sabbath peace of the country church, the beauty of the liturgy, the "religion of the heart," in the diction of his era—such moods comforted his latter years. Incidentally, like many Americans of his day, he was curious about spiritualism. He was interested in Hume, "the well known rapping medium,"<sup>14</sup> and there are some odd records among his papers of amateur séances at Sunnyside. One, dated April 28, 1858, reads, in part:

- Q. Have you still the powers of sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell—as on earth—
- A. All these we have more acute than ever, but they are not like the mortal organs—
- Q. In what light do you regard Jesus? <sup>15</sup>

Toward the supernatural he had never been able to maintain a final skepticism, but as he thought of that weird, ineffectual tryst long ago with poor Hall on the *tablada* of Seville,<sup>16</sup> he shook his head. Later, in his suffering, he was wont to exclaim: "What is Life—what is my Life—where will this end?"<sup>17</sup> Yet it is unlikely that he held even now convictions about celestial guidance. It might be so; he did not know. That matter-of-fact strain in him had invariably concluded his unearthly legends with a good-natured smile, and it was apt to be so now when his mind tried to penetrate the darkness ahead. He held to his natural, uninspired philosophy. He would not shock his nieces by playing whist on Sunday; he let himself go in a flash of anger at a nephew who had

suggested to him a dishonorable action;<sup>18</sup> he conformed, as he always had, to the ethics of his environment. He would not have cared, I believe, for the imminent eulogies on his immortal soul.<sup>19</sup> As for death, he strove to view it sanely. "I am getting ready to go," he said simply, "I am shutting up my doors and windows."<sup>20</sup>

In this mood of peace, dominant when he was not wrestling with the last volumes of his biography, some of his last letters are very beautiful, breathing a sincere, happy spirit. The substance of the following passages he repeated many times, as in these words to Sarah as he neared his seventieth birthday :

I come of age—of full age—70 years; I never could have hoped at such an advanced period of life to be in such full health, such activity of mind and body and such capacity for enjoyment as I find myself at present. But I have reached the allotted limit of existence—all beyond is special indulgence. As long as I can retain my present health and spirits I am happy to live, for I think my life is important to the happiness of others—but as soon as my life becomes useless to others and joyless to myself I hope I may be relieved from the burthen and I shall lay it down with heartfelt thanks to that almighty power which has guided my incautious steps through so many uncertain and dangerous ways and enabled me to close my career in security and peace, surrounded by my family and friends, in the little home I have formed for myself, among the scenes of my boyhood.<sup>21</sup>

Or, one week later, to his friend Winthrop :

As to myself, to echo your own words I am "safely at Sunnyside and in the best of health" The shadows of departed years, however, are gathering over me, for yesterday I celebrated my seventieth birth day. Seventy years of age! I can scarcely realize that I have indeed arrived at the allotted verge of existence, beyond which all is special grace and indulgence. I used to think that a man at seventy must have survived every thing worth living for. That with him the silver cord must be loosed—the wheel broken at the cistern—that all desire must fail and the grass hopper become a burden yet here I find myself unconscious of the withering influences of age—still strong and active—my sensibilities alive and my social affections in full vigor

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long!"<sup>22</sup>

While it does keep in tune—while I have still a little music in my soul to be called out by any touch of sympathy—while I can enjoy the society of those dear to me, and contribute, as they tell I can, to their enjoyment I am content and happy to live on. But I have it ever pres-

ent to my mind that the measure of my days is full and running over — and I feel ready at any moment to lay down this remnant of existence with a thankful heart that my erratic and precarious career has been brought to so serene a close among the scenes of my youth and surrounded by those I love.<sup>25</sup>

And, indeed, from those he loved, he was now seldom separated. The business depression of 1858 did not greatly affect his affairs,<sup>24</sup> and he rarely visited New York except for an evening at the theater or for a few official tasks, such as service on the boards of the Astor Library or of Central Park.<sup>25</sup> He gave up travel, declining without a pang an invitation from Kennedy for a last holiday together.<sup>26</sup> He merely stayed on in the book-strewn den or in the garden. Here, to visit him, came Kemble, last of the lads of Cockloft Hall, Frederick Cozzens, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward Everett Hale, John Esten Cooke, and tall Nat Willis.<sup>27</sup> The younger pilgrims viewed him with the reverent curiosity due such a survivor of a past generation. Some of the older visitors still remembered him in Paris, smart in silk hose and bright waistcoat, and noted the contrast in the old gentleman who now received them in "old fashioned black summer dress, with 'pumps' and white stockings, and a broad Panama hat."<sup>28</sup> He came briskly down the stairs to the study, about his shoulders his Scottish shawl, and talked cheerfully to them in his throaty voice of whomever they chose — Tom Moore or Mateo Ximénez.

He read little except innocuous fiction<sup>29</sup> and, occasionally, the "new writers," who were to supplant him. He dipped curiously into Poe and James Gates Percival, admiring and almost comprehending the intensities of these two poets, whose eccentricities were now so famous and whose reputations had threatened at times to devour his own.<sup>30</sup> Poe's would continue to do so, but now both were dead, while he, "the patriarch of American literature,"<sup>31</sup> still lingered on. So he mused, with the pleasure of his bygone generation, over Joseph Rodman Drake's *The Culpit Fay*.<sup>32</sup> "I read," he declared, ". . . among the friends of my youth."<sup>33</sup> He hardly knew what to make of these younger geniuses, with their *Ravens*<sup>34</sup> and *Scarlet Letters*; and he fell to discussing Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt, and even to praising *The Deerslayer*, which he was rereading, and the beauties of Cooper's character Mabel, in *The Pathfinder*. In England, he was told, there were new poets. But Browning was incomprehensible,<sup>35</sup> and here was *In Memoriam*, "about which,"

he puzzled, "they say so much!" He could not finish it or *Idylls of the King*. Pierre declaimed to him of Tennyson's Geraint:

And bared the knotted column of his throat . . .

but was interrupted. "Now all this to me," cried the old man, "is beastly—a perfectly animal picture—it may be pretty, but it is very offensive to me."<sup>88</sup>

No, he preferred to quote softly the poets of his boyhood, or to ruminate aloud to his guests on his juvenile passion for verse. Let the transcriptions in his notebooks bear witness! During the days of *The Sketch Book* he had loved literature! Then he had not yet turned hack writer! Now, especially in this last year, when his mind was quickened by fever, he recited with such feeling that his listeners wept:

Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;  
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,  
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.<sup>89</sup>

The truth of the first lines in Gray's poem he had certainly known; now he was assured as to the last. Yet there was pleasure, far more than in reading this strange fellow Poe, in living again in these books of the past. He sang the ballad of Lowe, which Sister Ann had crooned to him in childhood,<sup>90</sup> or, as the horror of the last, lonely nights overtook him, he repeated the scene in the aisle of the temple, from *The Mourning Bride*:

Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice  
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear  
Thy voice—My own affrights me with its echoes.<sup>91</sup>

Such moods came in the final year, when he could not enter his chamber, tormented by a hallucination that he must first write a gigantic book.<sup>92</sup> Yet his recollections were more often sunny, welling up in quotation from Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, and Moore and in reminiscences of the events which we have lived through in the pages of this biography.<sup>93</sup> With artful mimicry he talked to Duyckinck of Pasta and Sarah Siddons;<sup>94</sup> he was proud of his encyclopedic knowledge of the nineteenth-century stage. Before his select audiences he reproduced the lofty style of Hodgkinson, satirized long ago in the *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.*; and

he reenacted thrilling moments in the plays of Cooke and the Kembles.<sup>43</sup> There he sat, a withered old gentleman,<sup>44</sup> so he kept saying, but his auditors perceived how much Time had given for what he had cruelly seized<sup>45</sup> — that sweetness which belongs to old men who have loved life. He talked to them of Rogers,<sup>46</sup> and his voice shook with emotion as he tried to read aloud the letters of Allston.<sup>47</sup> Humorously, he recalled Musso, his early hero, eating his last dish of *ravioli* before his execution in Genoa.<sup>48</sup> He made them hear Moore sing in that thin, melodious voice; or let them stand on the bare hills above the Tweed. Here was his master, Scott, in brown pantaloons, greenish frock coat, white hat, and stick, mumbling some bit of minstrelsy.<sup>49</sup> It was natural that visitors crowded the den at Sunnyside. Benjamin Silliman, eminent scientist, could not contain himself for pleasure there.<sup>50</sup> And for the inner circle there were poured out more intimate memories, of the Alhambra, fragrant with orange blossoms;<sup>51</sup> of Wilkie, sketching him as he bent over a manuscript in Seville;<sup>52</sup> of Emily Foster, who had just written him for the last time.<sup>53</sup> What of Matilda? She, too, was present in these reveries.<sup>54</sup>

Such were Irving's hours of leisure. But there were other hours in these three years when he gave himself unreservedly to what he grimly called his "favorite author";<sup>55</sup> he meant the unfinished life of Washington. The sentimental moments with visitors he earned dearly. We take leave of "the idler," torn to the very last by intense labor. Irving as Nestor, recounting past battles, represents but the fringe of these concluding years. Once snared by a worthy literary project, he had never been a drone, and it was so now. There is even glory about this last battle with his pen; he was indeed to end his life with "sail set," as he had wished. His present struggle reminds us of his push to end the *Columbus* in 1827, except that the race was now not with poverty, but with death. His table groaned with unanswered letters<sup>56</sup> and with proof sheets and copy to be revised by Pierre. Drudging over these, he clung to his purpose. His goal was not additional reputation, of which he said he had had enough,<sup>57</sup> but a sense of completeness — of closing the windows. To an author, he had often said, a last book seems the most important, while posterity invariably judges otherwise. But finish it, good or bad, he must. Sometimes he seemed in fancy to see Diedrich Knickerbocker rising up in judgment against him, crying in his own words of half a century earlier, "Is not time — relentless time! — shaking with palsied hand, his almost exhausted hour glass before thee? — hasten then to pursue thy weary task,

lest the last sands be run, ere thou hast finished thy renowned history." <sup>58</sup>

From the early months of 1855, when the first volume of the *Life of George Washington* appeared, he had realized that he was committed to at least four volumes and that a biography left unfinished because of his death would defeat his life-long purpose. "I must weave," he said of the book, "my web, and then die." <sup>59</sup> At first he had been sustained by his love of the subject. As early as October 5, 1855, he had been retouching the Battle of White Plains, in the second volume. "I live only," he cried, "in the Revolution." <sup>60</sup> Fascinated by Washington's contemporaries, such as Lee, he became absorbed still more in the character of Washington himself. The second volume appeared in December, 1855, and almost before a copy had reached him, he had attacked the third. But now, in 1856 and 1857, the pressure of his tremendous task began to wear him down. He fought always with the haunting fear that he could not finish. "Something will happen to me," he said dejectedly, pointing to his head. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "these letters—these letters! They tear my mind from me in slips and ribbons." <sup>61</sup> Yet somehow, in July, 1856, he had given the world the third volume.

The thought of two more volumes filled him with terror, but he was encouraged by the enthusiasm of the reviews and by the bravos of such writers as Bancroft, Motley, Prescott, and C. C. Felton. <sup>62</sup> May, 1857, and Volume IV! Yet the weary runner had not reached the tape. Now he was ill—"spell bound," <sup>63</sup> taking the manuscript of the fifth volume to pieces and unable to put them together again. In the daytime a terrible catarrh and asthma assailed him; at night he found it impossible to sleep, and, sometimes, to breathe. Pierre was busy for many hours each day, revising and condensing, and once he discovered that the historian had omitted an entire chapter. <sup>64</sup> Toward the end of 1858, Irving was tortured by a frightful nervousness, which was to persist at intervals until the end. He did not, he said, fear death, but, oh, that "haunted chamber" of his, to which each night he must retire, seemingly so far from Pierre and the nieces! <sup>65</sup> Sometimes he gave over the day's stint to Pierre; sometimes he forced himself to recopy a page; sometimes he broke off in the midst of writing, quoting poetry, often the lines from *Othello*:

Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world. . . .

It was a pitiful, courageous farewell. In January, 1859, Pierre sent off the first three chapters of Volume V to the press. In February, two hundred pages were in print. At last, on March 15, 1859, eight months before his death, he handed to Pierre in the study the last chapter, sent the pen to a friend, and sank exhausted on the red sofa.<sup>66</sup> He had won.

Immediately his "poor, tattered nerves"<sup>67</sup> demanded their price. He was sleepless, haggard, ghastly in appearance.<sup>68</sup> Indeed, the year 1859 was an agony. "Ah," he cried, "I have got to the dregs and must take them."<sup>69</sup> In spite of the diversions planned by the nieces, his one longing was to die: "Misery — misery — misery — Will this never come to an end?"<sup>70</sup> Or he called out: "Good God! what shall I do — how shall I get through this day — What is to become of me?"<sup>71</sup> He left the celebration of his seventy-sixth birthday (April 3, 1859) in a paroxysm of coughing while the family wept.<sup>72</sup>

Perhaps we need such details to understand how great was "the resolution with which he fought off the 'last enemy.'"<sup>73</sup> For, in spite of such lapses, he was often cheerful. Silent on the porch, or in the evening watching the sunsets across the Hudson, memories returned to him in full force, so vividly that they seemed like those mirages he had beheld at sea: he was once more with Preston,<sup>74</sup> walking on through the sweet silence of the Highlands, or at breakfast with Rogers, Moore, and Crabbe. He was waiting for his release, thinking often of his solemn compact with Hall,<sup>75</sup> and always watching the quiet flow of the river. On October 31, Kennedy called, and took leave of him with a heavy heart.<sup>76</sup> On November 28 he walked about the grounds, and in the evening, after the game of whist and a reading in Page's history of the Paraguay expedition,<sup>77</sup> he kissed his loved ones good night. Upstairs Sarah Irving,<sup>78</sup> almost as dear to him now as that other Sarah, who had been unable to come to him, stood beside him in the bedroom. He said quietly: "*You cannot tell how I have suffered!*"<sup>79</sup> Then he added, as if to himself: "*When will this ever end?*"<sup>80</sup> As if in answer to his question, he sobbed once or twice in a brief anguish, and with hand pressed to his side, sank to the floor. Washington Irving's life was over.<sup>81</sup>





## APPENDIX I

### THE IRVING GENEALOGY

#### NOTE

THIS Genealogy, based upon fresh research in England and America, offers new facts concerning the ancestry and descendants of the Irving family, but does not pretend to historical completeness. It has been compiled and condensed, partly from original manuscripts but also from many scattered secondary sources; it is designed as a guide not for the genealogist, but for the student of Irving and for the reader of this biography. The names in Tables III and IV are, for the most part, those of persons who appear in Irving's letters and who were, therefore, in greater or less degree, connected with his life between the years 1783 and 1859.

Tables I and II have been arranged on the basis of the material discussed in this Appendix (pp. 244-249). The sources of Table III are the Family Bible, at Sunnyside, whose records are meager and occasionally inaccurate, Irving's correspondence, and supplementary data furnished by living descendants of this first American generation of Irvings. Tables IV and V, concerned with the second and third generations, do not aim to trace the modern descendants of the children of William Irving (1731-1807), but merely to indicate the various surviving branches of the family. Information from such descendants, used in Tables III, IV, and V, is sometimes contradictory. Probably a few errors have resulted, but these records should, on the whole, enable the reader to perceive the growth of the family which William Irving founded in America in the year 1763.

Acknowledgments for aid in the compilation of this Genealogy are included in the notes to the Genealogy and in the Preface of the biography. A few dates have been derived from the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, at Tarrytown.

S. T. W.

#### DERIVATION

The name Irving or Irvine (for different forms of the name see the following section) is taken from the Irvine river; "by far the largest

clan of the name were settled around the Dumfriesshire Irvine."<sup>1</sup> A tradition exists in the family, apparently unsupported by etymologists, that the name is of Latin origin, and that the family was founded by a Roman captain called Paulus Irvinus stationed in the region of the Roman Wall in Liddesdale or Cumberland.<sup>2</sup> This story is valuable only because of its acceptance of the antiquity of the Irving family. The etymology of the name points to a Gaelic or Welsh origin. The town in Ayrshire, as well as the family, derived its name from the river.<sup>3</sup>

The following theories have interest and varying degrees of probability. These are submitted without attempting to solve finally this difficult problem. Dr. Alexander McBain seems to have accepted the derivation which is given without reserve by Johnston,<sup>4</sup> of Gaelic *iar*, west, + *abhuinn* (Welsh *afon*), river. Harrison, however, thinks the first element unconvincing, since the form *Orewin*, occurring in A.D. 1295, points to a connection with the Gaelic and Irish *odhar* (*dh* as *h*), dun, brown; the other ancient forms Earwine, Irewin, Irvin, and Yrewen (12th cent.) being oblique. Joyce<sup>5</sup> gives this etymology for the names of the rivers Ire and Nier (n-ler). Harrison thinks it possible, since the river Irvine is in the Strathclyde region, that the name was Old Welsh (*afon*) *erwyn*—*er* (intensive prefix) + (*g*)*wyn*—white (river). We should note, in particular, the opinions of the two following authorities. W. C. Mackenzie says: "The prefix in IRVINE (1140, Yrewen; c. 1230, Irvin), may perhaps be compared with W. *yr*, green, and the suffix with W. *afon*."<sup>6</sup> W. J. Watson writes: "The Irvine in Ayrshire, Yrewyn, 1258 (Bain's Cal.), Irwyn, 1296 *ib.*, is probably the same as Irfon in Cardigan."<sup>7</sup>

The name Irvine is confused by some historians with the English name Irwin, or Erwin, which has a different etymology.<sup>8</sup>

#### FORMS

In addition to the forms mentioned above, many different spellings of the name occur. Dr. Christopher Irvine, historiographer of Charles II and author of a manuscript history of the Irvine family, believed that the original spelling was Erinveine, and that this was contracted to Eryvein, Erivine, and Irvine, although "some of the foolish write them-

<sup>1</sup> W. F. Irvine, F.S.A., quoted in Henry Harrison, *Surnames of the United Kingdom* (London, 1912-1918).

<sup>2</sup> Cf. William Brockie, "Washington Irving's Ancestors," *Historical Magazine*, July, 1870, p. 53.

<sup>3</sup> J. B. Johnston, *Place-Names of Scotland* (2d ed., Edinburgh, 1903), p. 167.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> P. W. Joyce, *The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places* (London, 1898-1913), II, 286-287.

<sup>6</sup> W. C. Mackenzie, *Scottish Place-Names* (London, 1931), p. 108.

<sup>7</sup> W. J. Watson, *The History of the Celtic Place-Names of Scotland* (Edinburgh and London, 1926), p. 430.

<sup>8</sup> Henry Harrison, *op. cit.*

selves Irving."<sup>9</sup> Other variations found in early records are Irvin, Irwyn, and Erwyne. The first cadet of the Irvings of Drum, who fled or was exiled to the Orkneys about 1369, was apparently called William de Ervin and Sir William Irvine. His father, the armor-bearer of Robert Bruce, is mentioned in two grants, a year apart, as William de Irwin and William De Irwyn.<sup>10</sup>

#### PLACE IN SCOTTISH HISTORY

The Irvings are included in Sir David Lindsay's enumeration of the Scottish Border clans:

Adieu all thieves —  
Taylors, Eurewings, and Ellwands,  
Speedy of foot and light of hands.<sup>11</sup>

Robertson's *History of Scotland*<sup>12</sup> mentions them among the clans who joined James I in his expedition into the Highlands, having united with the Keiths, Leslies, Forbeses, and others in their enmity against Huntly and Errol. Besides marriages with these families, they made others with the clans of Abernethy, Ogilvie, Douglas, and Dundas.<sup>13</sup> From these alliances have sprung the Irvine families of King Caussie, Cutts, Glassil, Easterclane, Cornyhaugh, Murthil, and Astainford, in the northeast of Scotland.<sup>14</sup>

Another indication of the early activities of the Irvings comes from the description of the Kennedy clans which says, "And some kept the border in hot water; and some fought the Irvings." This quotation was brought to Washington Irving's attention by his friend John Pendleton Kennedy.<sup>15</sup>

Geographically, the Irvings became, at a very early time, widely scattered throughout the British Isles. They were identified with the southwestern Scottish march,<sup>16</sup> with the northeastern counties of Scotland<sup>17</sup> through a branch which settled in the North, and, from the late four-

<sup>9</sup> "The original family of Irvines, or Erivines, written by Christopher Irvine, M.A., State Physician and History-grapher to his majesty, King Charles the Second, in Scotland, and gent to his brother Sir Gerard Irvine, Bart., of Castle Irvine in the Kingdom of Ireland, in the year 1660." Cited in Robert Bolton, *The History of the Several Towns, Manors, and Patents of the County of Westchester, from Its First Settlement to the Present Time* (New York, 1881), I, 290-291.

<sup>10</sup> P.M.I., I, 14.

<sup>11</sup> So quoted by Brockie, *op. cit.* The version in the Bannatyne MS., II, 3064-3066, is:

"Adew all theivis that me belangis,  
Tailzeouris, Erewynis, and Elwandis,  
Speidy of feit and slicht of handis."

Cf. *The Works of Sir David Lindsay* . . . , ed. Douglas Hamer (Publications of the Scottish Text Society, Third Series, Edinburgh and London, 1931), II, 358.

<sup>12</sup> William Robertson, *The History of Scotland* . . . (London, 1759), II, 188.

<sup>13</sup> Bolton, *op. cit.*, I, 291.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>15</sup> E. M. Gwathmey, *John Pendleton Kennedy* (New York, 1931), pp. 16-17.

<sup>16</sup> Brockie, *op. cit.*

<sup>17</sup> Bolton, *op. cit.*, I, 291.

teenth century on, they were known as one of the few families holding large estates in the Orkney Islands.<sup>18</sup> The history of the family, its branches, and its most celebrated members, has been compiled by Sir John Beaufin Irving<sup>19</sup> and by Lucinda Boyd.<sup>20</sup> Among the Irish members of the family may be mentioned Dr. Christopher Irvine, State Physician and Historiographer to Charles II, and the Rt. Hon. General Sir John Irvine, Commander-in-Chief of the King's forces in Ireland in 1779.<sup>21</sup> The actor, Sir Henry Irving, adopted the name for use on the stage.<sup>22</sup>

#### THE IRVINGS OF BONSHAW

Bolton says: "From this manuscript [Dr. Christopher Irvine's] it appears that the oldest branch of the family styled the 'Irvines of Bonshaw,' were settled on the banks of the river Eshe."<sup>23</sup> Here they lived for many generations, and may be regarded as the parent stock of the present Irving family. In 1306 the head of the family, the earliest ancestor of whom we have reliable records, was William Irving.<sup>24</sup> His house, situated in Bruce's lordship of Annandale, is described fully by Sir John Beaufin Irving.<sup>25</sup> According to a legend in the Irving family, Bruce took refuge here after his escape from Edward I, in 1306.<sup>26</sup> On the tenth of February he had killed John Comyn in Dumfries, and made his way to the castle of Lochmaben, where he collected his adherents before proceeding to Glasgow and to Scone, where he was crowned by the Bishop of St. Andrews on the twenty-seventh of March.<sup>27</sup> It must have been on this journey that Bruce sought refuge with the Irvings, was secreted for some time, and took with him, on his departure, a son of the family as a companion,<sup>28</sup> armor-bearer, and secretary. William De Irwyn may

<sup>18</sup> John Sinclair, *The Orkney Parishes . . .* (Kirkwall, 1927), pp. 88, 350-352.

<sup>19</sup> J. B. Irving, *The Irvings, Irwins, Irvines, or Erinvaines . . .* (Aberdeen, 1907).

<sup>20</sup> Lucinda Boyd, *The Irvines and Their Kin* (Chicago, 1908).

<sup>21</sup> Bolton, *op. cit.*, I, 290-291.

<sup>22</sup> *Dictionary of National Biography*, 2d supplement (New York, 1912), II, 347.

<sup>23</sup> Bolton, *op. cit.*, I, 291. See also J. B. Irving, *op. cit.*, pp. 182-184.

<sup>24</sup> J. B. Irving, *op. cit.*, pp. 182-184.

<sup>25</sup> *op. cit.* In 1842 the ruins were still standing. Cf. P.M.I., I, 15. Washington Irving's interest in these ancestors is revealed in many letters, and, in particular, in his long description of P. P. Irving's visit to Shapinsha, where the latter inspected the house of William Irving. Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, October 27, 1856 (Y.). See the Genealogy by P. M. Irving (A. Duer Irving, New York City).

<sup>26</sup> P.M.I., I, 15. Cf. Alexander Nisbet, *A System of Heraldry . . .*, II (Edinburgh, 1742), Appendix 69.

<sup>27</sup> *Dictionary of National Biography . . .* (London, 1886), VII, 120.

<sup>28</sup> Bolton, *op. cit.*, I, 291, says that the eldest son of the Irvings of Bonshaw had been knighted by Bruce in 1296, and was later endowed with the lands of Drum; John Beaufin Irving, *op. cit.*, pp. 182-184, says that the founder of the Drum branch was the second son of the Bonshaw family. This seems more probable, and is supported by Douglas Wimberly, in *A Short Account of the Family of Irvine of Drum . . .* (Inverness, 1893), p. 1.

have been in the service of Bruce before his escape from Edward,<sup>29</sup> and it has been conjectured that he may have been the clerk mentioned in Barbour's poem *The Bruce*. Barbour wrote a half century after the events, but wove many historically accurate details into his poem.<sup>30</sup> After 1306, at any rate, William De Irwyn accompanied Bruce, was with him at the time of his defeat at Methven in June, 1306,<sup>31</sup> and is supposed to have been one of the seven companions who lay, with Bruce, hidden in a copse of holly while their pursuers passed by.<sup>32</sup> In memory of this escape, Bruce adopted the badge bearing three holly leaves, and the motto *Sub sole sub umbra virens*, which he later gave to William De Irwyn.<sup>33</sup> Mariota, the daughter of Sir Robert Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland, became the wife of this William De Irwyn, or Sir William Irvine;<sup>34</sup> her mother was Margaret Hay, daughter of Gilbert Hay, Lord Hay, first Constable of that family.<sup>35</sup> In 1323<sup>36</sup> or 1324<sup>37</sup> (the deed is dated 1324) Bruce gave to his "beloved and faithful William De Irwyn" the lands of Drum in free barony.<sup>38</sup> The castle of Drum, which in 1881 was still inhabited by lineal descendants of the Irving family, is about ten miles from Aberdeen, near the river Dee,<sup>39</sup> and "has some claim to the distinction of being the oldest inhabited dwelling in Scotland."<sup>40</sup> William De Irwyn possessed, within the barony, the right to hold courts, and complete power over serfs and bondsmen.<sup>41</sup>

The Irvines of Drum became one of the most substantial families of Scotland.<sup>42</sup> Sir Thomas De Irwyn, the elder son of the first head of the estate, is mentioned among the barons in Parliament in 1369.<sup>43</sup> In the same year, according to Lucinda Boyd, the second son, William, was living at Kirkwall in the Orkneys.<sup>44</sup>

<sup>29</sup> P.M.I., I, 15.

<sup>30</sup> See J. T. T. Brown, *The Wallace and The Bruce Restudied* (Bonn, 1900); *Dictionary of National Biography*, VII, 128.

<sup>31</sup> P.M.I., I, 15.

<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.* Nisbet, *op. cit.*, II, Appendix, 69, says that the holly leaves and motto were given "to this William Drum's Predecessor."

<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>35</sup> Bolton, *op. cit.*, I, 291.

<sup>36</sup> J. B. Irving, *op. cit.*, pp. 182-184.

<sup>37</sup> P.M.I., I, 16.

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.* The date 1306, given in *Irv.*, p. xli, is obviously incorrect.

<sup>39</sup> Bolton, *op. cit.*, I, 291.

<sup>40</sup> P.M.I., I, 16; *Irv.*, p. xlii.

<sup>41</sup> P.M.I., I, 16.

<sup>42</sup> J. B. Irving, *op. cit.*, pp. 182-184; *Irv.*, p. xli; Bolton, *op. cit.*, I, 291.

<sup>43</sup> Boyd, *op. cit.*, p. 128. One of his descendants was commemorated in *The Battle of Harlaw*, ll. 217-218:

"Gude Sir Alexxander Irvine,  
The much renownit Laird of Drum."

Cf. Henry Harrison, *op. cit.*

<sup>44</sup> Boyd, *op. cit.*, p. 128. See also J. S. Clouston, *Records of the Earldom of Orkney, 1299-1614* (Edinburgh, 1914), p. 454.

## THE ORKNEY IRVINES

Scottish immigration into Orkney had begun about 1230.<sup>46</sup> During the next century it was a refuge or a place of exile for Scotsmen whose security was destroyed by the civil wars.<sup>46</sup> The reason for the emigration of William Irvine, the earliest cadet of Drum,<sup>47</sup> is not known; he is said to have fled, to have been exiled, and to have gone under the patronage of the crown according to the custom of the second sons of Scottish houses.<sup>48</sup> In 1369, however, the records of Orkney show that he held the office of arbiter.<sup>49</sup> His descendants in 1438 owned the estate of Quholme<sup>50</sup> in Shapinsha, which is still in the possession of the Irving family.<sup>51</sup>

In 1369 the Orkneys were still owned by the Danish-Norwegian crown,<sup>52</sup> and were ruled by the Norwegian earl Magnus V.<sup>53</sup> Almost nothing is known about the people, their customs, or the conditions of their life,<sup>54</sup> but the records of relationship and property are unusually complete because of the *udal* (or *odal*) laws of the region. These required the partition of property equally among sons and daughters of the owner, a practice which led to the statement of names and of the relationship of all inheritors to the owner.<sup>55</sup> The documents of the Irving family bear the seal of the family of Drum, "three holly leaves slipped in fess";<sup>56</sup> many unpublished documents, nearly all discharges from one Irving to another, are to be found in the Record Room at Kirkwall.<sup>57</sup>

It is certain that the Irvings were among the Scottish families who acquired estates in the Orkneys by marriage with native heiresses; other such families were the Cromartys and the Tullochs.<sup>58</sup> The Orkney branch of the Irvings, therefore, was at least half Norse.<sup>59</sup>

The Irvings were among the few families who owned almost all of

<sup>46</sup> J. G. F. M. Heddle and T. Mainland, *Orkney and Shetland* (Cambridge, 1920), p. 35.

<sup>46</sup> W. Smith, *The Highlands and Islands of Scotland . . .* (London, 1907), pp. 197, 211.

<sup>47</sup> Boyd, *op. cit.*, p. 128.

<sup>48</sup> *Irv.*, p. xli; P.M.I., I, 17.

<sup>49</sup> Clouston, *Records of the Earldom of Orkney . . .*, p. 454.

<sup>50</sup> Dennistoun's *Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange*, quoted in S. A. Allibone, *A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors . . .* (Philadelphia, 1859), I, 944.

<sup>51</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>52</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>53</sup> Boyd, *op. cit.*, p. 128; J. B. Irving, *op. cit.*, pp. 182-184.

<sup>54</sup> Clouston, *Records of the Earldom of Orkney . . .*, p. lxvi.

<sup>55</sup> Boyd, *op. cit.*, p. 128; *Irv.*, p. xli; P.M.I., I, 18.

<sup>56</sup> H. L. N. Smith, *A Collection of Armorial Bearings of the County of Orkney*. (Galashiels, 1902), p. 74; Brookie, *op. cit.*, pp. 52-53.

<sup>57</sup> Clouston, *Records of the Earldom of Orkney . . .*, p. 455.

<sup>58</sup> *Idem*, p. lxvi.

<sup>59</sup> *Ibid.*

the udal land in the parish of Stromness;<sup>60</sup> they lost their estates gradually, or sold them;<sup>61</sup> a law suit in the latter half of the seventeenth century may have accounted for some of the misfortunes.<sup>62</sup> They were among the landowners who suffered severely from the rapacity of Robert and Patrick Stewart, earls of Orkney.<sup>63</sup> On September 20, 1614, William Irving of Sabay was killed in the siege of Kirkwall Castle "in His Majesty's service"; on his tomb, in St. Magnus' Cathedral, is a shield bearing the family arms.<sup>64</sup> William of Sabay (or Sebay), his father, had died in the preceding June,<sup>65</sup> so that Patrick, the eldest son of the family, was the only Irving of Sabay in the direct male line. Patrick married Jean Gordon, who, after his death, married William Sinclair of Tohop. William, the heir of Patrick, sold the estate of Sabay to William Sinclair, and died without issue; the last record of him is in 1626.<sup>66</sup>

Two collateral branches of the Irvings of Sabay had settled in neighboring islands: one in the island of Sanday, and another, the Irvings of Gairstay, in the small island of Shapinsha,<sup>67</sup> which is about three miles from Kirkwall<sup>68</sup> and contains 7171 acres.<sup>69</sup> On this island the Irvings remained until the emigration of Washington Irving's father.

#### THE SHAPINSHA IRVINGS

The condition of Shapinsha not many years after the time of the Irvings' arrival is described by the "Quaeries to the late Bishop of Orkney anent the State of his Bishopric, and his answers thereto, given to the Magistrates of Edinburgh, 1642."<sup>70</sup> These were among some documents discovered in the charter room of Edinburgh, in St. Giles's church, in 1819, and published by Alexander Peterkin in *Rentals of the Ancient Earldom and Bishoprick of Orkney*. "Schapinschaw is an ile compassed with the sea on all sides, and closed within itself. The extent thereof is four myles; in bread, in sum places, half a myle, in others a quarter. The communicantis [*i.e.*, of the parish] ar tuo hundreth and fiftie persons. The paroche is not united to any vther paroche. Bt. is of itself, haveing one kirk, qlk serves ye people yrof. . . . Na schoole in

<sup>60</sup> Sinclair, *op. cit.*, pp. 350-352.

<sup>61</sup> *Irv.*, p. xli.

<sup>62</sup> Clouston, *Records of the Earldom of Orkney* . . . , p. xc.

<sup>63</sup> Dennistoun's *Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange*, quoted in Allibone, *op. cit.*, I, 944.

<sup>64</sup> H. L. N. Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 74.

<sup>65</sup> Clouston, *Records of the Earldom of Orkney* . . . , p. 454.

<sup>66</sup> *Idem*, p. 455.

<sup>67</sup> Dennistoun's *Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange*, quoted in Allibone, *op. cit.*, I, 944.

<sup>68</sup> [George] Barry, *History of the Orkney Islands* (London, 1808), p. 49.

<sup>69</sup> Heddle and Mainland, *op. cit.*, p. 20.

<sup>70</sup> Alexander Peterkin, *Rentals of the Ancient Earldom and Bishoprick of Orkney; with Some Explanatory and Relative Documents* (Edinburgh, 1820), No. III, Art. V.



the paroche, nor never was ; becaus the people arc pur laboreris of the ground, and thairfoir are content that thair bairns be brocht vp to labor with thame. Na hospitale in the paroch, nor neuer was. Nather yet prebendaries, nor frier landis." <sup>71</sup> The date of this description, which was compiled "with the advyse of William Irving, baillie of the Ile," is June 24, 1627. <sup>72</sup> In it, in other places, William Ireving (the spelling used in the documents varies) is mentioned as the possessor of the lands of Kirbister and Gairstay. In 1633 there were only four proprietors in Stromness Parish (in Shapinsha), the two most powerful being Thomas Buchanan of Sound and the heirs of William Irving of Gairstay. <sup>73</sup> From 1470, when an incomplete item in an inventory of Irving title deeds apparently records the purchase of the house of Clowigar (Glovarth), in the township of Kirbister in Stromness, by Magnus Irving "with consent of Geillis Sinclair his spouse," <sup>74</sup> until the eighteenth century, this branch of the Irvings possessed the Clowigar property. <sup>75</sup> They were cousins of the immediate ancestors of Washington Irving. <sup>76</sup>

The descent of Washington Irving from William Irving of Bonshaw may be summarized from the deeds in the record room at Kirkwall, <sup>77</sup> from the manuscript history of the Irvings written by Christopher Irvine, <sup>78</sup> now in the possession of the Irving family in the United States, <sup>79</sup> from title deeds owned by the Venerable Archdeacon Craven, <sup>80</sup> and from the documents discovered in St. Giles's Church, in Edinburgh, which were quoted by Peterkin. <sup>81</sup> The following account and Table I (see p. 253) have been compiled from the genealogies of the Irving family by Lucinda Boyd <sup>82</sup> and by Sir John Beaufin Irving, <sup>83</sup> and from *Records of the Earldom of Orkney*, by J. S. Clouston; <sup>84</sup> the list has been condensed and simplified, in order to show the direct line of Washington Irving's descent.

William Irving of Bonshaw, who protected Robert Bruce in 1306, lived in the Tower of Woodhouse in Annandale.

One of his sons, also named William, became Bruce's companion, and received from Bruce the estate of Drum and the holly seal ; he married Mariota Keith.

<sup>71</sup> *Idem*, Art. X.

<sup>72</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>73</sup> Sinclair, *op. cit.*, pp. 350-352.

<sup>74</sup> J. S. Clouston, "Old Orkney Houses," *Proceedings of the Orkney Antiquarian Society*, I (1923), 45.

<sup>75</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>76</sup> *Ibid.*; Clouston, *Records of the Earldom of Orkney* . . . , p. 455.

<sup>77</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>78</sup> This history has been the basis of subsequent genealogies of the Irvings. Cf. Boyd, *op. cit.*, J. B. Irving, *op. cit.*, and P.M.I.

<sup>79</sup> Bolton, *op. cit.*, I, 290.

<sup>80</sup> Clouston, *Records of the Earldom of Orkney* . . . , p. 455.

<sup>81</sup> *op. cit.*

<sup>82</sup> *op. cit.*

<sup>83</sup> *op. cit.*

<sup>84</sup> *op. cit.*, pp. 454-455.

His son, another William, went to the Orkney Islands during the civil wars, and in 1369 held the office of arbiter, or chief judge, in Kirkwall. This was the ancestor of the Irvings of Shapinsha.

His descendant, William Irving of Sabay, held the office of goodman in 1424; his seal appears in 1422 and his signature as witness in 1435.

His descendant, John of Erwyne, was a witness in 1438.

His descendant, Criste, married Edane Paplay and acquired the estate of Sabay by excambion in 1460.

John of Sabay, the second son of Criste, is mentioned frequently between 1500 and 1519.

John's second son, James of Sabay, was lawman of Orkney in 1558. He married, first, Helen (or Elinor) Leslie, and second, Janet Skea. His first six children, including the ancestor of Washington Irving, were certainly the children of the first wife. John's third son, Criste, was the ancestor of the Irvings of Kirbister and Gairstay.

Magnus, the second son of James, married Cristane Yenstay and became the head of the Irving family in Shapinsha. He was living in that island in 1608. Magnus and his brother Gilbert declared a complaint which is referred to in a commission of 1587.<sup>85</sup> Another brother, William, was the ancestor of the Irvings of Sabay who sold the estate to William Sinclair and died out in the direct male line in the time of Charles I.

William Irving was baillie of the island of Shapinsha in 1627 and was one of the principal property-holders. He was the father or the grandfather of Magnus Irving, Washington Irving's grandfather.

Magnus Irving married Catherine Williamson.

Their son, William, was born in 1731, and was the father of Washington Irving. Another son, Peter, was a tailor; he married, and became the father of five daughters. The youngest, Sarah (named after Sarah Sanders, the mother of Washington Irving), married George Fowles, a sailor, of Durness, and had seven children, of whom the eldest, Thomas, also a sailor, was living in Shields in 1856, aged about sixty.<sup>86</sup>

In the eighteenth century Shapinsha offered no opportunities for young men, and it was the custom for many of them to enter the merchant service, which took them to distant parts of the world, or to go as fishermen to Iceland, Greenland, and Davis Strait.<sup>87</sup> During her lifetime William Irving's mother opposed his wish to go to sea, but after her death he became a sailor.<sup>88</sup> During the French war he was a petty officer on one of the armed packet ships running between Falmouth and New York.<sup>89</sup>

<sup>85</sup> [David Balfour] *Oppressions of the Sixteenth Century in the Islands of Orkney and Zetland* (Edinburgh, 1859), p. 95.

<sup>86</sup> Brockie, *op. cit.*

<sup>87</sup> Barry, *op. cit.*, p. 335; Heddle and Mainland, *op. cit.*, p. 37.

<sup>88</sup> P.M.I., I, 18.

<sup>89</sup> *Idem*, p. 19.

Falmouth was the headquarters of the packet service.<sup>90</sup> In 1688 it had been selected as the point of departure and embarkation for the Spanish mail boats, although at the time it was a town of small consequence. As the packet service was enlarged and communication was set up with Lisbon, Barbados, Jamaica, and the southern ports of the North American colonies, Falmouth became an important commercial city. From there travelers took passage for Spain or for the West Indies; the business of the local tradesmen increased; and a number of merchants became established in the business of selling goods to officers of the packets, to be sold on commission in other ports. In spite of the legal prohibition of such trade, a large traffic in smuggled goods was conducted.

In order to comply with the Navigation Act, cargoes of wine were sent from Spain to Canada by way of Falmouth.<sup>91</sup> Mining supplies and salt for the fishery were imported on a considerable scale during the eighteenth century.<sup>92</sup> American cargoes were warehoused, and exports of tin, copper, fish, and lead were sent to most of the countries of Europe.<sup>93</sup>

#### THE MATERNAL ANCESTRY OF WASHINGTON IRVING

It is not known when William Irving (he had changed the spelling from Irvine, which had been used by his father)<sup>94</sup> first came to Falmouth, or how he met Sarah Sanders, who was to become his wife. She was the granddaughter of a clergyman named Richard Kent, probably the man of this name who became vicar of St. Saviour's church in Dartmouth, Devon, in 1723.<sup>95</sup> No complete record of Richard Kent can be found.<sup>96</sup> A Richard Kent was buried at Falmouth on February 5, 1754.<sup>97</sup> A soldier named Richard Kent, a widower, living in Budock, the parish adjoining Falmouth, was married to a widow named Mary Eliot on April 12, 1790, at Falmouth.<sup>98</sup> The Falmouth records note the burial of a Richard Kent, aged eighty-six, on January 24, 1810.<sup>99</sup> The identity or the relationship of these names is not clear from the scattered documents.

Anna Kent, a daughter of the clergyman Richard Kent, married John Sanders at Falmouth, on June 4, 1737.<sup>100</sup> Very little is known of the

<sup>90</sup> A. H. Norway, *History of the Post-Office Packet Service between the Years 1793-1815* . . . (London and New York, 1895), chaps. i-ii, *passim*.

<sup>91</sup> R. Polwhele, *The History of Cornwall* (London, 1816), II, 145, note.

<sup>92</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>93</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>94</sup> Bolton, *op. cit.*, I, 291.

<sup>95</sup> Bishop's Register, Exeter (copied by W. Martin Furze, Esq.).

<sup>96</sup> Note signed J. H. R. [i.e., J. Hambley Rowe] in *Devon and Cornwall Notes and Queries*, XII (January, 1922-October, 1923), 159.

<sup>97</sup> Devon & Cornwall Record Society, *The Register of Baptisms, Marriages, Burials of the Parish of Falmouth* . . . (Exeter, 1914), II, 798.

<sup>98</sup> *Idem*, I, 81.

<sup>99</sup> *Idem*, II, 946.

<sup>100</sup> Marriage registers, Falmouth (copied by W. Martin Furze, Esq.); Devon & Cornwall Record Society, *op. cit.*, I, 26.

descent of this grandfather of Washington Irving, except that a Nicholas Sanders had been mayor of Truro in 1691.<sup>101</sup> Ann Sanders, a daughter of John and Anna Sanders, was baptized at Falmouth on April 21, 1738,<sup>102</sup> but there is no trace of the baptism of Sarah, Washington Irving's mother, at Falmouth<sup>103</sup> or at Budock.<sup>104</sup>

#### WILLIAM IRVING'S MARRIAGE AND EMIGRATION

William Irving and Sarah Sanders were married on May 18, 1761. It is possible that they went together on some of the young officer's voyages, and that their first child was born during a voyage, as the records of Falmouth<sup>105</sup> contain no reference to the baptism or burial of a child who died almost immediately after birth;<sup>106</sup> according to the Irving Family Bible this child was born December 24[?], 1762.

William Irving and his wife left England on May 25, 1763,<sup>107</sup> for the port of New York, where William had touched during his connection with the packet service.<sup>108</sup> They arrived on July 18, 1763.<sup>109</sup> Sarah Irving's parents soon followed her to New York, where they died "before the close of the Revolution."<sup>110</sup>

A second son, who was called William, was born February 22, 1764, and died August 22, 1765.<sup>111</sup> The third son, again named William, was born August 15, 1766.<sup>112</sup> The next child, John, died as an infant, so that only eight of the eleven children of the family lived to maturity.<sup>113</sup>

<sup>101</sup> R. Polwhele, *The Language, Literature, and Literary Characters of Cornwall* . . . (London, 1806), p. 62.

<sup>102</sup> Devon & Cornwall Record Society, *op. cit.*, I, 249. P.M.I., I, 19, says that Sarah was the only child. This must be an error, unless the one child was called Ann Sarah, though entered merely as Ann in the baptismal register. In this connection it is interesting to note that the fifth child of William and Sarah Sanders Irving was christened Ann Sarah.

<sup>103</sup> Letter from W. Martin Furze, Esq., to the author, October 27, 1933 (in the possession of the author). From information later furnished by W. Martin Furze it is possible that the date of Sarah Sanders' baptism was 1739.

<sup>104</sup> Note signed J. H. R. in *Devon and Cornwall Notes and Queries*.

<sup>105</sup> Letter from the Rev. B. L. Hope to A. May Osler, September 27, 1930 (in the possession of the author); Devon & Cornwall Record Society, *op. cit.*, *passim*.

<sup>106</sup> In the Irving Family Bible (S.), where Falmouth is given as the place of birth, is the statement that the child "died in a few moments."

<sup>107</sup> Irving Family Bible.

<sup>108</sup> P.M.I., I, 19.

<sup>109</sup> Irving Family Bible; P.M.I., I, 19.

<sup>110</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>111</sup> Unless another source is given, this and the other dates of William Irving's children are those given in the Family Bible.

<sup>112</sup> Irving Family Bible.

<sup>113</sup> See Table III, facing page 254. For brief notes on later generations of the Irving family, see Tables IV and V. For the certificate of marriage of William Irving and Sarah Sanders, see next page.

THE CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE OF THE  
FATHER AND MOTHER  
OF WASHINGTON IRVING

*Certified Copy of an Entry of Marriage.*

Banns of Marriage between William Irven, Mariner & Sarah Sanders of  
this Parish were Published May 3: 10<sup>th</sup> & 17<sup>th</sup>, 1761

N<sup>o</sup> 225 The S<sup>d</sup> William Irven of this Parish Mariner  
and the S<sup>d</sup> Sarah Sanders of the  
Parish, Spinster were  
married in this Church by banns  
this Eighteen Day of May in the Year One Thousand  
Seven Hundred and Sixty one by me Tho: Baron, Minister

This Marriage was Solemnised between Us William Irven  
Sarah Sanders

In the Presence of John Sanders  
John Williams

I, Claud Edmund Sergeant, of the Parish of Falmouth in the County of Cornwall do hereby certify that this is a true copy of the Entry No. 225 page 57, in the Register Book of Marriages of the said Church.

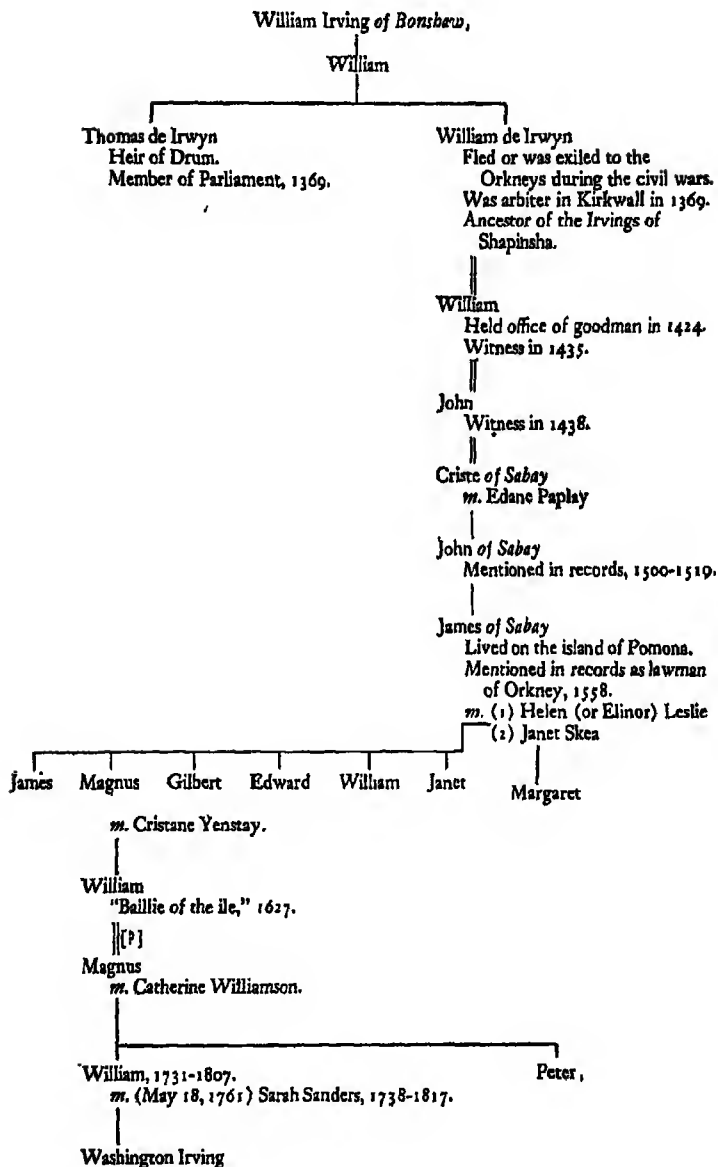
Witness my Hand this third day of October, 1930.

C. E. Sergeant, Curate.

NOTE ON TABLE I opposite (p. 253).

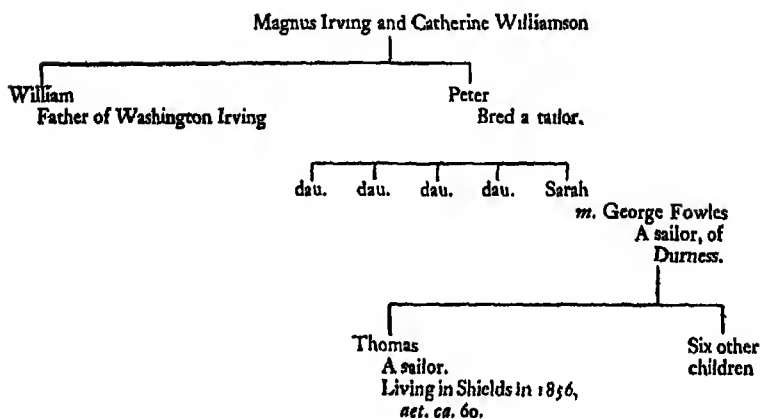
A chart in the possession of A. Duer Irving names the children of James of Sabay as follows : James, Magnus, Gilbert, Alexander, William, Margaret, Edward, Janet. In this chart, in which William, "Baillie of the ile" is not mentioned, the descent from Magnus, second son of James, is : Thomas of Quholme, Magnus, Magnus (m. Catherine Williamson), William, Washington.

TABLE I  
WASHINGTON IRVING'S DESCENT FROM THE  
IRVINGS OF BONSHAW



## WASHINGTON IRVING

TABLE II  
DESCENDANTS OF PETER,  
UNCLE OF WASHINGTON IRVING



From an article signed by William Brockie, in the *Gateshead Observer*, October 18, 1856. Reprinted in the *Historical Magazine*, July, 1870, pp. 52-53.





## APPENDIX II

### MANUSCRIPT FRAGMENT

(THIS manuscript, frequently quoted in the present work, is now in the Sterling Library, Yale University. Nothing is known of its early history save the facts noted in Chapter X, and the description written by P. M. Irving [I, 223]: "After his [Irving's] death, in a repository of which he always kept the key, a package was found, marked on the outside 'Private Mems. ;' from which he would seem to have unbosomed himself. This memorial was a fragment of sixteen consecutive pages, of which the beginning and end were missing, and it bore the impress of being a transcript, which he had retained from a letter written as far back as the publication of Bracebridge Hall. The ink was faded, and it was without address, but it carried internal evidence of having been written to a married lady, with whose family he was on the most intimate terms, and who had wondered at his celibacy, and invited a disclosure of his early history." The Fragment, now published correctly and completely for the first time, begins and ends in the middle of a sentence : )

feelings since I entered upon the world, which like severe wounds and mains in the body, leave forever after a morbid sensitiveness, and a quick susceptibility to any new injury. Still there was always a reaction in my spirits ; they rose readily of themselves when the immediate pressure was removed ; I never soured under sufferings ; my disposition which was originally rather impatient, seemed to soften under trials, and I had always a great facility at receiving pleasurable impressions.

When I was very young I had an impossible flow of spirits that often went beyond my strength. Every thing was fairy land to me. As I had some quickness of parts I was intended for the Law which with us in America is the path to honour and preferment—to every thing that is distinguished in public life. I read law with a gentleman distinguished both in legal and political concerns one who took a great part in public affairs & was eminent for his talents. He took a fancy to me, though a very heedless student, and made me almost an inmate of his house. He had lately married for the second time ; a woman much younger than himself, one of the most amiable and gentle of human beings. She was

like a sister to me. By his first wife he had two daughters Ann & Matilda. They were little more than children, the eldest was about fourteen. They were two lovely little beings. Ann was brilliant both as to beauty and natural talent. Matilda was a timid, shy, silent little being, and always kept by the side of her step mother; who indeed looked more like an elder sister, and acted like a most tender one. I saw a great deal of them. I was a mere stripling, and we were all shy and awkward at first, but we soon grew sociable and I began to take a great interest in Matilda, though little more at the time than a mere boyish fancy. — I am growing perhaps too minute — I don't want to make any romantic story. After a time the delicate state of my health induced my friends to send me to Europe. I was absent nearly two years. On my return I resumed my legal studies. My meeting with my little female friends was a delightful one. Ann was encreased in beauty, indeed there was an effulgence in the beauty of her countenance that struck every one. I recollect my meeting with Matilda as if it was yesterday. She came home from school to see me. She entered full of eagerness, yet shy from her natural timidity, from the time that had elapsed since we parted, and from the idea of my being a *travelled man*, instead of a stripling student — However what a difference the interval had made. She was but between fifteen & sixteen, just growing up, there was a softness and delicacy in her form and look, a countenance of that eloquent expression, yet that mantling modesty — I thought I had never beheld any thing so lovely —

We saw each other every day and I became excessively attached to her. Her shyness wore off by degrees. The more I saw of her the more I had reason to admire her. Her mind seemed to unfold itself leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness. No body knew her so well as I for she was generally timid & ——— I in a manner studied her excellence. Never did I meet with more intuitive rectitude of mind, more native delicacy, more exquisite propriety in thought word & action than in this young creature. I am not exaggerating — what I say was acknowledged by all that knew her. Her brilliant little sister used to say that people began by admiring her but ended by loving Matilda. For my part I idolized her. I felt at times rebuked by her superior delicacy & purity and as if I am a coarse unworthy being in comparison.

This passion was terribly against my studies. I passed an examination, however, and was admitted to the bar, more through courtesy than desert, for I scarcely answered a single question correctly; but the examiners were prepossessed in my favour. I felt my own deficiency and despaired of ever succeeding at the Bar. I could study any thing else rather than Law, and had a fatal propensity to Belles lettres. I had gone on blindly, like a boy in Love, but now I began to open my eyes and be miserable. I had nothing in purse nor in expectation. I anticipated nothing from my legal pursuits, and had done nothing to make me hope for public employment or political elevation. I had [begun a] satirical

& humorous work (the History of NYork) in company with one of my brothers but he had gone to Europe shortly after commencing it—, and my feelings had run into so different a vein that I could not go on with it. I became low spirited & disheartened and did not know what was to become of me. I made frequent attempts to apply myself to the law; but it is a slow & tedious undertaking for a young man to get into practice; and I had unluckily no turn for business. The gentleman with whom I had studied saw the state of my mind. He had an affectionate regard for me—a paternal one I may say. He had a better opinion of my legal capacity than it merited. He urged me to return to my studies [to<sup>2</sup>] apply myself to become well acquainted with the law—and that in case I could make myself capable of undertaking legal concerns he would take me into partnership with him & give me his daughter. Nothing could be more generous. I set to work with zeal to study anew, and I considered myself bound in honour not to make further advances with the daughter until I should feel satisfied with my proficiency in the Law—It was all in vain. I had an insuperable repugnance to the study—my mind would not take hold of it; or rather by long despondency had become for the time incapable of dry application. I was in a wretched state of doubt and self distrust. I tried to finish the work which I was secretly writing, hoping it would give me reputation and gain me some public appointment. In the mean time I saw Matilda every day and that helped to distract me.

In the midst of this struggle and anxiety she was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first, but she grew rapidly worse, and fell into a consumption. I cannot tell you what I suffered. The ills that I have undergone in this life have been dealt out to me drop by drop, and I have tasted all their bitterness. I saw her fade rapidly away beautiful and more beautiful and more angelical to the very last. I was often by her bed side and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet natural and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. Her malady was rapid in its career, and hurried her off in two months. Her dying struggles were painful & protracted. For three day[s] & nights I did not leave the house & scarcely slept. I was by her when she died—all the family were assembled round her, some praying others weeping, for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon—I have told you as briefly as I could what if I were to tell with all the incidents & feelings that accompanied it would fill volumes. She was but about seventeen years old when she died.—

I cannot tell you what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time—I seemed to care for nothing—the world was a blank to me—I abandoned all thoughts of the Law—I went into the country, but could not bear solitude yet could not enjoy society—There was a dismal horror continually in my mind that made me fear to be alone—I had often to get up in the night & seek the bedroom of my brother, as if the having

a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts.

Months elapsed before my mind resumed any tone ; but the despondency I had suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment, and the anguish that attended its catastrophe seemed to give a turn to my whole character, and threw some clouds into my disposition which have ever since hung about it. When I became more calm & collected I applied myself, by way of occupation, to the finishing my work. I brought it to a close, as well as I could, and published it but the time & circumstances in which it was produced rendered me always unable to look upon it with satisfaction. Still it took with the public & gave me celebrity, as an original work was something remarkable & uncommon in America. I was noticed caressed & for a time elated by the popularity I gained. I found myself uncomfortable in my feelings in NYork & travelled about a little. Wherever I went I was overwhelmed with attentions ; I was full of youth and animation, far different from the being I now am, and I was quite flushed with this early taste of public favour. Still however the career of gaiety & notoriety soon palled upon me. I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze ; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on ; it would continually recur to what it had lost ; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty & excitement I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret ; I could not even mention her name ; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly.

My Brothers saw that there was no likelihood of my succeeding in the Law ; and they wished me to cultivate my general talents and devote myself to literature. Indeed they were all indulgence to me. Two of them had engaged in various speculations, for at that time every thing was a matter of Speculation, from the unsettled state of affairs. They gave me an interest in their concerns on condition that I should never appear or take any active part in business, but pursue my literary avocations. They were successful in their enterprises ; wealth flowed in upon us, but I was little elated by it. I cared nothing for money, it seemed to come too late to do me good. I read a good deal at times, but I could not bring myself to write, I had grown indifferent to literary reputation. I felt a degree of apathy growing upon me, which was dismal. We were threatened by invasion and every one had to take some part in military concerns. I went with the Governor as Military Secretary & then as aid de Camp. This was the first thing that roused and stimulated me, but it did not last long ; for peace took place, the forces were disbanded & I had nothing to do. My literary notoriety had made me an object of attention, I was continually drawn, into society, my time & thoughts dissipated and my spirits jaded. I became weary of every thing and of myself. While in this mood a squadron was fitted out against the Al-

gerines. The Commodore was a particular friend & invited me to accompany him on the enterprize. I determined to do so ; to break off in this way from idle habits and idle associates & fashionable dissipation, and when I returned to settle myself down to useful and honourable application. The squadron delayed sailing so long that I got out of patience. Napoleon had returned from Elba, and all Europe was again in agitation. I resolved to sail at once to England & get over to the Continent to see the armies. I had a hard parting with my poor old mother. I was her favorite child & could not bear to leave her in her old days ; but I trusted to return after a short absence, quite another being & then to settle down quietly beside her for the rest of her life.

When I arrived in England I found my Brother ill. I stopped to be with him as his illness was tedious. Just then, great reverses took place in affairs of all kind. My Brothers had entered into large speculations and were completely involved in the difficulties of the times. I was involved with them, for my name had been implicated in their transactions. Every struggle and sacrifice to avoid ruin was in vain. It approached in its most overwhelming form. I saw it coming from a distance, and that it was unavoidable. I was no man of business ; I knew nothing about it & disliked the very name ; to such a one the horrors of commercial embarrassments and ruin are strange, and frightful and humiliating. This new calamity seemed more intolerable even than that which had before overcome me. That was solemn and sanctifying, it seemed while it prostrated my spirits, to purify & elevate my soul. But this was vile and sordid and humiliated me to the dust. Good heavens what I suffered for months and months and months. I lost all appetite I scarcely slept — I went to my bed every night as to a grave. I saw the Detestable ordeal of Bankruptcy in the distance and that it was inevitable, for my name stood committed in a commercial form. I would not live over that dreadful term of trial to be sure of a long life of felicity. In the midst of my distress I heard of my poor Mothers death. She died without a pang. She talked of me to the last, and would not part with a letter which she had received a few days before from me. I loved her with all the affection of a son, and one of my most poignant griefs was that her latter days should be embittered by my reverses. Shall I say it then, I heard of her death with a momentary satisfaction ; for she died ignorant of my misfortunes and escaped the pang of seeing the child she was so fond & proud of ruined and degraded.

I underwent ruin in all its bitterness & humiliation — in a strange land — among strangers. I went through the horrible ordeal of Bankruptcy. It is true I was treated with indulgence — even with courtesy ; for they perceived that I was a mere nominal party in the concern — But to me it was a cruel blow — I felt cast down — abased — I had lost my *cast* — I had always been proud of Spirit, and in my own country had been, as it were, a being of the air — I felt the force of the text “a wounded spirit who can bear ?” I shut myself up from society — and would see no one.

For months I studied German day & night by way of driving off horrid thoughts. The idea suddenly came to return to my pen, not so much for support, for bread & water had no terrors for me, but to reinstate myself in the worlds thoughts—to raise myself from the degradation into which I considered myself fallen. I took my resolution—threw myself a stranger into London, shut myself up and went to work—The terrible vicissitudes of feelings I had suffered for nearly two years, while involved in ruin & bankruptcy, had shattered my nerves & it took a long time to get my mind into operation. At length I succeeded. Just as I was getting my pen into activity I received a letter from America offering me an honourable place under government. I declined it—my pride was up—I would receive nothing as a boon granted to a ruined man—I was resolved if possible to raise myself once more by my talents, and owe nothing to compassion. In this way I produced the Sketch Book—You know its success. You think no doubt I ought to be elated & made happy by it. But you have no knowledge of the many counter checks to this enjoyment, in the misfortunes of my once flourishing family—nor do I intend to enter into them. It is not two years since I lost my elder Brother—a man whom I loved better than any other man on the face of the earth—a man full of worth & talents, beloved in private and honoured in public life. He died of a rapid decline brought on I am convinced by the acute anxiety and distress of mind he had suffered.

I have mentioned to you in a brief manner some of the leading circumstances which have distressed me since my entering upon life. There were many minor & collateral ones on which I have not touched. All these may be events of ordinary occurrence, but they have cut my spirit to the quick, and left behind a morbid sensitiveness that it is difficult always to overcome. Still I have enough of the original elasticity of my nature to rise again from under severe pressures, and there is an activity in my imagination, which though it sometimes plays me false & paints every thing black, yet is more apt to soften and tint up the harshest realities. Indeed I often reproach myself with my cheerfulness and even gaiety at times when I have real cause to grieve. Whatever you may think of me, the natural inclination of my mind is to be cheerful; but I have had so many shadows thrown across my path; I see so much doubt before & sorrow behind me; I see every enjoyment hanging on so transient and precarious a tenure, that I cannot help sometimes falling into dejection.

If I seem at times overanxious about my literary labours, it is in some measure because literary occupation is the only one that really interests & absorbs my mind and furnishes me with an end & object in existence, but it is [in] a great measure because my literary success has enabled me to be of important service in a variety of ways, to those that are dearest to me; and has been a source of pride and satisfaction to my family in the midst of gloom & misfortunes.

I have now talked to you on subjects that I recur to with excessive

pain, and on which I am apt to be silent, for there is little gained by the confiding of grievances. It only overclouds other minds without brightening ones own. I prefer summoning up the bright pictures of life that I have witnessed and dwelling as much as possible on the agreeable. You have more than once spoken to me about my family ; I could not talk of my relatives without recalling continually circumstances acutely painful. I never can think of any of them without love and respect, for I dont know one that I ought not to be proud of ; but they have met with their troubles and trials. Why should I trouble you with the cares & clouds that pass across my mind ; they pass away of themselves if imaginary ; if otherwise, Sympathy is of no avail. I do not live merely for myself. I have others to think for, and am at times full of cares & projects, and involved in responsibilities, for I was brought up in the habit of considering the interests and welfare of my relatives as my own. The Death of my Elder Brother, who was every thing to the family, has encreased my cares and duties ; though I feel how apt I am to be negligent of them, and how incompetent I am at best to fulfill them ——— letters of a gloomy nature. I was for a time kept in anxiety about a sister [in ?] constitution delicate, who was dangerously ill, and whose life is important to a numerous & lovely family. I ——— had a letter from her just after leaving her — where she had been confined for weeks ; but I have heard no further from her, in consequence of the dilatoriness of diplomatic conveyances. I ——— distressing news of the illness & mental malady of my brothers widow in America ; which for some time occasioned great anguish & alarm in her family. I heard of the failure of schemes in which I had ventured as much as I could afford, in the hopes of benefiting others that were dear to me. But I will not pursue these dismal details — I have said enough to shew you that I do not torment myself without a cause.

You wonder why I am not married. I have shewn you why I was not long since — when I had sufficiently recovered from that loss, I became involved in ruin. It was not for a man broken down in the world to drag down any woman to his paltry circumstances, and I was too proud to tolerate the idea of ever mending my circumstances by matrimony. My time has now gone by ; and I have growing claims upon my thoughts, and upon my means slender & precarious as they are. I feel as if I had already a family to think & provide for, and such are some of the dark shadows that obtrude themselves upon my brightest moments, haunt me in places where I ought to be full of enjoyment, and suddenly check me in the midst of my vivacity. I am too apt to be absorbed [by] the delights of intimate & social intercourse and to lose all thought and relish for those pursuits on which I depend, and which require complete abstraction & devotion of the mind. And then I am seized with compunction at my selfish indulgence, I recollect how much good I could & ought to do for others, and that while I am idly amusing myself, the useful purposes of life are neglected. You want to

know some of the *fancies* that distress me ; I will mention one as a specimen of many others. I was one evening going to a Ball at the Countess de Hohenthals. I had not slept well the night before & after dressing myself I lay down on the sofa & fell asleep. I dreamt of my poor Brother whom I had lost about eighteen months before, & whom I had not seen for years. We walked & talked together. The dream was most vivid and consistent & affecting. When I went to the Ball I was engaged to dance, I think with both Emily & Flora, I tried to dance but could not ; my heart sank at the very sound of the music and I had to give up the attempt & go home. Do you want some of the *real* causes. While at Dresden I had repeated



### APPENDIX III

#### SUPPLEMENTARY STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON IRVING

THIS Appendix contains additional studies of the sources, history, and reputation of Irving's writings. Designed to supplement directly particular notes in the text, this material should be read in connection with these and with the discussion of Irving's works in the main body of the book. The sequence of the material, which is chronological, follows that of the biography. Each study is prefaced by a reference to the note concerned.

##### *Salmagundi* (1807-1808)

Chapter IV, note 40: *Salmagundi* was, for example, in debt to the Philadelphia *Port Folio*, commenced in 1801 as a weekly by Joseph Dennie. F. L. Mott, *A History of American Magazines, 1741-1850* (New York, 1930), p. 123. Irving knew Dennie—Launcelot Langstaff is a sympathetic cartoon of the Philadelphian (*Salmagundi*, pp. 164-173)—and the *Port Folio* hailed *Salmagundi* as a kindred spirit. *Port Folio*, May 16, 1807. Perhaps the two were even father and child, for Irving's earlier pseudonym, "Jonathan Oldstyle," reminds us of Dennie's "Oliver Oldschool," and the latter's biographer conjectures that between 1801 and 1804 Irving contributed to the *Port Folio*. H. M. Ellis, *Joseph Dennie and His Circle . . .* (Austin, Texas, 1915), p. 221 and footnote 2; also p. 222. After an examination of the *Port Folio*, I can find no evidence that Irving contributed to it. Had he done so, it is probable that Dennie in his columns of literary gossip would have alluded to the fact. (Another possible influence upon *Salmagundi* may have been the "Belles Lettres Club" [1799-1806]. This literary group wrote essays, poems, and satires, and used pseudonyms. Manuscript, N.Y.P.L.) Irving knew also, it will be remembered, Charles Brockden Brown, who had called upon him in about the year 1802, apparently to congratulate him on *Jonathan Oldstyle*, and to beg editorial alms. The *Salmagundians* were probably influenced by the culmination of Brown's self-perpetuating series of periodicals, the *Literary Magazine*, and *American Register*, a journal especially hospitable to American neophytes. (See Mott, *op. cit.*, p. 124. In April, 1799, Brown had begun the *Monthly Maga-*

zine, and *American Review*. This was followed by the *American Review*, and *Literary Journal*, which, in turn, was succeeded by the *Literary Magazine*, and *American Register*. Mott, *loc. cit.*)

These two magazines were on the tables of the Salmagundians, and may have encouraged their experiments in the essay and short story. The wits probably owed something, too, to the more dignified periodicals of Boston, the *Monthly Anthology* and the *Literary Miscellany* (Mott, *op. cit.*, pp. 124, 125), but a stronger influence was the small, ephemeral paper which dealt, usually in anonymity, with theatrical or political news, or with both. Payne's *Thespian Mirror* ended on March 22, 1806, and the Philadelphia *Theatrical Censor*, on November 17, a scant two months before the inception of *Salmagundi*. (See Mott, *op. cit.*, p. 165. The *Thespian Mirror*, edited by John Howard Payne at the age of thirteen, had been preceded in this field by the *Theatrical Censor*.) These magazines invoked the aid of bogus names, a device dear to the Salmagundians. Irving had already helped "Toby Tickler, Esq.," edit the *Corrector*, and Paulding had been the "Walter Withers" of the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Town*. (This pseudonym and the latter periodical are mentioned in *Salmagundi*, pp. 3, 436. See Manuscript Notes on *Salmagundi*, N.Y.P.L.) In 1802 and 1803 "Robert Rusticoat" was managing the *Wasp*, at Hudson, New York, and in this very year (1807) H. K. Helmsbold had established in Philadelphia the *Tickler*, with the elegant *nom de guerre* of "Toby Scratch 'em." Mott, *op. cit.*, p. 170.

Thus, with so many cousins in the neighborhood, it seems gratuitous to trace the genealogy of "Anthony Evergreen" or "Will Wizard" to the *Spectator*. The approach of *Salmagundi* to its public was quite in the mode of its day. "Jonathan Oldstyle" and "Walter Withers" were merely rebaptized, together with William Irving and "Dusky Davy" Longworth, the publisher, with a more engaging nomenclature. (For an interesting description of Longworth, see E. A. Duyckinck, Editor's Preface, *Salmagundi*, 1860, pp. x-xi. Longworth, the fashionable dramatic publisher of the day, issued the city directory.) Abrim with imperial champagne at Cockloft Hall, the Salmagundians easily invented new nicknames. As for the themes, though not unlike the *Spectator's*, these were predetermined by the very nature of satire and of New York society. These wits wisely forswore the eclecticism of the larger magazines, and wrote freely, as they had talked at Dyde's and in the summerhouse on the Passaic, of topics of the hour.

Chapter IV, note 52: Many allusions in *Salmagundi* to bitter protests and outraged victims were probably editorial myths, but some arrows galled the stricken deer. One vicious episode, for example, began soon after the publication of the second number. The *Inspector*, another comic gadfly, feigned boredom about *Salmagundi's* lofty indifference to revenue. Yet the *Inspector's* editor, Thomas Green Fessenden, a

Yankee more learned than witty, was helpless before this merciless trio. On February 13 he winced under the following salutation :

"How now, mooncalf?"

We have been congratulating ourselves exceedingly on having, at length, attracted the notice of a ponderous genius of this city, Dr. Christopher Costive, LL.D., etc., who has spoken of us in such a manner that we are ten times better pleased than ever we were before.

(*Salmagundi*, p. 66.) It is true that Fessenden had not been entirely misguided in his billingsgate about the imitative character of *Salmagundi* :

Whimwhams' is taken by this junto of notables from an English publication. Launcelot Langstaff is a vile daub of a caricature of Isaac Bickerstaff. Will Honeycomb sat for Anthony Evergreen; Will Wizard's original may be found in the British classics; and in short, the prototype of every other character, with the exception of a few scurrilous personalities. The work ought to have been styled *Silly-kickaby*, alias *Tag-locks of common English Publications*, compiled by Dunderpate, Doughhead, Dumpling and Co., published by Peter Pettyman, sold at the sign of the Ditch delving driveller Caughnawaugher Slip. . . .

(*Weekly Inspector*, February 7, 1807, quoted in *Salmagundi*, pp. 68-69, footnote. See also issues of February 14, 21.)

This may have been true, but it was foolish to say so, if one were a Yankee and the Irvings were on the other side. The annihilation of Fessenden was consummated on February 24 in William's verses "Flummery," which ended :

This man as big as an elephant,  
The *sweetest* witling of the age,  
This hero, hangman, critic, sage,  
This poet of five hundred pound  
Has come to grace our hapless town.  
And when he entered, every goose  
Began to cackle like the deuce;  
The asses brayed to one another —  
'Twas plain — the creatures smelt a brother.

(*Salmagundi*, p. 87.) These couplets were accompanied by pages of abusive notes on Fessenden's writings and personal appearance. Exit "Christopher Caustic." (*Idem*, pp. 88-95. It may have been such vulgarities in *Salmagundi* which led Irving to remark that he could not but "regret he [Paulding] had not suffered the old work to die a natural death," Irving to Henry Brevoort, London, August 12, 1819; N.Y.P.L. Allusions to this war with Fessenden may be found in later issues of the *Port Folio*; e.g., May 30, 1807. For a study of this controversy see P. G. Perrin, *The Life and Works of Thomas Green Fessenden* . . . , Orono, Maine, 1925, pp. 117-120.)

The crossing of rapiers with Fessenden, who was well-known for his Hudibrastic verses in *Terrible Tractation* (1803) and for *Democracy Unveiled* (1805), was superlative advertising. Newspapers quoted and requoted *Salmagundi*. (E.g., the *New York Evening Post*, August 21,

1807, republished "Plans for Defending our Harbour. By William Wizard, Esq.," with this comment: "The following hits off admirably some of the late philosophical, economical plans which our philosophical and economical administration seem to be so intent on our adopting for the defence of our harbour . . . [the author is] one who is a legitimate descendant from Rabelais, and a true member of the Butler, Swift, and Sterne family." The *Port Folio*, quoting from the *Troy Gazette*, discussed the "smart contest" with Fessenden and reprinted several Mustapha letters and other papers, March 21, May 30, 1807, etc.) Lambert, who published selections from "this dish of real American cookery" in his book on America, declared that it was a favorite of the New Yorkers of 1807. (John Lambert, *Travels thru' Canada and the United States of North America in the years 1806, 1807, 1808*, 3d ed., London, 1816, II, 98. Imitations of *Salmagundi* were common; e.g., *Whim-whams* by "Four of Us," Boston, 1828. See William Cushing, *Initials and Pseudonyms*, New York, 1885, p. 104. *Salmagundi* was praised as a representation of American manners by John Bristed, *The Resources of the United States of America* . . . , New York, 1818, p. 359. See also H. B. Fearon, *Sketches of America* . . . , London, 1818, pp. 389-391.)

The importance of *Salmagundi* as a comic event was due also to the same boldness exercised more subtly than against the heavy Fessenden; for at the New York and Philadelphia tea tables *Salmagundi* stung also the authors' own friends. A Frenchman who danced ridiculously, an actor who was an ass, a young lady who at the last Assembly wore a daring frock—these attacks were different from entering the lists with Fessenden. It was more dangerous, but in these proud places, too, *Salmagundi* struck home. Many a pompous matron, picking up the tan-colored pamphlet curiously, threw it down in anger. The annoyance aroused by the passage on the rival French and English milliners may serve as one instance:

I am sorry [says a correspondent of the *Evening Post*] to perceive that a rumour has gone abroad of my being the writer of *Salmagundi*. Unfortunately for me, the report received a sort of confirmation in the total silence of that work as to myself, while Mrs. Toole and Madame Bouchard received their share of notice. And in truth, so firmly has this report been created, that in consequence of it, I have lost some of my best customers. A certain Lady, whose name I shall not mention, has ceased to be indebted to the Fashionable Academy for these three weeks past; during which time, however, she has *broken* very sensibly, and is thought by her friends to be in a *decline*. A gentleman who was once a very valuable visitor at the Dressing Room, telling long stories and taking snuff, being one day under the operation of the imperial Pinchers, and taking up the *Salmagundi* of the week, a page of it threw him into such a passion, that he overturned journeymen, apprentices, &c. with as little mercy as if they had been so many *block* heads, and bounced out into the street like a cork from a bottle of champagne.

(April 3, 1807. The allusions are to "Fashions," containing caricatures of Mrs. Toole and Madame Bouchard. *Salmagundi*, pp. 55-57.)

When funds ceased, so did *Salmagundi*; it entered that spacious Limbo of literature written for temporary ends. Irving had planned to marry Will Wizard to the eldest Miss Cockloft, and to end the papers with a grand wedding at Cockloft Hall. E. A. and G. L. Duyckinck, *Cyclopædia of American Literature* (New York, 1855), II, 47. There are hints of a quarrel with Longworth in the abrupt termination of *Salmagundi*, and also in the statement that for their writing Paulding and Irving received only one hundred dollars apiece. The gross receipts were said to amount to ten or fifteen thousand dollars. Yet the recollections of Longworth set down by both Irving and Paulding, seem to be friendly, and the following note occurs in the Duyckinck Papers (N.Y.P.L.): "Longworth *did* pay some inconsiderable sum for the future nos of *Salmagundi*."

Chapter IV, note 53. Most trying, perhaps, for the modern reader of *Salmagundi*, is the burlesque, which disports in the forgotten ripples of Jefferson's political whirlpool. Evanescent, without perspective, the papers merely emphasized the concern of these witty New Yorkers with American vexations of the moment. Nine parts of this political satire are clothed in the childish disguise employed by Goldsmith in his *Citizen of the World*. This book was accessible, and Paulding, who at one time almost lived by it, may have urged it as a model. A. L. Herold, *James Kirke Paulding, Versatile American* (New York, 1926), p. 15. Parallel passages abound; the debt to Goldsmith, though distilled, can be questioned less than the effectiveness of the adaptation.

These rapid allegories retail impressions of America in letters written by "Mustapha Rub-a-Dub Keli Khan, captain of a ketch, to Asem Hacchem, Principal Slave-Driver to His Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli." This bore, who suffers from the inconsistency imputed by Hazlitt to such masquerading, marvels naïvely at the dress of American women, at the perennial red breeches of President Jefferson (a stock jest of the epoch), at economy, "the watch-word of this nation," at the bowwow reviews in the Battery, with their brightly uniformed "fag-rags" (captains), at the "slang-whangers" (editors), at the windy Congress with its windier President, at the pother of avaricious politicians on equality, liberty, and "logocracy."

Mustapha is an obvious bow to the universal interest in all things Tripolitan. (See *Salmagundi*, Nos. III, V, VII, IX, XI, XIV, XVI, XVIII, XIX. During the war with the Barbary pirates, newspapers were filled with allusions to Tripolitan customs. See the discussion of *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.*, I, 36-41. The *New York Daily Advertiser*, July 11, 1805, described a curious balloon on exhibition, "The Great Mustapha . . . a Giant, Thirty feet high, dressed in a Turkish Habit. . . ." In the edition of *Salmagundi* of 1835 Irving observed interest in New York in Tripolitan prisoners of war. Hazlitt notes in such satires "an inconsistency between the knowledge which the

individual has time to acquire and which the author is bound to communicate." *Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, 3d ed., London, 1841, p. 212.)

This is dull enough, and would be hardly endurable, did we not have glimpses of our political Thersites astride his own rubbish, denouncing, as good Americans must, the party in power. Irving, the society Federalist, and Paulding and William Irving, destined to be stout Democrats, united to show Jefferson and his bawling patriots in wicked flashes of light :

This empire [said Mustapha] is governed by a grand and most puissant bashaw, whom they dignify with the title of president. He is chosen by persons, who are chosen by an assembly, elected by the people—hence the mob is called the sovereign people—and the country, free ; the body politic doubtless resembling a vessel, which is best governed by its tail. The present bashaw is a very plain old gentleman—something they say of a humorist, and he amuses himself with impaling butterflies and pickling tadpoles ; he is rather declining in popularity, having given great offense by wearing red breeches and tying his horse to a post.

(*Salmagundi*, pp. 52-53.)

Irving's own hand is everywhere in the Mustapha papers ; his comments on Jefferson's eccentric scientific experiments at Monticello were alarms for his attacks on the President two years later in *A History of New York*. The latter book was to contain an analysis of Jeffersonian policies ; it was natural that *Salmagundi* should limit itself to brief diatribes on breeches and other personalia. So the young Federalist, lover of monarchies, held his nose at the sweaty nightcaps of American mobs. He could not endure readily the bungling maneuvers in the city streets of untrained soldiers, the beer-barrel orators, the gluttony and guzzling at two-penny national fêtes. Politically, Irving held the conservative corner in Dusky Davy's shop, and Paulding and William Irving apparently let him ride full course. He hurried on, occasionally beyond the borders of good humor. Jefferson he sometimes longed to obliterate.

The President had entered upon his second term on March 4, 1805, zealous for still more frugality. The waning popularity alluded to by Mustapha was a fact. He was helpless in dealing with a Europe in which France and England tore at each other's throats, and his futility under the insults of impressment, and his ruinous Embargo, which pinched Irving's own pocket, seemed less infantile than his naval projects. The American commanders in Tripolitan waters had recommended light gunboats for use in the shallow Mediterranean. Jefferson truckled to the scheme because the gunboats were cheap, and because he could distribute their construction among numerous vote-giving shipbuilders. In 1807, instead of stalwart frigates, the United States Navy owned sixty-nine of these horrid little two-gun scows, which at high tide loved to float up into cornfields and mud :

ECONOMY [jeered Mustapha] . . . is the watch-word of this nation ; I have been studying for a month past to divine its meaning, but truly am as much perplexed

as ever. It is a kind of national starvation; an experiment how many comforts and necessities the body politic can be deprived of before it perishes.

(*Idem*, pp. 100-101.) As for gunboats, let them sink along with Jefferson's proclamations: Congress, says Mustapha,

has lately labored with what was deemed the conception of a mighty navy. All the old women and the good wives that assist the bashaw in his emergencies, hurried to head-quarters to be busy, like midwives, at the delivery. All was anxiety, fidgeting, and consultation; when, after a deal of groaning and struggling, instead of formidable first-rates and gallant frigates, out crept a litter of sorry little gunboats! These are most pitiful little vessels, partaking vastly of the character of the grand bashaw, who has the credit of begetting them — being flat, shallow vessels that can only sail before the wind.

(*Idem*, pp. 203-204.)

Chapter IV, note 60: This hope of immortality is ill-founded. Parts of *Salmagundi* constitute merely the minor writing of William Irving and James Kirke Paulding, whose claims to fame are slight indeed. Irving resented its republication and opposed its inclusion in his collected works. ("It was a very juvenile work & one the republication of which I had always discouraged." Irving to J. H. Payne, Paris, January 7, 1824; T.T.P.L.) It means little to say that *Salmagundi* has outlived the *Echo*, of the "Hartford Wits," or Dennie's *Lay Preacher*; one can only point to its enormous contemporary prestige. "We all remember," said Edward Everett, "the success of *Salmagundi* . . . with what rapidity and to what extent it circulated through America; how familiar it made us with the local plesantry, and the personal humors of New York, and what an abiding influence it has had in that city." *North American Review*, July, 1822. Such, however, has been the reception of worse satires than *Salmagundi*. What sediment remained after, say, twenty years?

The fact is that the name and connotations of *Salmagundi* in American literature have had a surprising vitality. Unquestionably the satire was bolstered by Irving's later career; Paulding's second series in 1819-1820, without his aid, was ineffectual. (See A. L. Herold, *James Kirke Paulding, Versatile American*, New York, 1926, pp. 59-61. Irving was annoyed at Paulding's desire to perpetuate *Salmagundi*, and said it "is now dragged once more before the public & subject to a more rigorous criticism. . . . He is too eager to get into print." Irving to Henry Brevoort, London, July 10, 1819; N.Y.P.L.) In the Paris edition of 1824 Irving acknowledged the labors of his colleagues, but *Salmagundi* continued to float upon his own name. The beginning of its history as a book was in 1811, when the admiring John Lambert published it in London with a capable introductory essay. This edition was noticed in the *Monthly Review*. (August, 1811. This was probably the first long criticism in England of Irving's writings, at a time when his name was hardly known abroad. In this detailed review, the critic detects in *Salmagundi* the influence of Smollett, regrets that this humor is

"heightened into absolute caricature, in too many instances," and recommends imitation among American writers of "the moral reflections and instructive lessons which adorn the essays of Addison and Johnson.")

Yet *Salmagundi's* authors were officially unknown until a London edition of 1823 appended Irving's name. This piracy persuaded him to revise the work for Galignani in 1824. (Journal, 1824, February 10; T. Irving was probably influenced by Scott's belief that the satire would now receive more attention than in 1807. See Walter Scott to Irving, Edinburgh, December 4, 1819, P.M.I., I, 444. This edition of *Salmagundi* was reviewed in the *Paris Globe*, March 31, 1827.) In 1824 appeared *Tales of a Traveller*, two years after *Bracebridge Hall*, and only four after the last number of *The Sketch Book*. Irving's reputation was then growing in England, France, and Germany, and by reflection the juvenile satire again came into more than its own. Among many others the *Quarterly Review* for March, 1825, and the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review* for December, 1823, found health in it, and the *Literary Museum* for December 20, 1823, expressed what New Yorkers had felt fifteen years earlier: "There is a juvenile spirit—a freshness, an audacity about these nefarious acts of humour and pathos perfectly intolerable." See also the *Literary Sketch Book*, December, 1823. Yet *Salmagundi's* success was not merely a postscript of Irving's later fame. The *Western Monthly Magazine* for August, 1835, praised the reissue of 1835, and the actual number of reprints suggests something more in *Salmagundi* than Irving's name, for by 1902 it had passed through at least thirty-four editions, of which thirteen were English, one French, and one Swedish: "On an average," says a biographer of Paulding, ". . . *Salmagundi*, either in separate or in collected editions, has been republished every three years since it first greeted New Yorkers." (Herold, *op. cit.*, p. 32. *Salmagundi* had circulation in Germany. See *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* [Stuttgart and Tübingen], 1824, No. 120, pp. 477-478, No. 132, pp. 525-526; *Literaturblatt*, 1825, No. 58, pp. 229-231, Supplement to *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*; *Literarisches Conversationsblatt*, 1824, No. 41, p. 164.) There was, after all, some vigor in the tan-colored pamphlets.

Of *Salmagundi* entire, included in the collected works of both Irving and Paulding, the latter once stated that each wrote about an equal share of the papers, but the omnipresence of Irving's writings and the desuetude of Paulding's thin green volumes dulled the latter's connection with the partnership. (Paulding's works were printed by Harper and Brothers in 1835-1837. Another edition was published by Scribners' in 1867-1868. As an instance of contemporary influence of *Salmagundi*, see John Bradford, *The History of the Garret* . . . [New York, 1815], p. 68.) Doubt still exists concerning the authorship of particular papers. On this question there was some contemporary speculation, and as late as March 17, 1832, the *New-York Mirror* proposed new attribu-



tions. ("All the poetry, and two of the prose articles, were from the hand of William Irving; the rest were furnished, in about equal parts, by Washington Irving and J. K. Paulding.") There continued to appear queries concerning the authorship of various passages. See *idem*, December 29, 1832.)

Yet the methods of writing *Salmagundi* probably precluded sharp cleavage among the satirists. It was a custom of the back-parlor junto to reframe each other's paragraphs, and Paulding's comment in 1835 is nearly final: "The thoughts of the authors were so mingled together in these essays, and they were so literally joint productions, that it would be difficult, as well as useless, at this distance of time, to assign to each his exact share." *Salmagundi*, New York, 1835, Preface. A manuscript note in Duyckinck's hand supports this statement: "Autumnal Reflections by Paulding worked up by Irving." Manuscript Notes on *Salmagundi* (N.Y.P.L.). A tentative definition, however, of Irving's work is valuable, if we are to continue to trace his development as a writer, through his maturing years; at nineteen he produced *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.*, at twenty-four *Salmagundi*, at twenty-six *A History of New York*, and at thirty-six *The Sketch Book*. Nor is such a definition impossible, if out-of-the-way hints from the authors and internal evidence are dependable. Apart from the collaboration described by Paulding, Irving's share in *Salmagundi* may be designated with some assurance.

Thus he was responsible for a large share of the political satire of *Salmagundi*; for in all but two papers exists evidence of his influence. The nine Mustapha letters and their authors were presumably: *Salmagundi*, Section III, Paulding, with additions from Washington Irving; V, William Irving, with additions from Washington; VII, IX, XI, Washington; XIV, William, with additions from Washington; XVI, Washington; XVIII, Paulding; XIX, Washington. From his preoccupation with the question now and in *A History of New York*, it is credible that he wrote another fragment of the political satire, this time without the Oriental setting—"Plans for Defending Our Harbor." *Salmagundi*, pp. 285-295. Some of the papers on the theater are positively his, and the similarity of manner in others on this subject is noticeable. I, "Theatrics—Containing the Quintessence of Modern Criticism" was written by Irving; VI, in one part, suggests Irving by its burlesque learning, as does a portion of XIV by its resemblance (p. 336) to *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* This department of *Salmagundi* would fall naturally to Jonathan Oldstyle, rather than to Paulding or to William Irving, whose regular stint was the poetry of the magazine. (See E. A. Duyckinck, Editor's Preface, *Salmagundi*, 1860, p. viii. William Irving also contributed the descriptions of the civic militia in V and of the political "slang-whangers" in XIV.) Moreover, much of the lighter prose of *Salmagundi* may be assigned to Irving, though not conclusively, on the ground of these essays' use of titles, incidents, and char-

acters all of which recur again and again in his later writings. Such are Joe Miller, Linkum Fidelius, Ichabod Fungus, or anecdotes found in his notebooks—the Peach War, Connecticut witches, “little great men,” or the grandiose salute of guns in the Battery. That he would later lift these from Paulding, still writing, and observant of his friend’s every sentence, as Irving’s fame outran his own, is unlikely. If, then, Irving did not write entire the essays in which these familiar interests occur, he at least inserted or revised.

To cite another example, in connection with the less serious essays, Irving, on one occasion, dwells upon the themes which served him in 1819 as sources for *The Sketch Book*. See *Salmagundi*, pp. 47, 167. These details are trivial, but they reappear in Irving’s mature writings, and they are not evident in Paulding’s. This is not final proof of his authorship of the essays in which the minutiae first occur, but it will incline many readers to believe that he composed the shorter and more humorous papers, such as the spurious travel journals, and that he wrote “The Stranger at Home; or, A Tour in Broadway,” whose very title suggests Irving. (See *idem*, p. 71. Travel literature was now popular. See the *Port Folio*, February 13, 1808, and *Salmagundi*, pp. 75–83.) In more ambitious essays, evidence of this kind is still more convincing, and Irving’s mannerisms are too characteristic to be mistaken. The essay on the conquest of New York by the Hoppingtots is a premature account of Peter Stuyvesant, and “the sudden and unaccountable appearance of a mysterious individual” in “The Little Man in Black” foreshadows “The Stout Gentleman,” of *Bracebridge Hall*. See *Salmagundi*, p. 401.

To Paulding belong most of the tranquil papers on Cockloft Hall and its family, including the most mellow essay in *Salmagundi*, “Mine Uncle John.” E. A. Duyckinck, Editor’s Preface, *op. cit.*, p. ix. Yet we know now, from Duyckinck’s memoranda, that even in this paper Irving composed the passage on Aunt Charity; and a few sentences at its opening recall phrases in one of Irving’s notebooks. See Notes while preparing *Sketch Book* &c., 1817 [28–29] (Y.). Finally, then, Irving probably wrote or retouched all but three essays of *Salmagundi*, and even in these, one may suspect the presence of his counsel and corrections (the satire on Jefferson, VII; the travel journal, X; the passage on past joys in “Sketches from Nature,” XV). In at least six essays officially attributed to Paulding, he may have lent aid (I, III, VIII, IX, XI, XII), and it is arguable that he himself wrote more than half of each of the twenty numbers, and so perhaps approximately two thirds of the magazine, far more than has hitherto been believed, or than he himself, contemptuous of this juvenile book, ever admitted.

Omitting sections of doubtful authorship, a test of Irving’s writing in *Salmagundi* is illuminating. First, certain mannerisms have arrived to stay, tricks responsible for some excellent writing when perfected in *The Sketch Book*, and for some inane prose when worn out in the mis-

cellanies of many years afterwards. Here in *Salmagundi* is the "old manuscript," effective in "Rip Van Winkle" and silly in *Wolfert's Roost*; here is the burlesque crudition (Linkum Fidelius), amusing in *A History of New York* and tiresome in *The Conquest of Granada*; here is the caricature of a type, Ichabod Fungus, witty in another Ichabod (the schoolmaster of *The Sketch Book*) and insufferable in the Diedrich Knickerbocker of *Wolfert's Roost*. Here, too, are the puns, the ironies, the pompous swelling sentence, sometimes with a comic drop at its end, as in the discourse on color: ". . . red is the color of Mr. Jefferson's \*\*\*\*\*; Tom Paine's nose, and my slippers." *Salmagundi*, p. 18. Second, *Salmagundi* is full of nascent subjects: the French temperament ("My French Neighbor"); the Yankees and the Southerners (*A History of New York*); or foreign opinion ("English Writers on America"). Most prophetic is Irving's sustained use of the moods of loneliness, pathos, and mild mystery, which he was to employ in *The Sketch Book*.

Far more than the sophomoric *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.*, *Salmagundi* was a pitch pipe. It set the tone of many passages in his next two books. As a fixation of Irving's purposes in writing, *Salmagundi* accomplished much. It was anonymous; he could write freely. To work with other minds was instructive; the more rational Paulding probably checked his wildest extravagances; and he benefited by conforming to a more or less precise plan of satire. He must have gained not only from the guidance of Paulding and William Irving but from the daily counterblasts of criticism. Ten years afterwards, desperate, forced to face, pen in hand, a blank sheet of paper for a livelihood, he spoke of the pamphlets as "full of errors, puerilities, and imperfections," but in the same breath declared his gratitude for what he had learned from "Old Sal." See P.M.I., I, 211.

### *A History of New York* (1809)

Chapter V, note 44: The identification of Irving's sources has been a difficult matter. He uses frequently only abbreviations and once merely a pair of initials. Yet a study of the books of the time, based on hints in *A History of New York*, reveals the curious historical and literary models to which he turned. Thus the sources of the first two chapters of Book I may be found in three or four works: Diogenes Laertius, *De clarorum philosophorum vitis, dogmatibus et apophthegmatibus* (London, 1688); Ralph Cudworth, *The True Intellectual System of the Universe* (London, 1678); and J. J. Brucker, *Historia critica philosophiae* (Leipzig, 1742-1767). For other material in the first two chapters of his burlesque he used books which were modern in his day. Of these a long list might be cited, but it is sufficient to note here his reliance upon William Jones, *Dissertations and Miscellaneous Pieces* (London, 1792); Erasmus Darwin, *The Botanic Garden* (London, 1790);

the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society (London, 1795, 1801); P. J. Roussier, *Mémoire sur la musique des anciens* (Paris, 1770). In addition, he drew upon odd sources, such as a transcription of an Arabic manuscript in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

This habit of assembling from second-hand sources continued throughout the history. No one could deduce from the text the extent of his debt, for example, to P. de Charlevoix, *Histoire et description générale de la Nouvelle France* . . . (Paris, 1744). At least thirty-five passages taken from Charlevoix may be noted, passages drawn by the Frenchman himself from about twenty-five different authors. In similar fashion, for his satire on colonial historians Irving borrowed from at least fourteen well-known annalists, including Josselyn, Ogilby, Hakluyt, Mather, and from such books as Hans de Laet, *Nieuwe Wereldt* (Leyden, 1625), and De Vries's story of New Amsterdam. Facts about these books and manuscripts may be found in detail in *A History of New York*, ed. S. T. Williams and Tremaine McDowell (New Haven [1927]), Introduction, pp. xxxviii-xlix. The examples cited here merely indicate Irving's wide reading, his confused methods, his learning, and his plagiarism. For an analysis of Irving's mannerisms in his documentation, see *idem*, pp. xlix-l.

Chapter V, note 70: Besides the approval of thousands of silent readers, who never forgot Diedrich Knickerbocker, Irving won the suffrage of the small, but critical, caste of literary periodicals on the Atlantic coast. "This amusing book," said the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review* for February, 1810, ". . . is certainly the wittiest our press has ever produced." "If it be true," added a Baltimore newspaper, "as Sterne says, that a man draws a nail out of his coffin every time he laughs, after reading Irving's book your coffin will certainly fall to pieces." Quoted in P.M.I., I, 239. The review of the second edition by the *Port Folio* of October, 1812, was the soundest of these early judgments:

Diedrich was born with a fine genius and strong powers of humour . . . a keen and minute observer. To the nice and delicate shades of conduct and manners, he had given much of his attention, and possessing an intuitive power to seize whatever was ludicrous in passing events, he saw every thing with an original eye, and painted it with colours of such gay good nature, and so much of drollery and quaintness of humour, that whether in conversation or in writing he was always welcome. He had, moreover, a copious and natural style, without artifice or pretension, yet strong, vigorous, and manly; and whenever in the midst of his eccentricities he ceased to be sportive, his fine imagination enabled him to be always elegant and engaging, and oftentimes brilliant.

Yet during his astonishing popularity Irving heard also the sharp back fire from the shocked and the insulted. He had been vulgar; and he had travestied sacred Dutch names. In the edition of 1812 he washed out much of the former, but the latter was too closely knit with the nar-

rative to permit erasure. The bitterness of some families was intense and enduring. (The prejudice against the book lingered in the city as late as the middle of the century. See Clarence Cook, "A Glimpse of Washington Irving at Home," *Century Magazine*, May, 1887. "I cannot understand," wrote E. A. Duyckinck, "how Irving's humor in that book can yet be resisted—I cannot regard it either as serious ridicule of the Dutch but rather harmless pleasantry." Manuscript Diary, March 27, 1839; N.Y.P.L. See also *Brooklyn Daily Times*, June 3, 1857; *Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman*, ed. Emory Holloway, Garden City, New York, 1921, II, 5. "I offended," said Irving in 1843, "many good families by bringing their names into it in ludicrous points of view and several persons never forgave me for it." Autobiographical Notes, Madrid [Spain], January 10, 1843; T. See also the attack on Irving for ridiculing ancestry in *The Memorial History of the City of New York*, ed. J. G. Wilson, New York, 1893, I, 79, footnote.) It is more than unlikely, as reported, that a lady of Albany set out with a horsewhip in quest of this upstart. Yet desecrated dignity had a handle in the salacious portions of the book, and on these it took revenge. Some nine years after its first appearance, one Dutch scion denounced Irving before the New York Historical Society (December 7, 1818). It was decorous Verplanck, who lamented grandly: "It is painful to see a mind, as admirable for its exquisite perception of the beautiful, as it is for its quick sense of the ridiculous, wasting the riches of its fancy on an ungrateful theme, and its exuberant humour in a coarse caricature." G. C. Verplanck, *Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Arts, and Literature* (New York, 1833), p. 63.

It is regrettable that Irving in his heart agreed with Verplanck. He learned of this onslaught while working feverishly on *The Sketch Book*, and was perturbed, not merely concerning the possible effect upon the American reception of his new work, but also, foolishly, about these sins of his. Yet, he loved the old book, rejoiced in its popularity, and planned to make it go still farther. It was no bantling, like *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* or *Salmagundi*, to be abandoned in some publisher's rubbish bin. He was working in this very year (1818) on a third edition, illuminated by the pens of his friends Washington Allston and C. R. Leslie. (For letters concerning these paintings, see P.M.I., I, 366-368.) Nevertheless, he was troubled by compunctions about its "grossièreté," and by the possible influence of Verplanck's rebuke. Verplanck may have been right; this salt of vulgarity is sprinkled, despite Irving's emendations, through all three editions. It was to be known for years, in Verplanck's phrase, as "a coarse caricature," and to be re-proved long afterwards for this spicy flavor, even down to Walt Whitman's sneer that it was a "shallow burlesque, full of clown's wit." *Op. cit.*, II, 5. Emerson referred to "the deplorable Dutch wit of 'Knickerbocker.'" J. E. Cabot, *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Boston, 1887), I, 92.

Yet, again, despite Verplanck's cavil and Irving's repentance, this stout Elizabethan strain is integral with the history's strength. Verplanck was oracularly secure in family, wealth, and in the unimpeachable heaviness of his own pounding humor. Uncompanionable and cold, he was the last person to appreciate the spirit of Knickerbocker; "too much of a frog, Sir," said Ogilvie, the orator, "too much of a frog!" P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes (G.W.) The author of *The Peregrinations of Petrus Mudd* could never have written of the lusty Anthony or the breeches of Peter Stuyvesant or of the jolly sport of bundling. Irving could, and he had confessed the horrible fact. Let him emend, if he would. This goodly force in him was now manifest; and posterity need not be deceived by revisions or a dozen pale *Bracebridge Halls*. Happily, his own efforts failed to reduce this bumptious, wholesome book to the category of another elegant essay. (For Verplanck's later hostile criticism of Irving see his *The State Triumvirate, A Political Tale: and the Epistles of Brevet Major Pindar Puff*, New York, 1819, pp. 196 ff.)

Unlike *Salmagundi*, *A History of New York* stood firmly on its own feet throughout the century. It was reread and rereviewed countless times. Its characters entered into the jargon of the day, and there were numerous imitations of its method. (E.g., John Bradford, *The History of the Garret* . . . [New York, 1815], an account of Newark, New Jersey, in the manner of Knickerbocker, and *The Manuscript of Diedrich Knickerbocker, Jun.*, New York, 1824. This frank copy of Irving's work was reviewed in the *United States Literary Gazette*, October 1, 1824. Paulding's *Koningsmarke*, New York, 1823, was believed to have been an imitation of *A History of New York*; see the *Southern Literary Journal*, June, 1836. For the influence of the book upon other New York literature of the period, see N. F. Adkins, *Fitz-Greene Halleck* . . . , New York, 1930, pp. 101-102.) It was translated into French and German (e.g., *Humoristische Geschichte von New-York*, Frankfurt, 1829); it was dramatized ("Knickerbocker upon the Stage at Last!" in the *New-York Mirror*, February 1, 1834). It continued to be praised, until Irving's death, by the most distinguished periodicals of England and America, and by their best writers, for its reflections on politics (see *Edinburgh Monthly Review*, February, 1821); for its introduction of genuine American themes; but chiefly for its honest humor, which is the essence of its power. "'Knickerbocker's History of New York' was an honest and manly attempt to found an American literature. Those who read it must have exclaimed involuntarily 'Yes, this is the work which was wanted. The umbilical cord is now severed. America is indeed independent.'" *Athenæum* (London), October 14, 1829. "It is tiresome," said John Neal, in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for January, 1825, and "there are some wretched failures in it; a little overdoing of the humorous—and a little confusion of purpose, throughout

— as a work, honourable to English literature — manly — bold — and so *altogether original*, without being extravagant, as to stand alone, among the labours of men."

And the book still flourishes. Not only did the "coarse caricature" live on among the Danas, Everetts, Duyckincks, and Willis, all men weighed down by the conventions of their era, but to-day reprints are still issued, new illustrations for it are still drawn. For the best criticism refuses to be stereotyped about Irving's Homeric history of Dutch New York. For an estimate of the later reputation of *A History of New York*, see *A History of New York*, ed. S. T. Williams and Tremaine McDowell (New Haven [1927]), pp. xxxv-xxxviii. One of the most thoughtful verdicts is that by J. R. Lowell, *Among My Books* (Boston, 1870), p. 231. Among the interesting reviews during the book's career in America and England were those in the *North American Review*, September, 1819 (R. H. Dana); *idem*, July, 1822 (Edward Everett); *Port Folio*, May, 1824; *American Quarterly Review*, March, 1828; *North American Review*, January, 1829 (A. H. Everett); *New England Magazine*, July, 1832; *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*, March 18, 1820; *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, July, 1820; *National Advocate*, September 13, 1820; *London Magazine*, December, 1820; *New Monthly Magazine*, December, 1820; *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany*, December, 1820; *Monthly Review*, January, 1821; *Quarterly Review*, March, 1825; *Athenæum* (London), October 14, 1829; *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, March, 1836; *Saturday Review*, January 20, 1894. See also T. S. Fay, *Crayon Sketches . . .* (New York, 1833), II, 103.

### *The Sketch Book* (1819)

Chapter VIII, note 147: This imprint of *The Sketch Book* upon American literature is most evident in its influence among the younger writers of the new country. In this respect, Bryant thought it causative. W. C. B., *Discourse*, p. 24. Irving's influence was apparent in the milk-sop imitations of Theodore Fay (see T. S. Fay, *Crayon Sketches . . .*, New York, 1833, with its letter to Irving. See also *idem*, II, 22, and [T. S. Fay] *Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man . . .*, New York, 1832). It was perceptible also in Longfellow, who must follow Irving's thoughts in special pilgrimages to the Catskills, Italy, and Spain, and imitate him in *Outre-Mer*. His head was "full of Hendrick Hudson and his crew at nine-pins — the Doolittle Inn — and Rip Van Winkle." H. W. Longfellow to his sister Ann Longfellow, New York, May 14, 1826 (H.W.L.D.). This influence of Irving upon Longfellow was often noted; e.g., *North American Review*, October, 1834, p. 459. T. W. Higginson made a detailed comparison of *The Sketch Book* and *Outre-Mer* in "Longfellow," *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1863, p. 769. See also

discussion of *Tales of a Traveller*, Appendix III, p. 293. Much of N. P. Willis' writing is conscious of the temper of *The Sketch Book*; Oliver Wendell Holmes knew its spell; Whittier echoed it; and Poe acknowledged its perfection within its scope. (See O. W. Holmes, *Over the Teacups*, Boston, 1891, p. 278; E. A. Poe, *Complete Works*, ed. J. A. Harrison, New York [1902] [see Index]. See also, for the influence of *The Sketch Book* upon other American writers, T. W. Higginson, *The New World and the New Book*, Boston, 1892, p. 216; H. E. Scudder, *James Russell Lowell*, Boston, 1901, II, 363-364; J. T. Fields, *Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches*, Boston, 1882, p. 160; George Ticknor, *Life of William Hickling Prescott*, Philadelphia [1863], p. 167; G. R. Carpenter, *John Greenleaf Whittier*, Boston, 1903, p. 81; T. W. Higginson, *John Greenleaf Whittier*, New York, 1902, p. 37.)

Upon the stronger minds of Concord and Salem *The Sketch Book* left less trace, though Hawthorne at one time was enamored of it. See II, 205-206. Emerson always thought Irving weak (see II, 48), and the Westerners would perhaps have agreed with the early comment of Gorham Worth that he was "a very pretty birth-day poet." Quoted by R. L. Rusk, *The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier* (New York, 1925), II, 33. *The Sketch Book* was, however, praised during the next year in a Kentucky review. See the *Western Review and Miscellaneous Magazine*, May, 1820. In the South, John Pendleton Kennedy's adaptation of the aims of *The Sketch Book* to his essays on the old plantation, *Swallow Barn*, is but one illustration of its extended influence upon American writers. (See J. P. Kennedy, *Swallow Barn*, ed. J. B. Hubbell [New York, 1929], Introduction, p. xxviii. *Swallow Barn* was still more in debt to *Bracebridge Hall*. See E. M. Gwathmey, *John Pendleton Kennedy*, New York, 1931, pp. 91-92.) Unexpectedly its spirit reappeared in quite alien books. It had in succeeding decades an inspirational strength at variance with its own frail substance, and in some minor ways this power is not yet vanished.

Again, *The Sketch Book's* later reputation, like that of 1820, was different in England. Better critics, notably Hazlitt, kept fresh its weaknesses. "Mr. Irvine . . . has," said he in *The Spirit of the Age* (*Collected Works*, ed. A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover . . . , London, 1902, IV, 362), ". . . skimmed the cream, and taken off patterns with great skill and cleverness, from our best known and happiest writers, so that their thoughts and almost their reputation are indirectly transferred to his page, and smile upon us from another hemisphere, like 'the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.'" Over English writers, save the Miss Howitts, *The Sketch Book* exerted little sway, and its recessional, audible in the numerous reviews, was by the time of Irving's death fainter than in America. (Miss Howitt frankly acknowledged *The Sketch Book* as a model. *Mary Howitt, An Autobiography*, ed. Margaret Howitt, Boston, 1889, I, 148. The influence of "The Pride of the Village" on Tennyson's "The May Queen" is discussed in *Notes and*



*Queries*, July 26, 1879, p. 65.) In 1850 the *London Critic* of May 15 took occasion to note this fact, and discussed the diminuendo. Yet English editions of *The Sketch Book* continued to appear. Possibly the best modern estimate of its fate as a whole is that of the *Nation* of December 6, 1919:

The vogue of "The Sketch Book" is perhaps not what it was during its first half century. Of how many books cannot such a thing be said? But it has never ceased to amuse, and it has long stood in the decisive position of that classic in English which youthful foreigners, from Switzerland to Japan and in most of the lands that lie between, are likely to study first in learning the English language. To have done for a hundred years what Addison with his "Spectator" did the hundred years before points to a vitality in Mr. Crayon which not a few of us may have overlooked. We have been taking him for granted, as a natural part of the landscape of letters, hardly conscious how much we should lack if he had never lived.

Finally, we should observe the tribute of the *Spectator* of March 21, 1863: "It is the fashion with some readers to depreciate Washington Irving's writings as of too flimsy and voluble a texture. But we are persuaded that, as in beauty of style they can never become obsolete so long as the English classics are read, so in their literary worth, as throwing much light upon the growth of a colonial literature, they must rise rather than fall in the estimation of scholars." Among the scores of other English reviews of *The Sketch Book* from 1819 to 1900, the following are worth attention: *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*, March 18, 1820; *New Monthly Magazine*, March, 1820; *Belles Lettres Repository*, May 15 and June 15, 1820; *Monthly Review*, October, 1820; *Museum*, June, 1822; *European Review*, 1824; *European Magazine*, March, 1825; *Literary Guardian*, May 5, 1832.

In France by 1831 Baudry had published an eighteenth edition, and Countess Guiccioli read one of Galignani's versions, probably a gift from Byron. *Rip Van Winkle and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow* . . . illustrated by G. H. Boughton (London, 1893), p. 9. The foreign reviews were appreciative, and the existence to-day of numerous different editions suggests *The Sketch Book's* vogue in the first half of the century. See Bibliography. Its first translation into Spanish was Montgomery's, already mentioned. See II, 126-127. A few other versions have appeared, but in Spain Irving's popularity was due, quite naturally, to other writings, such as those on Columbus and Granada. An early translation into German was made by Montucci, later Irving's friend in Dresden. See I, 230. Apparently, German interest in Irving, which did not reach its height until after *Tales of a Traveller*, existed before the German versions of *The Sketch Book*, the *Literaturblatt* (Supplement to *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*) having translated a portion of the *Edinburgh Review's* account of the essays. The learned Spiker's versions of *The Sketch Book* followed, and Irving's fame in Germany was assured. For the growth of Irving's German reputation,

see I, 231-232. There were some strictly contemporary translations of *The Sketch Book* into German. The *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* (Stuttgart and Tübingen), 1819, No. 269, pp. 1073-1074, and No. 270, pp. 1077-1078, contains "Die Seereise," Bruchstück aus Godfried Crayon Esquire's Skizzen-buch, New York, 1819." See *Literaturblatt*, 1821, No. 5, p. 20, Supplement to *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*. See *Literarisches Conversationsblatt*, 1825, No. 174, p. 696, and *Intelligenzblatt*, No. 54, December 27, 1834, Supplement to *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*.

### *Bracebridge Hall* (1822)

Chapter IX, note 129: Some of the sketches in *Bracebridge Hall* contain less than five hundred words; e.g., "Story-Telling." It will be recalled that a casual question from Thomas Moore stamped upon Irving's mind the plan of *Bracebridge Hall*. The poet, like many other English readers, had relished *The Sketch Book's* delineation of Simon Bracebridge and the customs of the English manor hall. At Auteuil he had pleaded for an entire book upon the same theme. In this semimythical castle Geoffrey Crayon was to muse unrestrained on the days of old. Thus the first words of the new volume (p. 14) recalled *The Sketch Book*, and the second sentence announced: "I am now on another visit at the Hall . . ." (*ibid.*); Irving was following as models those essays which to later generations were to be the least acceptable. Many of these he had written in Paris in the winter of 1820-1821; drawing the threads together during the spring and summer of the latter year, he had woven a pattern far more extensive than that of *The Sketch Book*. Yet during the summer, partly because he had fallen again under the influence of Leslie, partly because he himself understood the book's need of livelier hues, he had inserted the four tales. These were extraneous, vitiating the unity of the original plan; but they were also its most vital writing. The gallery of pallid English portraits was enlivened by a few bolder daguerreotypes, such as "Dolph Heyliger" and "The Stout Gentleman."

The backgrounds of *Bracebridge Hall* parallel those of *The Sketch Book* but exhibit, also, subtle differences; and on these hang the inferiority of this sequel, this enormous postscript to Irving's first depiction of English life of the past. Again he was relying on the vogue of the essay of observation, character, or personal confession; again he was speaking to the multitudinous readers of magazines and gift books; again he was pouring out his memories, a dozen times distilled, of the eighteenth-century essayists. Once more, too, is evident in him that devotion to the Elizabethans and the contemporary romantics which modifies the platitudes concerning his obligations to Addison and Goldsmith. Finally, as in the composition of *The Sketch Book*, his attitude is intensified in the familiar three ways: in his reading in romantic litera-

ture, in his romantic personal experience as a traveler and observer, and in his own sorrows. Indeed, parts of *Bracebridge Hall* had been composed for inclusion in *The Sketch Book*; the juxtaposition in modern anthologies of essays from both is harmonious; the two books are molded of the same soft clay.

The differences become most apparent through a reconsideration of the three elements. The foremost essays of *The Sketch Book* had been a happy fusion of reading, travel, and personal experience. In the pages, for example, of "Rural Funerals" lived again the poems of Robert Herrick, the Swiss churchyard of Gersau, and the memory of Matilda Hoffman. Few essays, however, of *Bracebridge Hall* except the autobiographical "St. Mark's Eve" blend such ingredients so successfully. Throughout this book Irving speaks ostensibly as an eyewitness. Yet he relates comparatively few incidents in which he himself had a part; and such descriptions as those of hawking, hunting, and fortune-telling are drawn not from life but from books. This is true even of the four tales. Events of his own life creep into "Annette Delarbre" and "The Stout Gentleman" (Journal, 1820, November 11; N.Y.P.L.), but "The Student of Salamanca" and "Dolph Heyliger," like most of the essays, are imaginative projections into a fictitious past, a past lifted from books. This subordination of the second element, so important in *The Sketch Book*, is proved by the notebooks. Those which fed the earlier volume teem with the daily events of Irving's life, duly transferred to *The Sketch Book*, whereas the memoranda for *Bracebridge Hall*, apart from jottings on the castle itself, are primarily reading-lists. (Notebook, 1818; N.Y.P.L. Cf. also "Horsemanship" with Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c., 1817 [30]; Y.) In particular, the third element, that of personal emotion, is pared down to a minimum; that transmutation of his own sadness, as in "Westminster Abbey" and "The Mutability of Literature," reappears only in the noble apostrophes to the dead in "St. Mark's Eve." In brief, *Bracebridge Hall* is far more bookish than its predecessor, far more antiquarian, far more distant from the Washington Irving who in 1818 wandered through England with a sense of grief and adversity.

Books, indeed, and still more books form the gray soil for this languid plant. On what books Irving battered for *Bracebridge Hall* is a provocative question. His first flush of emotion concerning England had faded; *Bracebridge Hall* was to be a far more deliberate, artificial restoration of the past. If his own feelings were exhausted, still the libraries were fertile, and to these he turned. The result is an enervated book. Never, even in Irving's earliest writings, is the reader so stifled under an avalanche of third-hand erudition and legend. Continually he meets with characters who lisp in familiar accents, with scenes known in schoolboy books. Yet precisely when or where he has encountered these, he cannot say; they irritate, like half-forgotten melodies. Nor does Irving's apology aid us: "I am aware," he demurs, "that I often

travel over beaten ground, and treat of subjects that have already been discussed by abler pens." (p. 8.) Yet he would not acknowledge the various paternities fastened on *Bracebridge Hall*, though he comprehended well enough the suspicions which he had encouraged. He continued to deny obligations: "Various authors have been mentioned as my models, to whom I should feel flattered if I thought I bore the slightest resemblance; but in truth I write after no model that I am conscious of." (*Ibid.*)

To fall back upon generalities concerning the eighteenth-century essayists is unsatisfactory. What has been said of Irving's debt to these in connection with *The Sketch Book* is true of *Bracebridge Hall*. Simon Bracebridge reminds us of Sir Roger de Coverley in his picture galleries, in his pride of family, in his patriotism, in his religion, in his family servants, and in dozens of mannerisms. (All these are derived from stock literary traditions, but see Ferdinand Künzig, *Washington Irving und seine Beziehungen zur englischen Literatur des 18. Jahrhunderts*, Heidelberg, 1911, pp. 33-45.) To read of Master Simon is to whisper, "Will Honeycomb"; and General Harbottle may well be a cousin of the same philosopher. The Bracebridge library and Lady Lillycraft's acquaintance with books are reminiscent of the *Spectator*; and the gypsies of the latter seem to have begotten grandchildren for Washington Irving. Or is not General Harbottle, Obadiah Lismahago of Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*? (Künzig, *op. cit.*, p. 55.) In William Street this American boy had pored over his father's *Spectator* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He had long wished to write of this enchanted life of London and the manor hall. In one little knot of essays within *The Sketch Book*, he had salvaged something of the spirit of the old brown *Spectator*. Was *Bracebridge Hall*, then, not the consummation of this influence of his youth?

Unquestionably, these old classics seeped into Irving's mind as he wrote. Not only was he conversant with the originals, but, as said, with the imitations and variations upon them by nineteenth-century writers. To them his thoughts reverted whenever he wrote, as to Shakespeare, or to the fairy tales of Scotland. They helped to influence the temper of his writing; unseen, they adorned his "elegant" prose. Yet that copies of Addison or Goldsmith lay open on Irving's table as he composed *Bracebridge Hall* is more than doubtful. He was sincere in declaring himself no creature of these essayists and novelists, whom he had long ceased to read. The parallel passages submitted by students are not persuasive; they repeat the spirit but never the language of the alleged original. To have changed the phraseology so triumphantly implies a degree of labor unlikely in a writer who in other books boldly duplicated his originals. Among more than thirty references in *Bracebridge Hall* to writers of English literature, not one exists to the eighteenth-century essayists or novelists. (Künzig, *op. cit.*, pp. 10-12.) External evidence is even more convincing; he was not reading these old wor-

thies. For not only do the notebooks abound in allusions to his new enthusiasms for the contemporary romantics, but they focus, also, in his reading concerning the past, upon the Elizabethans. These notebooks, like the published writings, are silent concerning Addison, Goldsmith, and their successors in the eighteenth century. (Journal, 1820, 1821; Notebooks, 1818, 1822; N.Y.P.L.) Thus it is difficult to believe that in 1822 these were a vital force; causative they were not. They were a benign influence, but for the creation of *Bracebridge Hall* Irving delved into other books.

The major sources of Bracebridge Hall were Elizabethan writers and antiquarian works of the seventeenth century, plus an inlay from Moore, Scott, and other contemporaries. Irving's saturation in Elizabethan prose and poetry, intensified in 1815 after his arrival in England, reached its height between the years 1818 and 1822, during the composition of *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*. An unmethodical student, his intellectual enthusiasms rose and fell in waves; in 1808 his literary passions were medieval romances and New England histories; in 1823 German legends; in 1827 he had shelved both these early interests in his excitement concerning Spanish-American subjects. Just now it was old England. So *Bracebridge Hall* alludes to some twenty writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the notebook of 1818 is swollen with extracts from Spenser, Carew, and Robert Southwell. He was deep in Roger Ascham, Chaucer, and Nash's *Quaternio*; he drew from Earle's *Microcosmographie*, Dibdin's *Bibliographical Tour*, Stow's *A Survey of London*, and from Gervase Markham's prose; and his friendship with Isaac D'Israeli led him to the *Curiosities of Literature*.

Besides the books from which he quoted directly, he had recourse to innumerable antiquarian tomes, for minute points. Thus for the sections on manners and dress he borrowed from the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries. He read in Sir Egerton Brydges' *Censura Literaria*, that he might write on falconry and hunting; and he seasoned the dish with sauce from Dekker's and Marston's plays, and even from Evans' old ballads. (Cf. the resemblance in substance of "The School," pp. 322-325, and *The Whole Works of Roger Ascham* . . . , London, 1864, III, 96-97; of "English Gravity," pp. 291-298, and the discussions in *Quaternio* between "Urban" and "Rustic" [see edition of London, 1636]; of "A Literary Antiquary," pp. 107-113, and "An Antiquary," John Earle, *Microcosmographie*. For Irving's familiarity with Dibdin and Stow, see *Bracebridge Hall*, pp. 110-111, 295. A letter to Leslie, Edgbaston, November 8, 1821 [C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections*, Boston, 1860, p. 244], reveals his study of *Archæologia*, published by the Society of Antiquaries. See *Archæologia*, VI [1822], 346 ff. From the same letter we know that he obtained much material for his sections on hunting and hawking from the *Censura Literaria*. See *Censura Literaria*, IX [1809], 258 ff.; X [1809], 225 ff. For allusions to Elizabethan drama and songs, see *Bracebridge Hall*, *passim*.)

All this was a consequence of his surfeit in Elizabethan books, lasting from 1815 until the very publication of *Bracebridge Hall*, when he was still ferreting out these musty enchiridions. He had shoveled together a turgid body of unscientific book learning on old England. *Bracebridge Hall* became a farrago of all customs since the days of Elizabeth; anachronism vied with anachronism. That in his pages seemingly Elizabethan gentlemen read the novels of Richardson did not disturb Irving; his purpose was half poetic. *Bracebridge Hall* was, he conceded, a fantasia.

The second component, his personal experiences in England, was confined, apart from a few minor incidents, to the Hall itself. On this point controversy has been uneasy, but the prototype of the Bracebridge home was really Aston Hall, in Birmingham. (Others have named as the original of Bracebridge Hall, Brereton Hall, near Congleton, in Cheshire. For discussion of the question see *Notes and Queries*, November 5, 1892, December 10, 1892, May 27, 1893, and *The Baronial Halls of England*, London, 1858, II, 5. An epitaph of one of the "family servants" was taken from a tombstone in Handsworth parish churchyard, near Aston Hall. See Alfred Davidson, *A History of the Holmes of Aston . . .*, Birmingham, 1854.)

To-day the old Tudor manor, faded and begrimed, is surrounded by the smoky city, but in Irving's day it was set in fair countryside. Strolling to it from Van Wart's, he had climbed the oaken staircase, pausing over the peppering made by Cromwellian bullets. He had sauntered in the gallery, with its fretted ceiling; stood before the cavernous fireplace, and gazed at the grotesque figures in the dining room. Here had actually lived the Bracebridges, of that old Warwickshire family, long resident at Atherstone; Charles Holt Bracebridge was the last lineal descendant of the family which built Bracebridge Hall. (See "Washington Irving in Birmingham," in a volume called "Newspaper Cuttings," in the Birmingham Library. Cf. in the present work, chap. vii, note 15. Van Wart's son told Mrs. Bancroft in 1846 that Aston Hall "was the veritable 'Bracebridge Hall,'" and that his uncle had spent a Christmas there. E. D. Bancroft, *Letters from England*, New York, 1904, p. 9.) Meditating on this past, in 1822 he added the embellishments from Haddon Hall, and altered sundry turrets or gargoyles from his memories of other English mansions. (Notes at Haddon Hall &c 1821; S.) Yet how slight is this element of reality in *Bracebridge Hall* compared with the autobiography in *The Sketch Book*!

Personal emotion such as that in "Rural Funerals" is even less perceptible. Only in "St. Mark's Eve" does the reader cut through these layers of books and travel. Only in this essay forged from a study of Milton, from the Rosicrucians, and from some oft-amended phrases with which he had experimented in 1817 (see *Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c.*, 1817, ed. S. T. Williams, New Haven, 1927, p. 60), does he forget himself and his trade and speak directly to the reader. In

writing "St. Mark's Eve," in that hour alone in his chamber, he put aside *Paradise Lost*, Aubrey's *Miscellanies*, and Rabbi Eleazar (see "St. Mark's Eve"), to meditate not profoundly but feelingly upon the fate of the bereaved. He dropped his puppets, Julia and Lady Lillycraft. Once more tapestried walls, the portraits, and the moonlight spoke to him, not of the Bracebridges, but of his own loneliness :

I have sat by the window and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing, one by one, from the distant village ; and the moon rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowy lawns, silvered over, and imperfectly lighted by streaks of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by "thick coming fancies," concerning those spiritual beings which

"walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Are there, indeed, such beings? . . . There are departed beings whom I have loved as I never again shall love in this world, — who have loved me as I never again shall be loved !

(*Bracebridge Hall*, pp. 149, 152. The quotation is from *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 677-678. Irving set down the passage in full, just after the death of Matilda Hoffman, in the Notebook, 1810; Y. In 1817 he had developed the idea into the following note, whose resemblance to the passage in "St. Mark's Eve" is apparent : "I heard the voices of departed friends calling to me in the ether — the grave has closed on my early hopes, My companions & friends have gone into the land of forgetfulness — I am a lonely melancholy man — a stranger & a sojourner in a foreign land — no one cares for me on earth but I trust that there are gentle spirits that look down on me from heaven — that watch over my slumbers and shed comfort on my path — The silver pomp of heaven at night." Tour in Scotland [I, 53] ; P.D.)

A word may be included concerning the special sources of the four intrusive stories. "Dolph Heyliger" was possibly a New England tale in Dutch dress and a product of books sent him by Brevoort in 1816. (See *The Works of Washington Irving*, ed. R. H. Stoddard [n.p., n.d.], III, 585, footnote. Actual houses in Albany were probably described in the story. See J. Munsell, *The Annals of Albany*, Albany, 1869, I, 302-304. In Germany "Dolph Heyliger" was at once connected with the various legends of the phantom ship. See Stefan Hock, *Die Vampyrsagen . . .*, F. Muncker, *Forschungen zur neueren Litteraturgeschichte*, Berlin, 1900, XVII.) "The Stout Gentleman" is apparently an artless echo of the holiday with Leslie and a memory of Walter Scott. (Scott believed the Stout Gentleman to be reminiscent of himself. See *Peveril of the Peak*, Introduction. For another version of the composition of "The Stout Gentleman" see J. T. Fields, *Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches*, Boston, 1882, p. 160.) It is, moreover, surprisingly like *The Hermit in London* (see [Felix M'Donough] *The Hermit in London*; or, *Sketches of English Manners*, Philadelphia, 1820, I, 125—

132). "The Student of Salamanca," grisly with villains and mysteries, bears presumably the same relation to Mrs. Radcliffe which the other portions of *Bracebridge Hall* bear to Addison. Antonio and Inez seem reminiscent of Montoni and Emily in *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. (See the *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany*, July, 1812.) Mrs. Radcliffe was Irving's companion in 1804, but convincing proofs of his obligation to the Gothic romancers are lacking. In fact, the following admission concerning this story, which had lain long in his portfolio, may be taken as typical of his method in creating *Bracebridge Hall*.

The character of the alchemist [he said] cost me much labour. The idea of his hunting for knowledge among the books in the library was suggested by an old bookworm described by d'Israeli, who readily recognized his production; but the speculations of the old man on alchymy were the result of an extensive course of reading in books on alchymy and the philosophers stone etc, in which I got very much interested and therefore handled the subject familiarly. . . . The plates of Nad [*Bracebridge Hall*, pp. 181-182] were found at the convent . . . on the neighboring hill above Granada and have always been a matter of speculation among the curious.

(Autobiographical Notes, Madrid [Spain], January 10, 1843; T. For other circumstances concerning the composition of "The Student of Salamanca," see I, 204. Irving's reading in preparation for this story included G. Pérez de Hita, *The Civil Wars of Granada*, tr. T. Rodd, London, 1803; and apparently a version of *Gonzalo de Córdoba, ó La conquista de Granada* . . . , Madrid, 1804. A version of "The Student of Salamanca," *The Alchemist*, was acted at Drury Lane Theater on March 20, 1832.)

### *Tales of a Traveller* (1824)

#### Chapter XI, note 148:

*Kempferhausen*. Washington Irving is, I hear, busy with German manners now. He has taken up his residence there, — and is determined to give us a German Sketchbook in the first place — (what a present this will be!) — and then a series of works, all founded on German stories, and illustrative of the characters and customs of German life.

*Odohertry*. Come, this is good news, *Kempferhausen* — I am truly happy to hear Geoffrey Crayon has got hold of so fine a field.

(John Wilson, *Noctes Ambrosianae*, New York, 1854, I, 318.) This stilted dialogue mirrored the anticipation of Irving's readers. These remembered "The Spectre Bridegroom" and "Rip Van Winkle"; they knew that he shared Scott's passion for German legend; his stay in Dresden was to yield a "German Sketchbook." Plainly, Irving was identified not merely with essays of "the village school," with the sentimental sketches of the annuals and gift books, but with the German tale. Hoffmann, dead two years, was still a powerful magnet in English and American magazines, though the literary value of these supernatural tales was a controversial subject. Later both Hawthorne and Poe



were censured for their alleged debts to German legends. See the *Southern Literary Messenger*, March, 1835, and *The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. J. A. Harrison (New York [1902]), XIII, 144. Nothing, however, could stay the flood of translations in books and periodicals. Scott's article "On the Supernatural in Fictitious Composition," in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for July, 1827, defended these German models; revealed the vogue of Musäus, Baron Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué, Grimm, E. T. W. Hoffmann, and Jean Paul Richter; and praised Irving for his share in introducing into English literature "this wild and fantastic tone."

As always, Irving knew what was expected of him. In fact, his hopes, as we have seen, had once been as high as Kempferhausen's for a "German Sketchbook." He had, however, failed; his book was the feeblest substitute for his dream. He had been beaten down by the fear of these very anticipations and, as the last two chapters have shown, by circumstances: by inertia, by scatterbrained enthusiasms for unworthy projects, and by his infatuation for the drama. The rough treatment accorded *Tales of a Traveller*, then, was due partly to his defiance of the critics' wishes. German material was known to be at his disposal. Why had he thrown on the market this huddle of tales of all nations?

For, actually, not a single tale derived whole-heartedly from the German lore in his mind. Only in casual incident or fleeting description may be detected the influence of Irving's days in the Black Forest or in the mountains of Salzburg. His hours with Böttiger, the antiquary, or with the *Märchen* of Musäus and Grimm imparted no positive flavor to this ragout of ghost stories. For, rivaling the emasculated German legends were Dutch-American anecdotes and Italian back-grounds. Indeed, as a whole the book has, unlike *Bracebridge Hall*, no deeply founded integrity of character. In contrast to the saturation of Spanish lore in *The Alhambra*, *Tales of a Traveller* reminds us of Irving's own anecdote of the bastard wedded to the lady of easy virtue, "nobody's son marrying everybody's daughter." Manuscript (T.). The book is a deplorable example of an unfinished task. "Christopher North's" kindly prophecy for Irving was at fault; there was to be no "German Sketchbook."

The sources of *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* were, as said, threefold (see I, 177-184; II, 283-286), but the origins of *Tales of a Traveller*, story by story, were heterogeneous. The German influences are least elusive in Part I, "Strange Stories by a Nervous Gentleman" (see also *Wolferi's Roost*, pp. 362-375), but even in this section Irving is heavily in debt to hints from friends in Paris and London. The graceful introduction, "The Great Unknown," he owed to Scott's reference to "The Stout Gentleman" in *Peveril of the Peak*. See II, 285. The device of the framed tale, a story within a story, employed in "The Hunting-Dinner" and throughout the book, he may have borrowed from Tieck's *Phantasus* (see *Schriften*, Berlin, 1828-1854, IV, and H. A.

Pochmann, "Irving's German Tour and Its Influence on His Tales," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, December, 1930, p. 1170), which he had probably read; but he had used this trick earlier (e.g., *Bracebridge Hall*, pp. 430-434), and it is, in any case, no newer than Boccaccio. For "The Adventure of My Uncle" he may have pilfered from "Die Edelfrau von Scharzfeld" and from Grässe's anecdotes of "Die Weisse Frau" (see H. A. Pochmann, "Irving's German Tour . . .," pp. 1170-1172), but one portion of the tale, that on the Duchess de Longueville, he picked up in Paris. Journal, 1824, May 9 (T.). In "The Adventure of My Aunt" he neatly incorporated an incident of his own travels in Derbyshire. Manuscript (T.). "The Bold Dragoon" was a jumble of his recent tour through the Netherlands and, perhaps, recollections of an actor whom he had admired in Prague. The "Adventure of the German Student" he purloined from Moore, who had it from Horace Smith.

Such was his method. Finally, the concluding group of tales in Part I, interrelated, the "Adventure of the Mysterious Picture," the "Adventure of the Mysterious Stranger," and "The Story of the Young Italian," completes the series of larcenies. The last of these may be traced with some assurance to Schiller's *Die Räuber*. For a detailed study of the parallels, see H. A. Pochmann, "Irving's German Tour . . .," pp. 1172-1173. Irving read widely in Schiller between 1822 and 1824. See Journal, 1824, 1825, *passim* (T.; N.Y.P.L.). Professor Pochmann says: "Irving's story seems to be one of the rather numerous productions—dramas, poems, tales—that followed in the wake of *Die Räuber*, and like them, it belongs to that species of literature suggested by Schiller's *Sturm-und-Drang* play." "Irving's German Tour . . .," p. 1173. Yet over all three stories hovers that tormenting resemblance, though we search in vain for precise parallels, to the Gothic writings of Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Monk Lewis. It is probable that the Gothic influence upon Irving, like that of certain eighteenth-century writers, was at second hand. He was quite familiar with Gothic atmosphere and technique without drawing upon particular books. H. A. Pochmann finds one specific parallelism. See *idem*, p. 1177. Though Irving regarded Mrs. Radcliffe as "at the head of her line" (Manuscript; T.), I should be inclined to say that his Gothic material was really evolved independently of this novelist. It should be noticed that almost invariably there is in his description of this kind an underlying note of burlesque. The obligation to Schiller is probably here, but "The Story of the Young Italian" is also suspiciously similar to Maturin's *Fatal Revenge*. See D. J. Murphy [C. R. Maturin], *Fatal Revenge; or The Family of Montorio* (New York, 1808), I, 76-79. As if this were not enough, Hartley Coleridge declared angrily that Irving had stolen this tale from his father, the poet. There is apparently no mention of the story in Irving's journal prior to May, 1823, and in the month in which Coleridge told the tale, Irving was in London. "This," said Hartley

Coleridge, "is the story which Mr. Washington Irving has dressed up very prettily in the first volume of his *Tales of a Traveller*, pp. 84-119 [edition of 1822]; professing in his preface that he could not remember where he had derived the anecdote." *The Table Talk and Omnia of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (London, 1917), p. 53, footnote.

From such a record it is evident that the German influence upon Irving in writing the first section of *Tales of a Traveller* lacked at least concentration. Indeed, it may be said that he could have written these tales had he never visited Germany. An example of Irving's indifference to accurate knowledge for his backgrounds is his "The Student of Salamanca." The scene of this was originally Italy. Later, four years prior to his stay in Spain, Irving changed it to Granada. Even such direct impact as made parts of "Rip Van Winkle" transcripts of a German tale, is lacking. The important fact is, then, that all the tales of Part I swarm with ghosts. Some are certainly connected more or less directly with German legends of the supernatural, as in the patent adaptation of the story "The White Woman," which Irving mentions often in the journal; e.g., 1823, July 19 (T.). See also J. G. T. Grässe, *Sagenbuch des preussischen Staats* (Glogau [1868-1871]), I, 15, 224, 267, 283, 339, 521, 572, 765, 783; II, 76, 366, 479, 664, 779. Yet every tale is adulterated with other elements. The conclusion must be, then, that Irving used few of the *Märchen* which he had acquired in Germany, but that these and the fashion of the day inspired him to write in a similar strain, snatching up his material wherever he found it, in the idle recital of an acquaintance or in memories, even those unrelated to his stay in Germany. To Germany he owed not, as in Spain, a solid body of indigenous material, although this was available in his notebooks, but merely the impetus to write composites, these diluted spectral stories of his own.

The second main division of *Tales of a Traveller*, "Buckthorne and His Friends," really a novelette in eight sections, also suffered an alteration into something Germanic. Reviewing the history of this manuscript, it will be remembered that Irving had withheld it from *Bracebridge Hall* at the advice of Leslie. See I, 204. Since then it had knocked about in his luggage, in England, Holland, Austria, and Germany. Once settled in Dresden, he returned to it, and now occurred the most interesting episode in its history — on an American tree a German graft. For, as he worked on this hybrid during the winter of 1822-1823, he was reading Goethe assiduously. Journal, 1823 (N.Y.P.L.), *passim*. The clue is also given in the English reviews which stressed the resemblance of "Buckthorne and His Friends" to *Wilhelm Meister*; e.g., *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, September, 1824. The likeness is certainly not accidental. Parallelism in incident and even in diction demonstrate Irving's reliance upon Goethe. See H. A. Pochmann, "Irving's German Tour . . .," pp. 1166-1169.

A corroborative fact is Irving's interest at about this time in writing

a novel. It must be recalled that he had not yet determined upon the form of *Tales of a Traveller*; "Buckthorne and His Friends" was a separate creation (Irving to C. R. Leslie, Paris, February 8, 1824, P.M.I., II, 186), and during his Dresden period it was apparently reconstructed as a novel. Again, as in writing drama, he was obeying the behests of the critics. The *Port Folio* (March, 1821, pp. 134-135), for example, had insisted that he write

a series of novels, on the plan of those of Miss Edgeworth, or, if he likes that better, of the author of *Waverly*. . . . He has sufficiently tried and shown his strength in sketches; it is time that we should look for full and glowing pictures at his hands. Let him not be discouraged by the common place cant about the impossibility of good novels being written by young men. Smollet wrote *Roderick Random* before he was five-and-twenty, and assuredly he had not seen half so much of the world as Mr. Irving has done.

In March, 1825, the *Quarterly Review* said that Irving "might as a novelist prove no contemptible rival to Goldsmith." Irving had always aspired to be a novelist, had once planned a novel concerning the regicide judges. See D. G. Mitchell, *Dream Life* . . . (New York, 1876), "A New Preface," p. x. "Buckthorne and His Friends" was afterwards condensed, but in the spring of 1823 it undoubtedly rubbed pages with a copy of *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, and the final form in *Tales of a Traveller* retains traces of this intimacy.

Yet, once more, Part II, like Part I, depends upon German sources for only a fraction of its content. Irving's own story of the hasty composition of one of its chapters warns against fastening solely upon a German source. This

was almost entirely written between breakfast and dinner. I got warmed in the subject and wrote as if reading anothers work. The incidents suggested themselves as I progressed and without the least previous thought. . . . When I had got to the death of the old Uncle and the legacy left to Buckthorne Moore came in according to previous appointment and I went out to dinner.

(Autobiographical Notes, Madrid [Spain], January 10, 1843; T.) The incidents rose easily in Irving's mind because he drew them not from Goethe, but from his own life. "Buckthorne," he himself testified, "was first suggested by seeing a deserted old country place near Birmingham whose owner was nearly such a character as I have made of the old misers." *Ibid.* Cf. *Tales of a Traveller*, pp. 257-261. For passage after passage he reached down into his own pockets. Thus the chapter "Literary Life" is a reverberation of "The Mutability of Literature." Moore's humorous account of the Longmans, told as he and Irving strolled through Père-Lachaise cemetery, became "A Literary Dinner." "The Club of Queer Fellows," with its engravings of Goldsmith's lodgings, Irving built upon his visit to Green Arbor Court. Manuscript (T.). Several passages in the notebooks of 1817, all autobiographical, he exhumed for use in "The Poor-Devil Author." See *Notes while*

*preparing Sketch Book &c.*, 1817, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927), p. 78, footnote 1.

In fact, if we accept and reject warily, this novelette is a sentimentalized memoir of Irving. The last-named essay's opening pages depict his life in New York. The following, somewhat fictionized, is identical with a personal passage in a notebook (see *Notes while preparing Sketch Book &c.*, 1817, ed. Williams, pp. 77-78) and records his feelings during the days of 1815.

My heart was light as my purse, and my head full of anticipations of fame and fortune. With what swelling pride did I cast my eyes upon old London from the heights of Highgate! I was like a general, looking down upon a place he expects to conquer. The great metropolis lay stretched before me, buried under a home-made cloud of murky smoke, that wrapped it from the brightness of a sunny day, and formed for it a kind of artificial bad weather. . . .

My eye turned fondly to where the mighty cupola of St. Paul's swelled dimly through this misty chaos, and I pictured to myself the solemn realm of learning that lies about its base.

(*Tales of a Traveller*, p. 154.) In much the same fashion "Notoriety" repeats Irving's unconquerable dread of the critics' claws, and "A Practical Philosopher" is a restatement of his ideals for writing.

Thereupon follows the central chapter of Part II, "Buckthorne: or, The Young Man of Great Expectations." This is a house with many ells, a prolonged essay crammed with memorabilia. Here, under a thin veil of fiction, Irving reminisced of his school days, his reading, his love for the theater, his mother's death. "With her died all that made home attractive." The reader of this biography will recognize the natural origins of the following passages:

My father was a good kind of a man in his way, but he had bad maxims in education, and we differed in material points. . . .

I used to sit at my desk in the school, on a fine summer's day, and instead of studying the book which lay open before me, my eye was gazing through the windows on the green fields and blue hills. . . .

I had already a strong relish for the peculiarities of character and the varieties of situation, and I have always been fond of the comedy of life, and desirous of seeing it through all its shifting scenes.

(*Idem*, pp. 198, 206.) It is true that Buckthorne is like Wilhelm Meister in his idealism, in his sensibility to beauty, and in his passion for the stage, but he resembles more Irving himself. In this essay are the gypsies with whom he mingled during the excursion with Leslie; in it are memories of his days at Oxford, of his visits to the English cathedrals; and here are his best-loved lines from Moore's poetry. "The Young Man of Great Expectations," aside from its slender plot, is a homily on a favorite topic of Irving's, the vicissitudes of the man of sensibility; and the best opportunity for such character study was in his own mind. The concluding chapters of Part II, "Grave Reflections

of a Disappointed Man," "The Booby Squire," and "The Strolling Manager," may likewise be documented in Irving's own vagabondage in Warwickshire and in the backstairs of the theatrical world which he knew so well. For one example see Irving to Henry Brevoort, Birmingham, November 6, 1816 (N.Y.P.L.). Part II, then, of *Tales of a Traveller* owes a modicum to German influences, but more to the author's own experiences.

Part III ("The Italian Banditti") is the most artificial of the four sections. To insert this into the book required deft juggling, and Irving had been justifiably anxious concerning his sleight of hand. The gestation of one story was typical of the group: "The belated travellers," he said, "I wrote in one night at the request of Murray who found that the book did not contain the usual quantity of pages. I had heard a story of the kind when in Italy." Autobiographical Notes (T.). In boyhood he had been curious about Italy, as about Spain, and this country, as we have seen, was originally an objective of his second journey abroad. At the age of ten he had read Hoole's translation of *Orlando Furioso*, and in 1804 had studied Italian. Yet his visit to Italy had been cut short. His early tour gave him, perhaps, some advantage in the depiction of Italian scenery, but "The Italian Banditti" owed little to the country. Irving had never forgotten his sight of Musso, the Genoese highwayman (see I, 58); this experience and a few other incidents he used; but these were the only results of the tour. He knew something of Italian (Journal, 1823, T., N.Y.P.L.), but of Italy itself he was ignorant. To assume, as did many critics, that he was attempting an interpretation of Italy is an absurd error. The fact is that Irving would have employed Greek tales as readily had they been offered him. The following review is beside the point:

Here is a whole Number about Italy, the land of all that is most noble in art, most magnificent in ruins, most sublime and interesting in history, and most picturesque in scenery, and in the modes of actual life. And what has Mr. Irving given us of all these? A rareeshow of postillions in jack-boots, stout English gentlemen, vulgar English women, a talkative landlord, ferocious robbers, and a coquetish Signora.

(*United States Literary Gazette*, November 15, 1824.) He was not interested in Italy, but rather in the best stories available in Paris in 1823.

These chanced to be the melodramatic yarns brought by travelers from Italy. Among his intimates in Paris were such travelers, with their exaggerated accounts of perils in the northern mountains; consuls and diplomats, fresh from Italian posts; and, in particular, painters who lived in Paris but took holidays in Rome. All fetched back anecdotes and even diaries of hairbreadth escapes and chivalrous adventure in the Apennines. From the artist Foy and also from William Etty, Irving extorted much of his material for "The Italian Banditti" (Journal, 1824, February 16; T.), while Frank Mills and an acquaintance named Douglas filled interstices in his notes. *Idem*, March 2, May 24 (T.). These

were good tales, holding him deeply attentive in Medwin's rooms or at fashionable dinner tables. His next move was habitual; he would develop a background; he read eagerly, therefore, in such books as Alberti's *Descrittione di tutta Italia*. Journal, 1824, April 9 (T.).

The results of such tinkering were these histrionics of the Italian mountains. "The Inn at Terracina," though it added zest to young Longfellow's (H. W. Longfellow, Notebook, Naples, April 10, 1828; H.W.L.D.) stay in this village, is a sham, aglitter with pistols, stiletos, fair Venetians, and with robbers in bright-colored breeches, feathered hats, and silk sashes. Parts of "The Adventure of the Little Antiquary" are stuffed with bogus learning on the Abruzzi and the Pelasgian cities, assembled from the Royal Library and two dinner parties with Frank Mills. Journal, 1824, March 2, 5 (T.). The Antiquary himself is Dinon, the eccentric numismatist, to whom Irving devoted considerable space in his journal. *Idem*, April 4 (T.). "The Adventure of the Popkins Family" was Irving's version of an outrage committed upon the English consul at Naples, a Mr. Lackington; it was bestowed upon Irving by Count Orloff. *Idem*, April 7 (T.). "The Painter's Adventure," with its sequels, "The Story of the Bandit Chicftain" and "The Story of the Young Robber," he secured from Captain Medwin, who owned a manuscript chronicling these exploits. *Idem*, February 15 (T.). Irving called this the "Lucien story." It was apparently the journal of an artist in the employ of Lucien Bonaparte. See the *United States Literary Gazette*, November 15, 1824. In "The Adventure of the Englishman," which he first christened "The Attack on the Escort," Irving concluded the epic of the Popkins family. Thus the entire contents of Part III of *Tales of a Traveller* grew not from the months of travel nor even from data collected during past years, as did many parts of *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, but from crumbs of table talk and hastily read books.

Part IV ("The Money-Diggers") is obviously an addendum. For this extravaganza Irving rifled once more his inexhaustible Knickerbocker notes. "The Devil and Tom Walker," "Hell-Gate," "Kidd the Pirate," "Wolfert Webber, or Golden Dreams," and "The Adventure of the Black Fisherman" find their settings in scenes of Irving's boyhood; the last actually resuscitates aged Diedrich himself. Once more, in this section, is evident Irving's hesitant, unconvincing imitation of German themes, for Tom Walker meets the devil, this time in an American snake-ridden swamp, and barter his soul. "The Devil and Tom Walker" may possibly be called "a sort of comic New England *Faust*," for during 1822 and 1823 Irving had read and reread Goethe. See H. A. Pochmann, "Irving's German Tour . . .," p. 1177; O. S. Coad, "The Gothic Element in American Literature," *Journal of English and German Philology*, January, 1925, pp. 83-85. See also Journal, 1822, October 7 (N.Y.P.L.). Yet he had been interested in such themes prior to his study of German. The bulk of the material on Captain Kidd he lifted from his friend and literary agent Colonel Thomas Aspinwall.

Journal, 1824, May 3 (T.). This story of the pirate, now buried in *Tales of a Traveller*, is an effective parody in the vein of "The Spectre Bridegroom." It suggests what Irving might have accomplished with his German subjects had he not been defeated by his own timidity; if he had told in his best serio-comic manner tales which were, as the critics desired, characteristically German. See *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1825; *Ladies' Monthly Museum*, October, 1824.

Chapter XI, note 164: The reception of *Tales of a Traveller* had so lasting an effect upon Irving that it has been discussed in detail. Other evidence may be added. The *New-York Mirror* of September 25, 1824, said:

This is a mere shadow of the previous works of the same writer, without their spirit, humour, or interest; being a dull imitation of himself, by a writer who was never remarkable for originality of genius, richness of invention, or vivacity of fancy. No man in the republic of Letters has been more overrated than Mr. Washington Irving. With very moderate powers of *description*, he has been puffed to an artificial magnitude, which he cannot realize by his productions. Take away his *Dutchman with his pipe*, his *old mansion with his Ghosts*, his *Uncle Trim*, and his *Aunt Tabitha* — and perhaps a clown of an *Old Bachelor*, and Mr. Irving is like the lion with his claws drawn out. . . . GHOST STORIES!! . . .

"The Hunting Dinner" is the *one-hundredth copy* at least from a disgusting original, which is not enlivened by one single flash of wit, or stroke of humour to excite a smile. "The adventure of my Uncle," is a Ghost-story, equally void of interest and meaning. "The Adventure of my Aunt" is still worse, being trite and worn out. "The Bold Dragoon" is silly and puerile. . . . But he who writes for the sole purpose of obtaining money, is entitled to no praise, because he selects topics that will excite the popular passions. . . . This Mr. Irving has done. He knew Ghost merchandise would sell to the best advantage, and contracted with his bookseller accordingly. . . .

It is suggested that Mr. Washington Irving's new work would sell more rapidly if the Booksellers would alter the Title, and call it "STORIES FOR CHILDREN" by a *Baby Six Feet High*, instead of *Tales of a Traveller*.

This is hardly a judicial estimate, but it defines a characteristic attitude. Only a few critics gainsaid the general opinion that *Tales of a Traveller* was an unimportant and irritating book. See the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*, August 28, 1824; *London Literary Gazette*, August 28, 1824; *Imperial Magazine*, January, 1825; *Metropolitan Literary Journal*, October, 1824; *European Magazine*, September, 1824; *Universal Review*, November, 1824. See also the *Westminster Review*, October, 1824; *Kaleidoscope*, September 14, 1824; *Quarterly Review*, March, 1825; *Monthly Magazine*, October, 1824; *Monthly Critical Gazette*, October, 1824; *News of Literature and Fashion*, September, 1824; *United States Literary Gazette*, June 15, September 15, October 1, 1824; *Atlantic Magazine*, September and November, 1824; *New York American*, August 31, 1824.

This, be it remembered, was in 1824. The malice of the magazines slackened after the success of *The Life and Voyages of Christopher*



*Columbus* (1828), and *Tales of a Traveller* was carried lightly, much as was *Salmagundi*, on the back of Irving's established reputation. Distressed by the bitter attacks, he could not realize it, but basically his fame as a writer was not destined either to increase or shrink appreciably. *A History of New York*, *The Sketch Book*, and *Bracebridge Hall* formed a solid foundation of respect among readers less temperamental than the literary critics of the *New-York Mirror* and the *Westminster Review*.

His detractors should have been informed, for example, of the immediate popularity of *Tales of a Traveller*, especially of Part I, in Germany. In the very year of its English publication this appeared serially in the Dresden *Abendzeitung* (1824, Nos. 236-243. "Aus den Erzählungen eines Reisenden von Washington Irving, dem Verfasser des Skizzenbuches. Übertragen von Th. Hell"). In the following year many periodicals heralded as an event a translation by Irving's devoted friend Spiker. Although copies of the unfavorable English reviews were circulated in German magazines, the numerous independent judgments were unstinting in praise. The *Literarisches Conversationsblatt* (1824, No. 41, p. 104) speaks of that author, well-known and beloved even in Germany, Washington Irving, and notes that he is again in England with John Murray, an event of interest to German readers. "Doubtless there will result also a German novel, and Germans will rejoice to behold their country reflected in the mirror of so original a spirit." *Idem*, No. 136, p. 544. A later issue published concerning Spiker's version a long, detailed, and friendly review (1825, No. 164, pp. 653-654). See *idem*, 1824, No. 231, pp. 922-923; No. 238, p. 949; *Der Gesellschafter oder Blätter für Geist und Herz* (Berlin), 1825, Blatt 7, p. 35; *Abendzeitung* (Dresden), No. 31, February 5, 1825. Other editions followed; *Tales of a Traveller* had a distinct vogue here. It was an odd sequel. Irving had failed to use properly his German material, but no book of his has been more successful across the Rhine than *Erzählungen eines Reisenden*. See *Erzählungen eines Reisenden* (Frankfort, 1847). See also *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* (Stuttgart and Tübingen), 1827, No. 48, p. 189; *Hermes, oder Kritisches Jahrbuch der Literatur* . . . (Leipzig), 1824, III, 305-330. Not only was *Tales of a Traveller* successful; it was causative, leaving its impress upon Hauff's *Das Wirtshaus im Spessart* (1827; see Otto Plath, "Washington Irvings Einfluss auf Wilhelm Hauff," *Euphoriion*, Leipzig, 1913, XX, 459-471. Hauff's "Das kalte Herz" is probably in debt to Irving's *Sketch Book*; Plath, *op. cit.*, p. 470) and upon Heine's *Die Harzreise*.

Among English and American readers, too, the later years brought special and distinguished admirers to *Tales of a Traveller*. Longfellow loved it; Poe turned eagerly to its extravagant adventures; and Robert Louis Stevenson was fond of its romance. H. W. Longfellow to Stephen Longfellow, Havre de Grace, June 15, 1826 (H.W.L.D.); J. H. Ingram, Edgar Allan Poe . . . (London, 1880), p. 213; J. A. Steuart, *Robert*

*Louis Stevenson* (Boston), 1924, I, 377; *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott* (New York, 1890), April 15, 1832. One observes, too, the persistent reappearance of these tales in collections of Irving's stories; e.g., *Tales by Washington Irving*, ed. Carl Van Doren ([London and New York] 1928). But Irving, as he constantly lamented in his notebooks, could not read the future; and there was no shred of doubt about the status of the book in England and America in 1824. Out of his procrastination and cowardice and the failure of the book emerged another resolution to be added to those concerning editing, the novel, and the drama: that he would never again venture a volume entirely composed of short stories. "Above all," said one critic, "let him shun tale-writing; it is not his forte." *Metropolitan Literary Journal*, October, 1824.

*The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* (1828)

Chapter XIII, note 139: *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* appears on our shelves as an impressive memorial of Irving's many months of labor in the libraries of Spain, and is seemingly a tangible proof of his scholarship in the field of Spanish-American history. The heavily documented pages proclaim his acquaintance not merely with such standard writers as Juan de Mariana, Herrera, and Las Casas, but also with rare manuscripts, maps, and portraits. Irving's Preface, too, quoted repeatedly in contemporary reviews, solidified a belief, which still lifts its head in biographies of Irving, that this was essentially a work of independent scholarship. In this first Preface, Irving outlined his plan, described his use of public and private collections, and expressed urbanely his indebtedness to individuals, adding: "I have diligently collated all the works that I could find relative to my subject, in print and manuscript; comparing them, as far as in my power, with original documents." (p. 4.) One recalls his ardent resolution at the beginning of his task, and his severe toil during its progress, and inclines to accept the superficial judgment. Are there not the distinguished testimonials of Bancroft, in America, and, in Spain, of the great Menéndez y Pelayo? (George Bancroft, *History of the United States*, Boston, 1838, I, 7; Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, *Estudios de crítica literaria*, 2ª serie, Madrid, 1895, pp. 201 ff. The sources of the history may be roughly divided into three groups: first, fundamental sources on which Irving had constant reliance; second, sources on which he drew on several occasions; and third, rare sources, which served him only once or twice during the composition of the book. See, in particular, Juan de Mariana, *Historia general de España*, Toledo, 1901; Antonio de Herrera y Tordesillas, *Historia general de los hechos de los castellanos . . .*, Madrid, 1601; Bartolomé de las Casas, *Brevisima relacion de la destruccion de las Indias*, Seville, 1552. For an interesting discussion of Irving's sources for the pre-Columbian voyages, see A. B. Benson, "Scandinavians in the Works of Washington Irving," *Scandinavian Studies and*

*Notes*, August, 1927, pp. 213-223. Volume I of the first London edition contained a folding map, almost two feet square, of the West Indies. Volume II carried another, of the treks of Columbus across the ocean. Additional maps ornamented the later editions. No portraits appeared in the first edition, but in later editions Irving included a portrait which had been declared authentic by Navarrete. This matter was a source of deep interest to Irving until almost the end of his life. His thorough investigation of the subject is proved by a long letter to J.S. [?] Bloomfield, Sunnyside, October 28, 1851; H.E.H. For a long time he doubted the authenticity of the portrait published by Navarrete. See Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, February 4, 1829; Y. See also Irving to W. C. Bryant [Sunnyside, 1852], P.M.L., IV, 93-96.)

Yet an investigation of Irving's manipulation of sources and of his methods in writing the *Columbus* does not suggest his originality. Such study, though it hardly lessens the merit of Irving's writing or the usefulness of the book to the English-reading public of his epoch, does not sustain its reputation as a monumental and erudite history. This was no dazzling triumph over the manuscript treasures of Spain; nor was its author suddenly metamorphosed into a rigorous scholar, critically interpreting the past. The book was closer to literature than to history, and it was composed, for the most part, with the aid of those devices of which the creator of *A History of New York* and *Bracebridge Hall* was so facile a master. Yet during Irving's lifetime there arose only one conspicuous protest against this egregious legend. This was an able analysis of Irving's historical principles in a series of articles in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, March, July, 1841; May, November, 1842; January, 1843. To be sure, solitary critics perceived the comedy in this solemn respect for the new historian. Prescott hinted discreetly that Irving's sources were less recondite than appeared, and one of Murray's readers implied that Irving's own contributions to knowledge were not revolutionary. W. H. Prescott, *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella* . . . (Boston, 1838), II, 134; Robert Southey to John Murray, [London?] September 8, 1827, Samuel Smiles, *A Publisher and His Friends: Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray* . . . (London, 1891), II, 257. Yet the whispers of scholars were inaudible amid the plaudits to the elegant essayist who had now unveiled himself as a historian. At the time of Irving's death it was still vaguely believed that he had devoted years to the discovery and collation of early Spanish manuscripts. Bryant, in his obituary address in 1859, declared of the *Columbus* that Navarrete "vouched for its historical accuracy and completeness." W. C. B., *Discourse*, p. 28. It was not the truth; such a feat Irving could not have accomplished in decades in proprietary Spain. His difficulty in obtaining access to a few manuscripts in the Biblioteca Colombina in Seville punctures this myth. The legend, if we study the literature and historiography of Columbus, becomes laughable.

Irving's work in the preparation of *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* was chiefly of two kinds. First, he read carefully and compared versions of the story of Columbus, which, however unknown in the America of 1827, were available in Madrid in this year. Ramusio, for example, or Pedro Mártir he could read in Rich's library, which, as he says, was his "main resource" (Preface, p. 2), and in the Royal Library and the Jesuits' College of San Isidro. Irving also explored the libraries of the Duke of Veragua (a descendant of Columbus) and the papers of Don Antonio de Uguina. In all these collections Navarrete had been before him. The books he needed were not on every shelf, but they were quite as obtainable as the records concerning Peter Stuyvesant in the New York of 1809. Irving was used to such gentlemanly explorations. What he christened "collation" was really a synthesis out of orthodox books of the narratives of the discoverer's career. Following in his footsteps, it becomes evident that, after examining these standard sources, he either stated the derived facts in his own words or he translated, sometimes freely, sometimes literally, the passages before him. This practice, continued in the *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*, eventually brought down upon him the wrath of Spanish critics. See II, 301-302. It was an old weakness, injuring such a unique story as "Rip Van Winkle"; but he found it useful in this new language and this new form of writing. The passages traceable either in substance or in translation to well-known books dealing with Columbus are numerous. Cf. *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, II, 328-329, and Antonio de Herrera y Tordesillas, *op. cit.*, Decade I, Bk. IV, chap. xii; *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, I, 35, and Gonzalo Hernández de Oviedo y Valdés, *Historia general y natural de las Indias* . . . (Seville, 1535-1537), Bk. II, chap. ii. See Irving's footnotes, *passim*. If these are compared with the Spanish originals, it will be seen that Irving's phrases are often summaries of long paragraphs. Throughout his plagiarism, if such it may be called, he was consistent; he translated or he summarized specific passages. Long sections, then, of *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* are substantially excerpts from familiar chronicles.

Secondly, Irving made use of manuscripts in a manner characteristic of his historical method. This method was essentially superficial. He alludes in his prefaces and footnotes to documents in Rich's library, and also to manuscripts in other collections in Madrid, such as the narratives of Andrés Bernaldez (Cura de Los Palacios). On these he worked, but hardly enough to warrant his fame in America as an original investigator; on these he expended some labor in "collation"; and from these he drew some new material. Yet Navarrete had seen the documents, and Irving cannot be credited with exhuming and copying manuscripts previously unknown. See the *Southern Literary Messenger*, March, 1841. His own references, if followed to the Spanish books, prove beyond a doubt that the majority of these manuscripts had already been studied

by the tireless Navarrete, and that the greater number of these were available, without consultation of the originals, in the *Colección de los viages*. Outside this category Irving refers directly to only three manuscripts; and these are inconsequential. See the *Southern Literary Messenger*, March, 1841. Irving's most independent study of manuscripts was in 1828 in the Biblioteca Colombina, Seville. See I, 337.

The question, then, of Irving's use of manuscript sources resolves itself into the question of his debt to Navarrete. We have shared Irving's excitement concerning Navarrete's investigations; his admiration at the achievements of this modest scholar; and his rueful conviction of the futility of trailing the other through the libraries of Spain. How much, then, did he owe to Navarrete? Only by setting side by side the pages of the *Columbus* and the *Colección*, a procedure difficult in America during Irving's career, does the extent of these borrowings become apparent. So far as I can discover, no early reviewer of the *Columbus* had access to the *Colección de los viages*, though numerous reviews mentioned Irving's debt to Navarrete. Ticknor and Prescott and other Spanish scholars in America presumably acquired copies of the book soon after its appearance. See *Catalogue of the Spanish Library . . . George Ticknor* (Boston, 1879), p. 247. Navarrete had not only inspected all save three of the manuscripts used by Irving, but many of these he had printed in full in the two large volumes which were always at Irving's right hand. See *Journal*, 1826, June 21 (N.Y.P.L.). Irving sometimes visited the libraries designated by the Spanish scholar and read the originals, but such verification of Navarrete's transcripts must have seemed an idle exercise. However frequently Irving went to primary sources, the point is that he could never have laid hands on these documents without the pioneer work of Navarrete. Moreover, his method in respect to these manuscripts was precisely that employed in his use of the printed authorities. He condensed their essential facts, or he translated, with varying degrees of exactitude.

Now becomes evident the absurdity of regarding Irving's preparation for his *Columbus* as the discovery, assembling, and collation of manuscripts. This labor Navarrete himself had already completed; he laid the solid foundations for Irving's romantic palace. To understand Irving's dependence it is advisable to summarize again Navarrete's accomplishment. During a period of thirty-five years, with aid from the Spanish government, he had unearthed manuscripts, from Madrid to Granada; with his corps of assistants he had classified and copied until he was able in 1825 to publish his first two volumes. These, totaling about nine hundred pages, contained, besides a learned introduction, the first voyage of Columbus, as related by himself, and the second, written by the navigator's companion Chanca. In them were also the third and fourth voyages, as told by Columbus. The two volumes included numerous letters of Columbus, many diplomatic papers, and other significant manuscripts. Volume II was made up entirely of papers called "Colec-

ción Diplomática." It would have been quite possible for Irving to have secured from this volume many out-of-the-way details, without acknowledging in each case his precise source. Here, in brief, was a scholar's life work, executed under the most favorable conditions in archives notoriously inaccessible to strangers. How incredible, then, to imagine this American more than the interpreter, during his twenty-one months in Madrid, of these documents! Navarrete's book brought him to Spain; and without Navarrete's book, there would have been no *Life and Voyages of Columbus*. Yet Irving contented himself with compliments and the odd understatement that Navarrete had "communicated various valuable and curious pieces of information." (Preface, p. 3.)

The true comprehension by a few specialists of Irving's profound obligation, inadequately acknowledged, has already been mentioned. Prescott, for instance, remarked:

These two volumes [of Navarrete] are devoted exclusively to the adventures and personal history of Columbus, and must be regarded as the only authentic basis, on which any notice of the great navigator can hereafter rest. Fortunately, Mr. Irving's visit to Spain, at this period, enabled the world to derive the full benefit of Señor Navarrete's researches, by presenting their results in connexion with whatever had been before known of Columbus, in the lucid and attractive form, which engages the interest of every reader.

(*History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella* . . . , II, 134.) This "benefit" was understood in Spain earlier than in America, both by Navarrete himself, who received a presentation copy of the London edition of 1828 and who always regarded the *Columbus* as essentially a translation, and by other scholars through the first version in Spanish in 1833. Navarrete apparently published in Seville Irving's personal letter to him acknowledging his obligations. This letter I have been unable to locate. It may have expressed Irving's debt more specifically, and, if so, may account for Navarrete's belief that Irving had made full recognition of the sources of his book. "Yo me complazco en que los documentos y noticias que publico en mi coleccion sobre los primeros acontecimientos de la historia de America, hayan recaido en manos tan habiles para apreciar su autenticidad, para examinarlas con critica y propagarlas por todas partes echando los fundamentos de la verdad." Navarrete to Irving, Madrid, April 1, 1831 (N.Y.P.L.). See also *Colección de los viajes*, Vol. III, Introduction. Luis Villanueva, in writing of Navarrete at the time of his death, stressed the significance of the *Colección de los viajes* as the groundwork for such histories as Irving's (*Semanario Pintoresco*, December 15, 1844); and Don Enrique Gil, comparing the versions of Irving and Navarrete, declared that the entire substance of the former was drawn from the latter. *Pensamiento* (Madrid), 1841, pp. 271 ff., quoted by J. De L. Ferguson, *American Literature in Spain* (New York, 1916), pp. 22, 223. This was untrue, for Irving compiled also from standard books, but the comment sug-

gests a point of view at variance with that of the reviewers in England and America.

It remains, then, to account honestly for this popular error in England and America in regarding Navarrete merely as one of the many sources out of which the savant and investigator Irving had constructed his history of Columbus. The chief cause of the error was Irving himself, who by his ambiguous preface, already quoted in part, and by silence under suspicion, let the legend flourish. His allusions to Navarrete's "most obliging assistance" (Preface, p. 3), and his footnotes, with seemingly candid ascriptions to the *Colección de los viajes*, satisfied apparently many Spaniards, including Luis Villanueva, Martínez de la Rosa, and the generous Navarrete himself, but hardly represent the facts. See the *Southern Literary Messenger*, May, 1842. The reviews echoed the Preface, and the conception of the *Columbus* as an original book crystallized. It was inevitable that later a few Spanish critics should resent the injustice done to Navarrete, and that their discontent should spread to America. As later editions and abridgments of the book appeared and as the conventional reviewers repeated their praises, a storm was gathering. (*Southern Literary Messenger*, May and November, 1842. An article in the same magazine for March, 1841, was translated into Spanish and appeared in the *Espectador* [Madrid], November, 1841, and in the *Diario* [Havana], January, 1842. A translation of the article exists in pamphlet form in the archives of the Real Academia de la Historia, in Madrid. It begins "Vindicación de D<sup>n</sup> Martín Fernández Navarrete, sobre la historia de la vida de Colón y el descubrimiento de América, publicada por el Sr. Washington Irven." See also T. W. White, "Reparaciones de la historia de España: Fernández Navarrete y Washington Irving," *Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia*, LXXIII, 258-281.)

About the time of his embassy to Spain this storm broke about Irving's ears. Spaniards at home and in America expressed themselves more freely, and finally there appeared in full during the year 1841 the vigorous and well-reasoned accusations in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Irving was silent, unless he secretly sanctioned the tart rejoinders in the *Knickerbocker*, a magazine to which he was then a contributor. See II, 106-107. This warfare was acrimonious, and elicited from the former periodical elaborate and specific charges of plagiarism. Yet Irving was silent, and the *Knickerbocker* finally withdrew from the controversy, perhaps for the very reason which the *Southern Literary Messenger* announced, that the charges were true. "The article was sent to Mr. Irving, and, without a perusal, handed over by him to a candid and discriminating friend, with a request that he would read it, and tell him if there was anything in it which required an answer at his hands. If so, he would notice it; otherwise he did not care to be discomposed by reading it." P.M.I., III, 263. The friend advised against a response. It is probable, however, that Irving was quite aware of the

general nature of the attack. See the *Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1843.

His position was now unpleasant. The gossip was repeated in contemporary New York newspapers (E. A. Duyckinck, Manuscript Diary, December 1, 1859; N.Y.P.L.). "Never," Irving declared, "was a history more honestly written or more dishonestly assailed." *Idem*. Nor did his perulant preface in the revised edition of the *Columbus*, with its sop of Navarrete's kindly statement of regard for himself, ameliorate matters. See *Colección de los viages*, III, Prólogo, p. xiii: ". . . el señor Washington Irving en la *Historia de la vida y de los viages de Cristóbal Colon* que ha publicado con una aceptacion tan general como bien merecida. . . ." Among the additions in the revised edition (1848) were more ascriptions to Navarrete. One note, absent in the early editions, is amusing: "Subsequent investigations," says Irving concerning the first appearance of Columbus in Spain, "have induced me to conform to the opinion of the indefatigable and accurate Navarrete, given in his third volume of documents. . . ." *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, I, 71, footnote. The bout between the magazines and the aspersions on Irving now seem trivial, but both really illumine Irving's fault. He should have spoken out—if indeed he could. The replies of the *Knickerbocker* were sentimental and failed to meet the issue squarely. He was hardly a deliberate plagiarist, for he acknowledged his use of published material, but his acknowledgments were disproportionate and feeble, and his vague amenities permitted unsound deductions about his own performance as a historian. It is an interesting episode. One is reminded of his similar carelessness in other prefaces; vouchsafing his gratitude to all, he was too inclined to obscure overwhelming debts to individuals. He had not, certainly, this writer of fictional history, the scholar's scrupulous sense of precise obligation.

Chapter XIII, note 157: The book was destined to attain an honorable place in the literature pertaining to Columbus. Irving's Preface and footnotes had allayed suspicion concerning his scholarship; this was now seldom challenged either in England or America. The first feeling was, of course, surprise at his new ambitions. For, said the *London Weekly Review*,

from Mr. Washington Irving's previous publications, which have all been of a light nature, we should not have suspected that this author was capable of historical composition. A style playful, humorous, and quaintly elegant, but without ardour and energy, though well suited to the lively essay and the gossiping tale, seemed to promise but little when called upon to represent the severe majesty of history.

(February 16, 1828. See also the *New-York Mirror*, March 22, 1828.) The *Athenæum* (London) added that "nothing that Mr. Washington Irving has yet given to the world is at all calculated to lead to the idea



that he is particularly suited to the task of writing a grave and philosophical narrative." February 12, 1828. Yet this he had done, and, once adjusted to Irving's new rôle, the critics overlooked this heresy and, except in a few instances (e.g., *London Magazine*, March, 1828), the absence of truly fresh material. In fact, the *London Weekly Review* concluded extravagantly that the *Columbus* "undoubtedly entitles its author to rank among the ablest historians of the age." *Loc. cit.*

It is amazing how this judgment concealed the book's faults — its near-plagiarism, its sentimentality, and that which Henry Harris noted privately, the lack of historical and critical judgment :

If Irving's *Columbus* seemed to me a very good book, I nevertheless believed that there was room alongside with it for another historical work pertaining to the same subject. Not to speak of errors and omissions which no historian could avoid so long as certain documents were yet unknown, Irving's book lacks the underlying, so to speak, which is now deemed essential to every important historical composition ; that is, it must not be narrative only, but also, and especially, discursive [?] and critical. Irving, then, may and does answer perfectly the purpose of the general reader. — and he never purposed to himself any other aim ; yet, above that class of readers who only seek to while away their spare time or acquire common notions, there exist historical students, exacting, robust and eager to know the why and wherefore of events.

(Manuscript Autobiography ; N.Y.P.L. Yet Harris praised the *Columbus* as history. See *Christophe Colomb*, Paris, 1884, I, 136.) Indeed this was a mind which had never agitated itself about the "why and wherefore"! It was this general reader who was blind to these faults observed by Harris and a few others. Leslie could not lay the book down. C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, March 19, 1828, C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), p. 280. In America, Halleck, Chancellor Kent, and Peter Augustus Jay were astonished at the depth of Irving's research, which placed the book, they thought, "in the first rank of historical composition." Henry Brevoort to Irving, New York, May 31, 1828 (N.Y.P.L.). Here it was declared better than Robertson's history. It pleased by its popular theme, and by its style, on which reviewers exhausted their adjectives. It was finished, nervous, chaste, what-not. *London Literary Gazette*, February 2, 1828 ; *New-York Mirror*, March 22, 1828 ; *American Quarterly Review*, March, 1831 ; *Southern Review*, August, 1828. It pleased most of all by its sentiment, or, as it was called, its "spirit of humanity." A few hardheads objected to the canonization of Columbus, protested rightly that this was not Columbus at all. *Monthly Review*, April, 1828. Yet, in general, the readers who had wept over the shrinking heroines of *The Sketch Book* now shed satisfying tears at the death of Queen Isabella ; Leslie's wife insisted on naming her little daughter after her (C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, March 19, 1828) ; and newspaper poets celebrated the explorer. They found the book a series of affecting scenes : Columbus at prayer or in chains ; the gentle natives bereft of their lands ; the subtle Ferdinand plotting against virtue.

This, after all, was the secret of the book's immediate popularity. This pleased Jeffrey and scores of lesser critics, the elevated sentiment, the proper pathos. One review, characteristic of many, sums up this attitude. After detailed praise of Irving's fluent style, the *American Quarterly Review* continued:

But connected with this, the writing of Mr. Irving possesses another characteristic, which has never been more strongly and beautifully exhibited than in the present volume. We mean that lively perception of all those sentiments and incidents, which excite the finest and the pleasantest emotions of the human breast. As he leads us from one savage tribe to another — as he paints successive scenes of heroism, perseverance, and self-denial — as he wanders among the magnificent scenes of nature — as he relates with scrupulous fidelity the errors, and the crimes, even of those whose lives are for the most part marked with traits to command admiration, and perhaps esteem — every where we find him the same indeviating, but beautiful moralist, gathering from all lessons to present, in striking language, to the reason and the heart.

(March, 1831, p. 185. This review was occasioned by the publication of the *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus* but actually is concerned with both books. The best review of the *Columbus* in the United States was that by A. H. Everett in the *North American Review*, January, 1829, p. 103. For other criticism see the *Eclectic Review*, March, 1828, p. 225; *Monthly Review*, April, 1828; *Kaleidoscope*, February, 1828; *New Monthly Magazine*, March, 1828, p. 288; *Philadelphia Album*, September 24, 1828; *Western Monthly Review*, September, 1828, p. 227. The abridgment [1829] was also widely reviewed during the year 1830.) So the all-embracing sentimental tradition of the age approved Washington Irving's only attempt at serious history.

The gradual discovery of the faults of the book, culminating in the vituperation of 1841, has been described, but in the popular mind its reputation remained secure for many years. See F. W. Maitland, *Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen*, New York, 1906, p. 29. Irving's alterations in the revised edition of 1848 emphasized rather than lightened its sentimental tone. (This text, with one hundred and sixteen pages of corrections and revisions in Irving's hand, is in the possession of B. J. Beyer. Irving's revisions, adding some new material, consisted chiefly of realignment of chapters and numerous verbal alterations. He increased, as already stated, the documentation.) It continued to inspire poetry and tales (see the *Album*, July 28, 1832; *Critic*, New York, March 31, 1883; *New-York Mirror*, August 15, 1829), to be quoted, abridged, and discussed (see the *Critic*, *loc. cit.*; *Critic*, London, May 15, 1850; *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, March 12, 1847), and to furnish a painless approach to a great and complex subject. Reviews appeared throughout the rest of Irving's life, in both England and America, and it was widely translated.

A large collection of French versions may be found in Paris. See Bibliography. There exist several adaptations into Italian. *Storia della vita e dei viaggi di Cristoforo Colombo* (prima versione italiana, Genoa,

1828). This book contains notices of three other editions. See also John Bigelow, *Retrospections of an Active Life* (New York, 1910), I, 185. Less popular in Germany than Irving's other writings, it was, nevertheless, immediately translated, in 1828, and praised by German reviewers, in the *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung* (No. 239, pp. 953-954), as a "historical work of art." See also L. Herrig, *Handbuch der nord-amerikanischen Nationalliteratur* (Braunschweig, 1854), pp. 204-210. The *Columbus* was twice rendered into Spanish for use in the schools in Chile (Diego Barros Arana, *Obras completas*, Santiago de Chile, 1908, I, 15); and by 1893 at least seven different editions were available in Spain. See S. T. Williams, "The First Version of the Writings of Washington Irving in Spanish," *Modern Philology*, November, 1930. The Biblioteca Colombina in Seville contains a suggestive collection of translations into Spanish, French, German, Dutch, Swedish, and Hungarian. See *idem*, p. 185, footnote 2; *Revue Encyclopédique*, XXXIX (1828), 95-109; E. A. Vail, *De la littérature et des hommes de lettres des États-Unis d'Amérique* (Paris, 1841), p. 46. See also Bibliography.

Most interesting, apart from the hostility of 1841, is the fate of Irving's first book on Spanish themes in the Iberian Peninsula. That it should be early translated was inevitable. Irving's associations with Navarrete were well known in Madrid; it was indeed this scholar, liking Irving, who sponsored his election to the Real Academia de la Historia. See I, 355-357. In 1833, or slightly earlier, José García de Villalta, a lesser novelist and dramatist of romantic tendencies (see Andrés González-Blanco, *Historia de la novela en España desde el romanticismo á nuestros días*, Madrid, 1909, p. 135), commenced his translation of the *Columbus*. This was published in four volumes in 1833-1834, and proved to be, unlike Montgomery's free version of *The Conquest of Granada*, a careful duplicate of Irving's narrative. *Historia de la vida y viajes de Cristóbal Colón*, escrita en inglés por el caballero Washington Irving . . . (Madrid, 1833-1834). Villalta's capable translation connected Irving's name in Spain with Columbus, and from Enrique Gil's review and from repercussions in America it is evident that Irving's achievement and his relations with Navarrete had been widely discussed before he returned in 1842 as Minister at the court of Isabella II. These were factors in his appointment by Daniel Webster to this post. See II, 128.

Yet Irving's reputation in Spain as a biographer of Columbus reached its height at about the middle of the century after the publication in 1851 of cheap editions of translations of his history. One of these, anonymous, passed through three editions within four years. Unlike Villalta's version, which is a rare book, it is readily obtainable in Madrid. *Historia de la vida y viajes . . .*, Gaspar y Roig, editores . . . (Madrid, 1851). After 1855 almost all Spanish studies of Columbus refer respectfully to Irving. Many of these allusions are conventional, merely linking him as a pioneer with Humboldt or Robertson: "Humboldt y

Washington Irving, que han de ser los protestantes á que Roselly hace referencia, escriben *que había construido uno de los monumentos históricos más importantes de los tiempos modernos*. . . ." Caesáreo Fernández Duro, *Historia póstuma de Cristóbal Colón* (Madrid, 1885), p. 147. See also D. Fernando Colón, *historiador de su padre. Ensayo crítico* (Seville, 1871), p. vi. Some praise him extravagantly, betraying no genuine investigation of Irving's work. See José María Asensio, *Cristóbal Colón su vida—sus viajes—sus descubrimientos* (Barcelona [1892?]), p. lxi; Francisco de Paula Pavía, *Galería de los generales de marina*. . . (Madrid, 1873), p. 574. From others, however, it is possible to define Irving's unique position, an American celebrated in Spain as a historian of the heroic Columbus. See Guillermo Oncken, *Historia universal*. . . (Barcelona, 1922), XIX, 416, 458; XXXVII, 350.

Such Spanish evaluations are at once more critical and more generous than English and American estimates. They are distinctive chiefly in checking carefully minor points of fact and his obligations to Navarrete. One critic attacked him for ascribing a poetic temperament to Columbus; another for injudicious translations; another for inaccurate dates; still another for such mistakes as confusing the juntos of Cordova with the meetings at Salamanca. (An excellent instance of Spanish annoyance at Irving's free translations occurs in connection with a passage in *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*. "Washington Irving . . . ha osado escribir: 'Conociendo, dice Pedro Mártir, que los españoles eran *hombres vagabundos*, que vivían del pillaje y del engaño. . . ." *Fuentes históricas sobre Colón y América*. . . , ed. Joaquín Torres Asensio, Madrid, 1892, Prólogo, p. li and following pages. See also D. Fernando Colón, *historiador de su padre*. . . , p. 80; Tomás Rodríguez Dinilla, *Colón en España: estudio histórico-crítico*. . . , Madrid, 1884, chap. vi, pp. 206-212. This is a long description condemning Irving's ignorance and inaccuracy in details of Spanish history. See also pp. 37, 39, 40, 48, 241. This book contains an able analysis of Irving's faults as a historian. The following is characteristic of this type of criticism: "Pero se engañó completamente, porque los versos pertenecen á uno de los copistas." *Libros y autógrafos de Cristóbal Colón*. . . , Seville, 1891, p. 25. Comment is also made on Irving's statement concerning Columbus' acquaintance with the narratives of Marco Polo [p. 38].) Such slips the Spanish critics condoned, but were far less tolerant of Irving's wholesale translations. As one instance, Joaquín Torres Asensio commented angrily upon

certain foreign gentlemen who have adapted history to their own method, paving their own pretty field with insults to our country, to its politics, and to its heroes. It suffices to refer, for example, to Washington Irving, whose works, which have wide circulation, concerning the Catholic Monarchs, the reconquest of Granada, and the discoveries of America, are hardly more than a paraphrase of the books of Angleria, as will be perceived by anyone who takes the trouble to compare them.

After a summary of Irving's errors, Asensio adds: "Shall the Spaniards not learn from this not to study the history of their own country in such foreign authors?" *Fuentes históricas sobre Colón y América* . . . , p. li.

Of such jealous caviling there was an abundance, but there was also admiration for the "literary qualities" (Carlos Pereyra, *Historia de América Española* . . . , Madrid, 1920, p. 7) of Irving's history, and one encounters often such sensible judgments as the following:

To form a conception of the discovery no better book can be recommended for the person whose aim is merely to attain a general culture. With it cannot be compared the later work (1862) of Lamartine; for this [Irving's] lacks in its ground-work historical learning, and is not, in respect to literary things, like those works which increase the fame of its author.

(*Historia del mundo en la edad moderna* . . . , ed. Ramón Sopena, Barcelona, 1918, p. 125.)

Yet Menéndez y Pelayo, an authoritative critic, praised the *Columbus* even as history. This passage exaggerates Irving's success, but demonstrates his established reputation in Spain for a book which most Americans have forgotten. *The Life and Voyages of Columbus*, declared Menéndez y Pelayo, at the fourth centenary of the explorer's first sailing,

without ceasing to be one of the most agreeable, readable books which can be found, is at the same time a serious historical work, in which the author, holding back the luxuriance of his pen, has had the good taste not to add fabulous accessories to a reality which is through itself more poetic than any fiction. The novel was provided in the deeds themselves, and Washington Irving had only to tell them, which he did in a manner superior to all praise, extracting the juice from the documents published by Navarrete, reconciling them with published histories and with manuscripts, almost all of which he made use of, since Navarrete generously aided him with his counsel and with his books and since, moreover, he had free access to the Múñoz papers and to other collections. Irving's erudition, then, deserves respect, the more so as he did not make a show of it, which would have been out of place in a popular book, in a work of art; and for this reason, as well as for the good judgment which he generally shows concerning doubtful questions, for the singular beauty of his descriptive and narrative style, for his great love of Spain, and for all that he did to make Spanish matters more attractive, we owe him a tender recollection and the justice of recognizing that, taken for all in all, his biography of Columbus has not yet been superseded and is one which ought chiefly to be recommended to men of the world and to amateurs. . . .

It is nevertheless evident that scientific curiosity cannot be satisfied with such books, however the author may strive to keep the claims of history and those of imagination in equilibrium.

(*Estudios de crítica literaria*, 2ª serie, Madrid, 1895, pp. 270-272. Juan Bautista Múñoz [1745-1799], distinguished historian, published in 1793 the first volume of his *Historia del nuevo mundo*. His papers were made accessible to Irving by Antonio de Uguina.)

This was written some forty years ago, but then and now the enthu-

siasm of Menéndez y Pelayo for the *Columbus* awakened little authoritative praise in the native land of its creator. Scientific historians have laughed at its aspirations to lift itself above the domain of fiction. Hastily done, it seemed destitute of even the methods of the amateur historians of Irving's own age. In fact, it has been assailed as an evil example, as "dangerously seductive," and to-day in England and America it is an archaism. "It has lost ground in these later years among scholarly inquirers. They have, by their collation of its narrative with the original sources, discovered its flaccid character. They have outgrown the witcheries of its graceful style. They have learned to put at their value the repetitious changes of stock sentiment, which swell the body of the text, sometimes provokingly." (Justin Winsor, *Christopher Columbus* . . . , Boston, 1891, p. 60. See E. E. Seelye, *The Story of Columbus*, New York, 1892, p. xii; *The Literature of American History*, Boston, 1902, p. 51. See also J. F. Jameson, *The History of Historical Writing in America*, Boston, 1891, pp. 97-99.) All this is too true. Yet to read even to-day Irving's *Columbus* is to fall again under the spell of its pensive story.

#### *A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada (1829)*

Chapter XIV, note 111: Certain reviews of *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* had observed that the earlier chapters of this book were more dependent upon investigated fact than were the later sections; these were more fluent, more romantic in character, as if their author had grown tired of his self-imposed scholarship. This was so. In the main Irving had clung to his conscientious purpose, but his journal perpetually records in 1827 his longing to write of Spanish tradition in a fashion more congenial to the creator of *The Sketch Book*. See I, 313. His own ineptitude for exact research, the exhortations of Murray, who distrusted him as a historian, the study with the Böhls of local tradition — all counseled him to utilize these Spanish materials from the point of view of the essayist and lover of legend. The shift, or rather the natural development, in Irving's interest in Spanish themes may be deduced from the character, respectively, of the three books written between 1826 and 1829. *The Columbus* (1828) is, after all, a history; *The Alhambra* (1832) is, as Prescott announced to America, a Spanish *Sketch Book* (see I, 373); and *The Conquest of Granada* (1829) is a transitional phase of his study, a compromise between history and fiction. To Irving's vacillation between the two forms may be ascribed its inferiority.

Pointing the way to *The Alhambra* in its interludes of separate legends, it also looked backward to the *Columbus* in pretending to some accuracy of narration, and, more particularly, in its reliance not upon anecdotes of peasants, as in *The Alhambra*, but upon the very books in the libraries of Madrid which had served the *Columbus*. Yet Irving's

methods of composition indicate his growing estrangement from the ways of the historian. Whereas for the *Columbus* he had delved into a multitude of books, for the *Granada* he studied a few intensively; whereas in the former he had endeavored to consult manuscripts and original sources, on the heels of Navarrete, he made no such investigations in the archives of Seville or Granada for this freer book. Whereas he composed the *Columbus* with labor and misgiving, dreading the verdicts of scholars, in writing the *Granada* he resumed his old vagabond tricks, scribbling in *posada* or country retreat, with few materials at hand save his own notes and borrowed books, laying aside his task for long intervals, and, in general, enjoying this intermittent writing. His own recollection, already quoted, is suggestive:

While writing the history of Columbus I was obliged to consult several records relating to the Conquest of Granada, and got so deeply interested in the subject that I wrote out the heads of chapters for the whole work and then laid it one side until I had finished the History of Columbus when I took it up and in less than six months had completed it.

(Autobiographical Notes, Madrid [Spain], January 10, 1843; T.)

Six months! The *Columbus* had confined him to a single room in Madrid for nearly two years. All the circumstances destined the *Granada* to be an easier, friendlier book. Its subject was already familiar, even dear to him. It had, he said, "been a favorite from childhood, and I had always read everything relating to the domination of the Moors in Spain with great delight." *Ibid.* Notes for such an epic were certainly in his luggage as he prowled about Boabdil's palace during his first visit to Granada in 1828, and even during the revision of the *Columbus*, chapters grew under his hands at Casa Cera. During the quiet months here and at Caracol, he had worked at it, and at the latter retreat he swiftly finished its concluding episodes. Böhl's library had been useful, and fresh in his memory were the Alhambra and the mountains of Málaga and Ronda. This was very different from the patient checking of the *Columbus* in Rich's library. He was now writing in the fashion that he loved, with a cavalier indifference to detail, and with pleasure in what he called "literary excitement . . . the picturings of his fancy." Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Seville, April 4, 1829 (H.E.H.).

For *The Conquest of Granada* Irving used in all only about thirty books, and for the body of its narrative only about nine, among them the staples, Conde, which he had long known almost by heart, Mariana, Zurita, Garibay, Bernáldez (Cura de Los Palacios), Pulgar. He had used some of these books in preparing the *Columbus*. See II, 298. See also Gerónimo Zurita y Castro, *Historia del rey Don Hernando el Católico* (Çaragoça, 1580); Esteban de Garibay y Zamalloa, *Los quarenta libros del Compendio historial de las chronicas . . . de España* (Barcelona, 1628). Irving read Bernáldez (Cura de Los Palacios) in

manuscript. See also Hernando del Pulgar, *Crónica de los Reyes Católicos* . . . (Valladolid, 1565). Some of these volumes he bought in Madrid and in Seville; his chief sources would not make an unwieldy traveling library. See Irving's library at Sunnyside. What in the *Columbus* he had called "collation" he now abandoned, selecting the versions which best pleased him, though he juggled some of the legends so discreetly that Prescott and Bancroft respected parts of the book as history. (*North American Review*, October, 1829. Bancroft thought the book "excellently well done." George Bancroft to Jared Sparks, [n.p.] October 4, 1829, *Correspondence of George Bancroft and Jared Sparks, 1823-1832*, ed. J. S. Bassett, Northampton, Massachusetts [1917], p. 138. Bancroft believed that Irving had received aid from A. H. Everett.)

Nevertheless, the freedom of translation which he had employed in the *Columbus* now approached license. He altered narrative to dialogue; he attributed the words of the old chroniclers to his fictitious observer, Fray Antonio Agapida; he cited references without chapter and page or he translated without any citation at all; and he tinted the simple prose of Garibay and others with his most flamboyant rhetoric. E.g., cf. *The Conquest of Granada*, pp. 39-40, with Irving's source, Esteban de Garibay y Zamalloa, *op. cit.*, IV, 411 (chap. xxix). Or cf. the dialogue in Irving's version, p. 128, and the simple statement in his source: ". . . y él respondió: allá quedan, que el Cielo cayó sobre ellos, é todos son perdidos é muertos. Estonce comenzaron en Loja muy gran llanto, é muy gran lloro y tristeza. . . ." Andrés Bernáldez (*Cura de Los Palacios*), *Historia de los Reyes Católicos D<sup>n</sup> Fernando y D<sup>a</sup> Isabel* . . . (Seville, 1870), I, 173.

Columbus' discovery of mermaids was a relatively rare deviation from evidence (*The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, I, 258), but the *Granada* intertwines fact and legend indiscriminately. Only the general outline of campaigns remains as a residuum of truth, and, if we trace back the references to sources, the documentation wears an almost satirical air. It is not strange that some Spaniards thought the two volumes translations of the old chronicles. ". . . su deliciosa *Crónica de Fray Antonio Agapida*. En ella parece, que por un milagro de intuición magnética, se consubstanció el ameno escritor americano del siglo XIX con un fraile español, contemporáneo de Cisneros; supersticioso y cándido coronista de su Orden; reuniendo en chistoso antítesis los primores del lenguaje mas florido y galano, con el fervor fanático y las opiniones estrafalarias mezquinas de un retraído cenobita. Al leer la *Crónica* . . . nos parece que repasamos las páginas sabrosas de la de D. Pedro Niño ó del *Cura de los Palacios*." *Revista de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes*, II (Seville, 1856), 755-756. An interesting example of Irving's transcripts of old histories is the manuscript in his handwriting "The Expulsion of the Jews," taken from Zurita, in the possession of Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of New York City.



Chapter XIV, note 129; "A New Work," said the *Museum*, "by Washington Irving, entitled 'Tales of the Moors' . . . from manuscripts consulted by the talented author, during his residence at Seville." April, 1829. Wilkie had expressed the wish to Dolgorouki that their friend would not stray into these alien fields. David Wilkie to Prince Dolgorouki, London, April 20, 1829 (Y.). Lockhart, too, reading the manuscript for Murray, had nearly damned it:

My impression is that, with much elegance, there is mixed a good deal of affectation — I must add, of feebleness. He is not the man to paint tumultuous war, in the lifetime of Scott, when Byron is fresh. Southey's "Cid" is worth ten of this in every way. . . . Surely the Laureate's name is at least equal to Irving's, and what name equal to the "Cid's" can be found in the "Wars of Granada"?

(J. G. Lockhart to John Murray [n.p., 1827], Samuel Smiles, *A Publisher and His Friends: Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray* . . . , London, 1891, II, 258.) Such forebodings were reasonable. It was a weak book. Yet Irving had judged his ordinary reader shrewdly. On the whole this person preferred it to the *Columbus*, taken in by what were called its elegance of style and its romantic flavor. See the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, June, 1829; *Monthly Review*, July, 1829, p. 430. "There is," declared the *Monthly Repository and Review* for July, 1829,

more spirit and power in this book than in any which Mr. Washington Irving has yet put forth. It is as good as the old ballad of Chevy Chase, and readers, whose age of chivalry is not yet gone, will find it stir their souls like the sound of a trumpet. The style is as quaint and graphic as that of the Old Chronicles which the author has imitated. The subject is, in every sense, a striking one; the materials seem to have been collected with great diligence; and the story is put together most felicitously. So well told a tale, whether of truth or fiction, we scarcely remember to have read; and we doubt whether any historical romance can be named which can compete in interest with this romantic history.

Such praise is difficult to understand, but it justifies that practical conception held by Irving concerning the taste of his age, and his conviction, expressed in a letter to Aspinwall (Seville, April 4, 1829; H.E.H.), that "there is a current in the mind, which an author had better consult and humour, than follow any suggestions & advice."

Indeed, had it not been for the wretched friar, Irving would have fooled the reviewers completely, but on him the critics were severe. No one seems to have understood Irving's cloudy purpose, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* of June 6, 1829, thinking Fray Antonio a real person who had defiled Irving's opinions of the Moors, while the *London Magazine* for June, 1829, observed that the extinction of so noble a people should never be made the target for jests from a mountebank. Only the *Monthly Review* (July, 1829, p. 431) came near the truth: "Mr. Irving, in fact, seems to have been afraid of his subject; he shrinks from appearing boldly in so serious a field; he shelters himself under the pasteboard shield of some fictitious historian; and like the discreet Bot-

tom, while roaring like any nightingale, assures the ladies that he is only in jest."

Such misunderstanding of his pet antic poisoned for Irving all the praise, until in May, 1830, he was guilty of reviewing the book himself, anonymously, in the *Quarterly Review*. For this article he received fifty guineas. He was severely attacked for this slip in ethics, if such it was. P. M. Irving (II, 433) defends his conduct on the ground that it was "a mere illustrative and explanatory review, written by him at the special request of Murray." It is not clear why Irving could not have offered this explanation under his own name. The discussion of this incident continued for a number of years. See *Graham's Magazine*, December, 1842, p. 344. See also the *North American Review*, January, 1829; *Philadelphia Album*, March 25, 1829, and May 6, 1829; *London Literary Gazette*, May 23, 1829; *Ladies' Magazine*, August, 1829.

France and Germany shared the general interest in Spanish romantic themes, and within a year after its publication in England a German translation of *The Conquest of Granada* appeared. (*Die Eroberung von Granada*. Von Washington Irving, Leipzig, 1830. See the German attitude as expressed in *Jahrbücher der Literatur*, Vienna, 1831, I, 123-153: "Wollte Irving nur eine Chronik geben, hätte er vielleicht besser getan, nichts weiter zu tun, als sein Original zu übersetzen [p. 152].") Or see *Allgemeine Literaturzeitung*, Halle, 1830, IV, Ergänzungsblätter, 671. See also Bibliography.) French versions (see S. T. Williams, "The First Version of the Writings of Washington Irving in Spanish," *Modern Philology*, November, 1930; *Revue Encyclopédique*, XLIII [1829], 719. See also Bibliography), too, reminded the Spaniards that once more an outsider had stolen their legends.

In the Peninsula the *Granada* was never to be so popular as the *Columbus*, but its translation antedated that of the latter. (*Crónica de la conquista de Granada* . . . , Madrid, 1831.) This first version, from the hand of Irving's friend George Washington Montgomery, solved the problem of Fray Antonio by omitting him altogether; the two small volumes, now very rare in Spain, were really an abridgment or adaptation. Other editions, such as those of 1844, 1858, and 1861, were few, but they were sufficiently known, in conjunction with translations of *Tales of the Alhambra*, to bind Irving's reputation more intimately to Spain. In his Introduction, Montgomery paid an exaggerated tribute to Irving's fame. He greatly condensed the narrative and omitted carefully all passages which might offend the censor. His first volume contains only thirty-eight chapters; his second thirty-nine, whereas the revised edition of Irving's book consists of one hundred chapters. Montgomery, however, romantic in his tastes, retained some of the best parts of the *Granada* almost unaltered. Of this, one instance is the description of Boabdil's return from captivity. Cf. *A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*, pp. 147-153, and *Crónica* . . . , I, 132-137. A copy of the *Crónica* is in the library of the Hispanic Society, New

York. See also J. De L. Ferguson, *American Literature in Spain* (New York, 1916), pp. 15-18; Williams, "The First Version of the Writings of Washington Irving in Spanish." One extremely rare version was *La conquista de Granada*, por H. L. Bulwer, precedida de una introducción por Washington Irving traducida libremente por la señorita Doña Margarita López de Haro (Madrid, 1860). The version of 1858 is also uncommon. This is Montgomery's translation bound up with a novel called *Rafael y la fornarina* (Madrid, 1858). It is probable that the only two copies of this book in existence are those in the possession of Señor Seco de Lucena, of Granada.

In 1837 Martínez de la Rosa, later Irving's friend in Madrid, grouped Irving with Florian and Chateaubriand as one of the notable historians of Granada (*Doña Isabel de Solís*, Madrid, 1837, "Advertencia," p. ix), and in 1843 Miguel Lafuente Alcántara (*Historia de Granada . . .*, Granada, 1843-1846, I, p. vi) noted the influence of the book upon Spanish history. Hence the *Granada* was an important influence in strengthening Irving's identification with Spain. In 1856 the *Revista de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes* (II, 754-755; see *idem*, II, 622-631) took pains to describe its value for Spaniards, and later allusions demonstrate the acceptance of the *Granada* as a stock narrative concerning the wars of the Moors.

Thus Mario Méndez Bejarano compared Irving's art in pictures of Granada to that of Zorrilla (*Historia literaria; ensayo*, Madrid, 1902, I, 495; *Galería universal de biografías y retratos*, Madrid, 1867, II, 39, 40), and Ballesteros y Beretta, in his *Historia de España* (Barcelona, 1922, III, 671), bracketed him with only one other historian: "There exist constructive works concerning the last conflict with the Spanish Moors. The two most famous were written by a foreigner, Washington Irving, and by a Spaniard, Victor Balaguer." It is even probable that Irving's book influenced José Zorrilla y Moral's *Granada, poema oriental* (1852). See Narciso Alonso Cortés, *Zorrilla, su vida y sus obras* (Valladolid, 1918), II, 156: ". . . las fuentes que utilizó Zorrilla para los varios libros de su poema . . . el *Libro del viajero en Granada*, de Jiménez Serrano; la *Crónica de la conquista de Granada*, de Washington Irving; las *Guerras civiles de Granada*, de Ginés Pérez de Hita." See also B. Sánchez Alonzo, *Fuentes de la historia española* (Madrid, 1919), p. 91, No. 1570.

The reasons for the enduring reputation of *The Conquest of Granada* in Spain are clear; it was a substantial addition to the scanty literature on a unique native subject. It remains to account for even the temporary success of this tinsel book in England and America. The answer may be found not only in the immense interest in 1829 in Spanish history (see *Monthly Review*, July, 1829), but, more particularly, in the scarcity of English books on this picturesque theme. Disingenuous as it was, *The Conquest of Granada* became an important version for nineteenth-century Englishmen and Americans, of the civil

wars of Granada. ("Though this memorable war had often been made the subject of romantic fiction . . . yet it had never been fully and distinctly treated. The world at large had been content to receive a strangely perverted idea of it, through Florian's romance of 'Gonsalvo of Cordova'; or through the legend, equally fabulous, entitled 'The Civil Wars of Granada,' by Ginez Perez de la Hita." *Museum*, September, 1830, p. 254.) The acute Lockhart, after weighing its faults, finally recommended publication, for, said he, "this will be the only complete intelligible history of the downfall of the last Moorish power in Europe; and therefore a valuable, and, I doubt not, a standard work." J. G. Lockhart to John Murray [1817], Smiles, *op. cit.*, II, 258.

And Prescott, whose own labors were to supplant it, was constrained to admit its immediate power. It did, he thought, have the gift of "unfolding a series of events, so as to maintain a lively interest in the reader; and [it had] a *lactea ubertas* of expression which can impart a living eloquence even to the most commonplace sentiments." *North American Review*, October, 1829. Prescott was emulous of Irving's style, and probably exaggerated its importance. Yet his judgment was sound. For several decades *The Conquest of Granada* retained a place in what Prescott called "the class of narrative history" (*ibid.*), even after his own *Ferdinand and Isabella* (1838) had shown what a true history of the Moorish wars might be. An interesting study of the different methods of Prescott and Irving occurs in the *North American Review*, January, 1838, pp. 234-246. See also W. H. Prescott, *Biographical and Critical Miscellanies* (Boston, 1855), pp. 88-122.

### *The Alhambra* (1832)

Chapter XV, note 96: For descriptions of architecture Irving in later editions borrowed from Urquhart's *Pillars of Hercules*; for accounts of the Abencerrages from his ever-present Ginés Pérez de Hita; for details in Granada's past from Alcántara and Padre Echeverría; and he leaned heavily, of course, upon Conde. Several divisions, such as those on the founders and finishers of the Alhambra, merely recapitulate facts, now the groundwork of guidebooks to the palace. It is impossible, as in *The Conquest of Granada*, to trace the historical passages in *The Alhambra* to particular episodes or always to name the precise editions used by Irving, but a reading of the historical portions (e.g., pp. 54-66, 91-105, 145-176) and a comparison of these with the following books will indicate probable source material and will also suggest Irving's method of free adaptation: Ginés Pérez de Hita, *Gueras civiles de Granada* (Madrid, 1913), I, chap. xiii; Miguel Lafuente Alcántara, *Historia de Granada* . . . (Granada, 1843-1846), III, 132-160; Padre Juan de Echeverría, *Paseos por Granada* . . . (Granada, 1814), chap. xiv; José Antonio Conde, *Historia de la dominación de los Árabes en España* . . . (Madrid, 1820, 1821), III, 180-261. Another

general source is revealed in the Notebook, 1829 (Y.), as Alexander de Laborde, *A View of Spain* . . . (London, 1809).

Besides these principal sources, Irving drew anecdotes, especially of Boabdil, from many other places, some of which can be identified; e.g., the story of Charles V's comment on Boabdil (pp. 175-176) is a translation of a passage in *Epístolas familiares* of Antonio de Guevara: ". . . porque yo si fuera él, o él, fuera yo, antes tomara esta Alhambra por mi sepultura, que no vivir sin Reyno en el Alpuxarra." Irving was also probably indebted to Florian, whose descriptions of Granada were well known. See especially *Gonzalo de Córdoba, ó La conquista de Granada*, escrita por el Caballero Florian (Madrid, 1821), I, 38-48, 59-67. The massacre of the Abencerrages in the Court of the Lions, which made so deep an impression upon Irving, is here described. *Idem*, I, 98-99. The forty-four pages of manuscript notes on the Alhambra (Y.) indicate the nature of his reading.

Chapter XV, note 117: Such an examination of the background of *The Alhambra* has omitted its dozen tales or short stories. These, frequently translated into Spanish, are neither history nor autobiography; they represent Irving's interest in legend for its own sake, and also his familiar method, employed in *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, as in "Rip Van Winkle" or "The Stout Gentleman," of varying the observer's meditations by narrative. The second volume of the first edition consisted almost wholly of these short stories:

Having, I trust, in the preceding papers made the reader in some degree familiar with the localities of the Alhambra, I shall now launch out more largely into the wonderful legends connected with it, and which I have diligently wrought into shape and form, from various legendary scraps and hints picked up in the course of my perambulations; in the same manner that an antiquary works out a regular historical document from a few scattered letters of an almost defaced inscription.

(*The Alhambra*, London, 1832, I, 227.) These stories are: "The Adventure of the Mason"; "Legend of the Arabian Astrologer"; "Legend of Prince Ahmed al Kamel; or The Pilgrim of Love"; "Legend of the Moor's Legacy"; "Legend of the Three Beautiful Princesses"; "Legend of the Rose of the Alhambra"; "The Governor and the Notary"; "Governor Manco and the Soldier"; "Legend of the Two Discreet Statues"; "The Crusade of the Grand Master of Alcantara"; "Legend of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa"; "The Legend of the Enchanted Soldier." Very short stories are occasionally included in the essays and sketches.

The sources of some of these tales will remain unknown. Several of them Irving obtained directly from Mateo, whom he calls his "gossiping squire" and his "historiographic squire." *The Alhambra*, pp. 71-72, 78, 136, etc. From Mateo he also obtained much general legendary "atmosphere." "The grandfather of Matteo remember[ed] his father to have said that in his time there was a great phantom used to haunt

the Alhambra — dressed in white, with an immense hat, & extended arms and used to descend the deep lane to the Iron Gate — Of this Iron Gate & the little tower or bastion on which it is placed many fearful things are told." (Manuscript notes on the Alhambra; Y.) At least four tales from the lips of peasants, recorded in the notebook of 1829, were never published. One of these described "the Spaniard, jealous of his mistress dipping her finger in the vase of holy water, because others dipped their fingers in it." Another sketch is of "Pedro the cruel in disguise"; another is concerned with an "Arabian alchymist who promises gold on having his [the King's] daughter." Still another deals with the adventures of Haroun al Raschid and a blacksmith's apprentice. Dolores told Irving a story of buried treasure (pp. [45-48]), which may have furnished the incident of the manuscript used in the "Legend of the Moor's Legacy." Mateo's stories of hidden gold are numerous in the Notebook, 1828 (W.T.H.H.).

Irving again recorded Mateo as a source in Autobiographical Notes, Madrid (Spain), January 10, 1843 (T.). It is probable that from him he heard the "Legend of the Two Discreet Statues." Notebook, 1829 [104]. Irving had, however, written two sketches before meeting Mateo, and his allusion to various stories as composites is significant. He listened to Mateo and Dolores and Doña Antonia, and pieced out, presumably in Gor's library, from old chronicles the written versions of the same narratives: "I . . . have carried my researches among the dusty tomes of the old Jesuits' Library, in the University. . . . In this old library I have passed many delightful hours of quiet, undisturbed, literary foraging." *The Alhambra*, p. 89. This library contains the curious relic of Irving, already described, called *Colección de novelas traducidas por Don Rafael García Tapia* (Granada, 1849). The translator says he has rendered the two tales by Irving, *El peregrino de amor* and *La rosa de la Alhambra*, at the request of the editor of the newspaper *El Granadino*. The "Legend of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa" was, Irving said, "the fruit of a morning's reading and rumination in the old Jesuit's Library of the University" in Granada. *The Alhambra*, p. 450. It is possible that a small part of the "Legend of the Arabian Astrologer" was in debt to Raoul Lefèvre, *Le Recueil des histoires de Troyes* [Bruges? 1475]. From the printed stories of buried treasure, the common property of European folklore, he could easily embroider Mateo's naïve recitals. It is even possible that he used some relics of the German materials in his notebooks. See H. A. Pochmann, "Irving's German Tour and Its Influence on His Tales," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, December, 1930, pp. 1178-1180.

Chapter XV, note 121: The contemporary American criticisms of *The Alhambra* stressed this rôle of Irving's as reporter from the old to the new world. By his pages the humblest American could dwell in

Europe; Geoffrey Crayon would bear him swiftly on his magic carpet across the Atlantic:

We have been with him in the pit of our theatre, through the crowded lanes and antiquated Dutch houses of our town, along the windings of the blue Hudson . . . into many a rich and mellow and melancholy scene in "merry England," by her ancient piles, her meandering rivers, her magnificent palaces, and gardens: now . . . to the banks of the streams of Spain; by her mountains, topped with silver; to her old cities and romantic towers. We are *there* actually, while reading the Alhambra.

(*New-York Mirror*, June 23, 1832. See also *idem*, March 31, 1832, p. 311. The first article was by T. S. Fay, then a leading writer of the city. See *Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man* . . . , New York, 1832, II, 148-151.)

He had not only brought the Moorish palace to *bourgeois* America, but he had sent his people thither, as well as Englishmen. Wilkie told him that Roberts, the painter, had been led to Granada by his descriptions of the Alhambra. David Wilkie to Irving, [London?] November 6, 1833 (Y.). See also Théophile Gautier, *Wanderings in Spain* (London, 1853), p. 188. Hereafter every literary visitor must search out Mateo, or his descendants, or inspect the chambers overlooking Lindaraxa's garden. See J. P. Kennedy, *At Home and Abroad* . . . (New York, 1872), p. 384. Kennedy purchased a copy of *Cuentos de la Alhambra*, and declared Irving the first really to awaken the Spaniards concerning this great treasure. See also M. H. Elliott, *Three Generations* (Boston, 1923), p. 254: "Was it pleasant, do you think, to stand in the room of the Alhambra where Washington Irving lived . . . ? Our guide, Antonia Jimenez, was the great, great nephew of his guide. Irving's 'Alhambra' is a classic; it gives the feeling of the place wonderfully." Books on Spanish themes were now very popular. See I, 376-377. Besides Mackenzie's volumes, there appeared others in these years, such as Caleb Cushing, *Reminiscences of Spain* . . . (Boston, 1833).

Thus Irving became, declared the critics, a cultural force. Not only did these sketches have an air of truth, not only were they intimate—too intimate perhaps—but they intensified the increasing elegance of American taste. It showed, said the *North American Review* (October, 1832, p. 282), "that we are not a people given over exclusively to the love of dollars, or the furious strife for political distinction, but that we possess, in as high a degree as any of our contemporaries, the taste for intellectual occupations and pleasures." See also the *New England Magazine*, July, 1832. Of all the sketches "The Journey" was probably the favorite. "Ahmed al Kamel" was the most adversely criticized. An opera based upon this story ran in New York for a week, beginning on October 12, 1840. See *The Memorial History of the City of New York*, ed. J. G. Wilson (New York, 1893), IV, 174.

In England *The Alhambra* was so popular that Wilkie told Irving

that he was "the founder of a school." David Wilkie to Irving, London, October 23, 1833 (Y.). Though he was also praised ridiculously as "decidedly the first English prose-writer of the day" (*Literary Guardian*, May, 1832), the reviewers hailed him as a kind of literary prodigal son; he had at last followed their advice and returned to the type of writing which had brought him fame a decade earlier. See *Westminster Review*, July, 1832. It was not that he had written "one of the most delightful works of the time" (*Literary Gazette*, May 5, 1832); it was not that he had atoned for *Tales of a Traveller*; rather it was that he had fulfilled the promise which they had ascribed to him in 1820; thus they summarized his career:

Washington Irving, when he came to this country, and gave the world, under the name of the Sketch-book, his first cis-atlantic production, did judiciously in selecting the pseudonyme of Geoffrey Crayon for his writings and paintings. They are works of art: he is to be classed with Wilkie, Leslie, and Turner. He does not teach; he does not narrate; he does not celebrate; he catches situations; he has an eye for effects, moral and picturesque; and he employs and works them into his pictures, as a painter does his memoranda, — and lends them all the advantages to be derived from nice drawing, accurate perspective, tasteful disposition, and, above all, a rich and mellow colouring which spreads a glow over his subjects.

(*Westminster Review*, July, 1832.)

It was indeed this style which increased in 1832 Irving's reputation in France and elicited in Germany from the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes* (Berlin, 1832, p. 202) a long eulogistic review. See also *Literaturblatt*, 1834, No. 9, pp. 35-36, Supplement to *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*: "Die Alhambra, Aus dem Englischen des Washington Irving von Johann Sporschil. Erster Teil. Braunschweig . . . 1832. Dasselbe Werk. Frankfurt a. M. . . . 1832. Washington Irving behandelt historische Stoffe, und zumal solche, wobei er zugleich die Natur zu erbildern gibt, mit grossem Glück. Seinem Columbus tritt die Alhambra würdig zur Seite." See also L. Herrig, *Handbuch der nordamerikanischen Nationalliteratur* (Braunschweig, 1854), pp. 297-320. See also A. Fontaney, "La Littérature américaine: Washington Irving — 'The Alhambra,'" *Revue des Deux Mondes*, VI (1832), 516: "Voici cependant qu'aujourd'hui, comme s'ils avaient complètement exploité les mines fécondes de leur jeune continent, ils viennent nous disputer les filons épuisés de celles de notre vieille Europe."

In Spain itself *The Alhambra's* popularity was less immediate than that of the *Columbus* but quite as enduring. Zorrilla criticized some passages describing the palace itself, complaining also that the incident of extracting from a Moor in the Court of the Lions (pp. 147-148) a historical tale, was pure invention. "Los moros hoy si saben dónde está Granada es porque se lo ha dicho algún datilero vagabundo. El moro no sabe nada de la historia de los árabes en España: y las bellezas arquitectónicas y el sentido de las leyendas teúficas [*sic*] de la Alhambra, les son tan extrañas como á un baturro de Aragón." Narciso Alonso Cortés,



*Zorrilla, su vida y sus obras* (Valladolid, 1918), II, 157, footnote 2. Yet Traveset, in his edition of *Cuentos de la Alhambra* (Granada, 1893, "Prólogo del traductor," pp. viii-ix), emphasized the authentic character of the folklore :

A la circunstancia especialísima de haber vivido en la Alhambra el insigne escritor norte-americano Washington Irving, en el año de 1829, debemos el poder saborear algunas de estas narraciones encantadoras, que él á su vez recogió de labios de los habitantes de la histórica fortaleza morisca, y que forman páginas tan amenas é interesantes como las musulmicas de *Las mil y una noches*. . . .

Dentro de la rica literatura popular europea, pocos libros podrán aventajar al de Irving en interés y amenidad, por el sello especial que le distingue, por su estilo primoroso y sus galas y atavío de lenguaje ; y por aquel *colorido local* tan artísticamente conservado en sus consejas : por su profundo conocimiento, en fin, de las costumbres populares granadinas.

Although the early translations in 1833 and 1844 aroused little comment (see S. T. Williams, "The First Version of the Writings of Washington Irving in Spanish," *Modern Philology*, November, 1930), *The Alhambra* became in the second half of the century the most widely read in Spain of all Irving's books. No less than fourteen editions, entire or in the form of selections, appeared between 1833 and 1926. *Idem*. After due allowance has been made for Spanish eloquence, the tribute of Mario Méndez Bejarano represented a general belief : "The soul of Granada is more apparent in the beautiful pages of Irving than in the stories of Chateaubriand, the poems of Zorrilla, or in any of those writers who have celebrated its charms." Mario Méndez Bejarano, *Historia literaria ; ensayo* (Madrid, 1902), I, 495.

### *The Crayon Miscellany* (1835)

Chapter XIX, note 47 : The three Western books define this odd turn in Irving's career — a historian of the frontier ; but we should glance at those supports with which he prudently buttressed "A Tour on the Prairies" in *The Crayon Miscellany*. In "Newstead Abbey" and "Abbotsford" the buffalo hunter had been retransformed into the literary pilgrim ; and in the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain" he was again sentimentalizing Mármol and Mariana. I have before me a list of thirty-five Spanish books from which Irving drew for these legends. The material for the essay on Byron's home had been in his notebook since 1832, that concerning his holiday with Scott, since 1817 ; the Spanish tales were toys from Rich's library. For "Newstead Abbey," he dug up his conversations with Colonel Wildman, and with the latter's servants, who, only about seven years after Byron's death, showered Irving with gossip. His approach to his subject was stereotyped ; using his own experiences at Newstead and Annesley as a framework, he superimposed long sections of Byron's poetry and Moore's biography and added his own reflections. Each of the eleven subdivisions of the

essay hallows some incident of Byron's life. Few studies of Byron are more commonplace or, as in the account of Mary Ann Chaworth, more lachrymose. On "Newstead Abbey" modern criticism has blown a cool breath, bestowing on it far less attention than on "Abbotsford." Yet Irving's tears suggest, as do the other evidences of Byron's molding influence upon him, a contemporary attitude of the poet's followers. Moore, Campbell, and Irving were moved by the lovable side of Byron's nature, and Irving, in particular, perhaps for personal reasons, by his passion for Mary Ann Chaworth. In reading these passages, sincere and beautiful, we live over again with Irving his own experience in youth. Into these eloquent descriptions of the influence upon Byron's later life of this love (*The Crayon Miscellany*, pp. 372-375), it is difficult not to read once more Irving's memory of Matilda Hoffman.

So much, at least, of his true self was in "Newstead Abbey," and contemporary readers praised this depiction of thwarted love, in 1835 by no means an obsolete theme for the essay. Critics praised "Newstead Abbey's" sentiment, but more especially another interest, associated with the writer of a *Crayon Miscellany*, that in supernatural legend. Irving had dwelt upon the story, which he had from Colonel Wildman, of "The Little White Lady." Could this be true? Irving vouchsafed to his sentimental readers that at least his narration was from an authentic source. "The account," he declared in reply to many inquiries, "of the 'little White Lady' given by me in my visit to Newstead Abbey, is strictly according to facts furnished me by Colonel and Mrs Wildman aided by inspection of that singular persons own manuscripts. There is no 'fiction nor filling up' of my own." Irving to E. H. Munday, Sunnyside, December 5, 1855 (Penn.). It is an example of the age's interest in mysterious legend, especially when connected with the demigod Byron. As a matter of fact, Irving had already done much with this hobby, which still echoed in the current magazines, but it would do no harm to gain another penny in the old trade. However childish the legend seems to-day, there can be no doubt of the success of Irving's device. "The story of the White Lady," said the *Southern Literary Messenger*,

is one of deep interest, and suits well with the melancholy thoughts connected with Newstead. An instance of monomania like that of the White Lady, has seldom been recorded; and the author has, without over-coloring the picture, presented to his readers the history of a real being, whose whole character and actions and melancholy fate belong to the regions of romance. In nothing that he has ever written, has his peculiar faculty of imparting to all he touches the coloring of his genius, been more fully displayed than in this work.

(July, 1835, p. 646. See also the *Athenæum* [London], May 9, 1835.) Hardly true — yet one thinks of the episode as a shrewd sequel to his use of the German supernatural tale of "Die weisse Frau." See II, 289.

"Abbotsford," now superseded by the critical literature on Scott, was also timely for Irving's reputation. See Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, New York, February 24, 1835 (Mrs. Irwin Strasburger, New York

City). The novelist had been dead only three years, and Irving's sketches of him, green-frocked among his dogs, or wandering over the gray hills by the Tweed, pleased not only Scott's daughters and Lockhart, who selected from "Abbotsford" for his biography, but the readers in New York who gathered at the memorial services to Scott in 1832. David Wilkie to Irving, [London] May 8, 1835 (Y.). See also [J. G. Lockhart] *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* (Edinburgh, 1837), IV, 87-95. Extracts from "Abbotsford" were printed in many magazines. See the *Casket*, April, 1836, p. 180. This vignette of Scott, built from the notebook of 1817, was discursive and sentimental, but, in most respects, superior to "Newstead Abbey." It set forth not the melancholy relics of an ill-fated poet, but portrayed Scott himself, alive, cheerful, still "the Great Unknown," but in the full course of his career. Furthermore, it offered at first hand concerning the novelist some testimony which no one save Irving himself could have deposed. For this study Irving made slight use of Scott's own writings, and none of published biography. It is a sensible, gracious record of the novelist at Abbotsford in his forty-seventh year; and it may well remain an honest source of knowledge concerning the Minstrel of the North. See [Leslie Stephen] "Sir Walter Scott," *Dictionary of National Biography*.

The third number of *The Crayon Miscellany*, containing "The Legend of Don Roderick," the "Legend of the Subjugation of Spain," and the "Legend of Count Julian and his Family," is inferior to *The Conquest of Granada*, with which it at once invites comparison and of which it is the detritus. Only a limited edition was published in 1835. See *Spanish Papers*, Preface by the Editor, p. v. We looked over Irving's shoulder as he composed the first of these stories at Caracol in Puerto de Santa María; and we observed the completion of this and the two other tales while he was living in the Alhambra in 1829. Founding them upon books in Rich's and Böhl von Faber's libraries, he introduced into them none of his personal experiences in Spain save an occasional reference to Wilkie and Lord Mahon. *Spanish Papers*, p. 114. For "The Legend of Don Roderick" he depended chiefly upon the *Crónica del Rey Don Rodrigo*, by the Moor Rasis, and also upon the standard narrators of early Spain, such as Bleda, Mariana, Mármol, Conde, Pedruza, and Salazar. These same parchment-bound volumes served, with one or two additions, for the other tales. Nor must it be forgotten that on Irving's table in Spain lay a copy of Southey's *Roderick the Goth*. See I, 357.

In manipulating these sources Irving followed his old recipe, developed in writing *The Conquest of Granada*, except that his final process of seasoning was now more casual. From the mistake of Fray Antonio Agapida he had evidently profited, for these stories pretended to no more than a vague historical basis. (The friar reappears. *Spanish Papers*, pp. 35-36.) "The author," he says in his later Preface,

has ventured to dip more deeply into the enchanted fountains of old Spanish chronicle than has usually been done by those who, in modern times, have treated of the eventful period of the Conquest; but in so doing, he trusts he will illustrate more fully the character of the people and the times. He has thought proper to throw these records into the form of legends, not claiming for them the authenticity of sober history, yet giving nothing that has not historical foundation.

(*Idem*, pp. xxiii-xxiv.) So only this was left of the brave hope, cherished in Rich's library, of giving to the world, as a companion volume to *The Conquest of Granada*, a history of the Goths' subjugation of Spain!

A collation of the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain" with its sources marks the book as another free translation of the chronicles. Written hastily during travel, it lacks conviction and finish. "The Legend of Don Roderick," in particular, is uneven. Sometimes dramatic, sometimes monotonous, it is more often defaced by Irving's most florid writing. See, for example, the account of Florinda, *Spanish Papers*, pp. 22-30. Passages like the following are not, unfortunately, exceptional: ". . . they bethought themselves of the young Florinda, the daughter of Count Julian, who lay on the grassy bank, abandoned to a summer slumber. The soft glow of youth and health mantled on her cheek; her fringed eyelashes scarcely covered their sleeping orbs; her moist and ruby lips were slightly parted, just revealing a gleam of her ivory teeth, while her innocent bosom rose and fell beneath her bodice, like the gentle swelling and sinking of a tranquil sea. There was a breathing tenderness and beauty in the sleeping virgin, that seemed to send forth sweetness like the flowers around her." *Idem*, pp. 24-25. Irving was fond of the bathing scene in "The Legend of Don Roderick" (p. 24), which was suggested by a painting by Titian. Autobiographical Notes, Madrid (Spain), January 10, 1843 (T.).

Throughout the book Irving employs his trite phrases, such as Muza's falling "a prey to devouring melancholy" (*Spanish Papers*, p. 213), a foible less evident in the relatively careful workmanship of *The Conquest of Granada*; dialogue and action, rarely effective, are often puerile, even for such feeble, literal translations as these; e.g., the "Story of the Marvelous and Portentous Tower" (*idem*, pp. 35-44), the death of the son of Pelistes (pp. 88-90), Pelistes and the traitor Julian (pp. 142-145), the flight of Princess Sancha (pp. 355-360). Hone estimated the legends justly, declaring that "if any other person than Irving had written the book, the publishers would not have sold fifty copies." *The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-1851*, ed. Allan Nevins (New York, 1927), October 19, 1835. Yet, catching the breeze of the popular *Alhambra*, even these trifles had a brief success, though Irving himself was sensible enough to remain unaffected by the compliments of the *New-York Mirror*. The other Spanish manuscripts he left unpublished. See the *New-York Mirror*, February 6, 1836: "The delicacy and perfection of the style, the sweetness of the language, the inimitable fresh-

ness and enchanting luxury of the whole description, render it a *chef-d'œuvre* of the author, and a gem of the purest water." See also the *Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835; *Albion*, October 10, 1835; *Monthly Repository*, February, 1836; *Metropolitan Magazine*, February, 1836; *Fraser's Literary Chronicle*, January 23, 1836.

The popularity of these weak tales may be ascribed partly to the current interest in Spanish stories. One instance of this is Anna Mowatt Ritchie's *Pelayo*, published in 1836; another is Theodore Irving's (a nephew) *The Conquest of Florida, by Hernando de Soto* (Philadelphia, 1835). "Newstead Abbey," "Abbotsford," and the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain" were popular in Germany. See *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes* (Berlin), 1835, pp. 141, 249-251; 1836, p. 19. See also *Allgemeine Literaturzeitung* (Halle), *Ergänzungsblätter*, No. 63, July, 1836, pp. 502-504. "The Legend of Pelayo," a fourth tale in the collection, Irving withheld from No. III. The three tales were not republished until 1866, when they appeared in *Spanish Papers*. This volume included other tales, incomplete in 1835, but all begun in Madrid in 1827 or 1828: "The Legend of Pelayo"; "Abderahman: Founder of the Dynasty of the Omniades in Spain"; "Chronicle of Fernan Gonzalez, Count of Castile"; "Chronicle of Fernando the Saint"; "Spanish Romance." "Abderahman" and the inconsequential "Spanish Romance" had already appeared in the *Knickerbocker*, May, 1840, and September, 1839. Parts of "The Legend of Pelayo" were printed in the same magazine for January, 1840. These tales were all, like "The Legend of Don Roderick," adaptations from old Spanish chronicles. In addition to the sources named for No. III of *The Crayon Miscellany*, books used for these additional tales included: Pedro Abarca, *Los reyes de Aragón en anales históricos* (Madrid, 1682; Salamanca, 1684).

#### Contributions to the *Knickerbocker* (1841)

Chapter XX, note 100: Irving had, indeed, rummaged his notebooks until little remained save hotel bills and weather stains. His only variation from the shameless procedure of splicing old memoranda together was in an occasional essay dealing with a contemporary issue of slight importance, such as "National Nomenclature." (Irving recommended that the republic adopt the name of "The United States of Alleghania." This essay was highly praised by a correspondent in the issue of September, 1839. See also the *New-York Mirror*, September 7, 1839.) These were rapid indeed. If we survey the most popular essays in their order of appearance, they are a hodgepodge of his experiences from the age of eighteen to fifty-eight, though sometimes revealing hidden corners in his biography. In this last respect they retain some value. Thus the first two letters, after their resurrection of the grinning skeleton of Diedrich Knickerbocker, are rich in their descriptions of Sunnyside and of Irving's boyhood on the banks of the Hudson. This is true also of

the first three essays, "Wolfert's Roost," "Sleepy Hollow," and "The Birds of Spring." (As an example of the praise bestowed upon these sketches the following is cited from a correspondent to the *Knickerbocker*, July, 1839: "GEOFFREY CRAYON'S vivid sketch of the Boblink, in his 'Birds of Spring,' seems to have the gift of ubiquity. It greets us everywhere in the journals of the day, from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Saint Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.")

The material for all these sketches lay within a radius of a few miles of Tarrytown. Akin in source were the sketches culled from the familiar Dutch background of the Hudson River valley, well-stuffed with reminiscences of his journeys through Holland in 1805 and 1822. Indeed "Communipaw," "The Conspiracy of the Cocked Hats," "Guests from Gibbet Island," and "Broek" may all be traced to Irving's renewed study in 1838 of Dutch-American history. It is interesting to follow him in this hobby in the eccentric little notebook which he called "Knickerbocker Memorandums." This notebook (E.W.H.) shows that Irving read widely in genealogy, in the antiquarian history of Tarrytown and Westchester County, and also in some of the old histories which he had employed in writing *A History of New York*; e.g. Hans de Laet, *Nieuwe Wereldt* (Leyden, 1625). He also used for these Dutch sketches an additional notebook on Knickerbocker lore (H.E.H.). Other loose leaves of manuscripts show Irving's renewed study of Dutch subjects (T.). Altogether these seven essays and the two off-hand sketches "National Nomenclature" and "Desultory Thoughts on Criticism" indicate how ridiculously slight was the thought expended by Irving upon these miscellanies and how frankly he traded on his past. The latter essay is virtually a recapitulation of ideas expressed twenty-five years earlier in the *Analectic Magazine*.

All essays save these nine Irving based upon earlier reading and travel. "The Bermudas" recalls *The Sketch Book* (cf. "The Voyage," pp. 19-27); "Mountjoy" is a fragment of "Rosalie," the abortive novel begun in 1817. See *Tour in Scotland*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927), p. 93, footnote 1. Industrious he assembled the notes, many of them in dialect, set down in the West and South—sawdusty bits of frontier tradition. Such were "The Early Experiences of Ralph Ringwood," preserved in a notebook which was full of recollections of Governor Duval of Florida; "The Origin of the White, the Red, and the Black Men"; and "The Conspiracy of Neamathla." Irving obtained all the material for these sketches from William P. Duval, 1784-1854, Governor of Florida. He apparently met Duval in Philadelphia in 1833, and jotted down directly from conversation the main incidents for these stories. The rough outlines, with other data, which he did not fully use, are contained in a manuscript, *Notes of Conversations with William P. Duval the Original of Ralph Ringwood* (T.). For these sketches Irving evidently read also William Bartram's *Travels through North*

and South Carolina . . . (Philadelphia, 1791), and Humphrey Marshall's *History of Kentucky* (Frankfort, 1812). ("The Early Experiences of Ralph Ringwood" still remains a chief source of information concerning Governor Duval.) Even more was he dependent upon personal records of more distant lands. He hastily constructed the episodes of "The Knight of Malta" and "The Grand Prior of Minorca" from his meeting with the Chevalier L— in the former island, in 1805. See I, 62. The "Sketches in Paris" he had commenced in the winter of 1823-1824, and the other French tales were probably of the same litter. Echoes, too, of the years in France seem to date as of this period: "The Count Van Horn," "The Great Mississippi Bubble," and "The Taking of the Veil."

If ever these shadowy pieces become corporeal, it is in the Spanish essays. "The Abencerrage" catches the spirit of Montemayor's *Diana*. Irving's version of the *Diana* is a fairly free translation. Cf. *Wolfert's Roost*, pp. 416-431, and *La Diana de Jorge de Montemayor* . . . (Barcelona, 1886), pp. 146 ff.: "En tiempo del valeroso infante don Fernando. . . ." "The Adalantado of the Seven Cities," with its prelude "The Phantom Island," rose in his memory from one happy day in Rich's library when he threw aside both the *Columbus* and the *Granada* and copied from an old chronicle the exquisite story of St. Brandan. And now again at Sunnyside, he turned to his "venerable, parchment-bound tomes, picked up here and there about the peninsula" (*Spanish Papers*, p. 522), and retold the "Legend of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa." Finally, though he had been defeated in finding the mysterious lost drama, he played again with "El embozado." (See chap. xiii, note 8.) Medwin was far away, but Irving had the notes of 1825. Out of them emerged "Don Juan: A Spectral Research," a tale as persuasive as some in *The Alhambra*.





## NOTES TO CHAPTERS XVI-XXVII

### CHAPTER XVI

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by C. A. and M. R. Beard, *The Rise of American Civilization* (New York, 1927), I, 771.

<sup>2</sup> See Max Farrand, *The Development of the United States . . .* (Boston [1918]), pp. 157-158.

<sup>3</sup> See I, 133.

<sup>4</sup> *Autobiography of Martin Van Buren*, ed. J. C. Fitzpatrick (Washington, 1920), p. 258. Van Buren remembered favorably the political aims of Peter Irving in the *Corrector*. See II, 67.

<sup>5</sup> See J. S. Bassett, "Martin Van Buren," *The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy*, ed. S. F. Bemis (New York, 1927-1929), IV, 203.

<sup>6</sup> See J. S. Bassett, *The Life of Andrew Jackson* (Garden City, New York, 1911), II, 660-661.

<sup>7</sup> E. I. McCormac, "Louis McLane," *The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy*, ed. S. F. Bemis (New York, 1927-1929), IV, 270. McLane's appointment as head of the Legation was announced by the State Department on May 12, 1829, and he arrived in London only a short time before Irving. Records of the American Legation at London, Commencing Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> 1829 (American Embassy, London).

<sup>8</sup> McCormac, *op. cit.*, IV, 273.

<sup>9</sup> Bassett, *The Life of Andrew Jackson*, II, 659.

<sup>10</sup> See II, 60-70.

<sup>11</sup> McCormac, *op. cit.*, IV, 275. Cf. Irving's later opinion, II, 192. See Philip Hone's description of McLane, *Diary*, ed. Allan Nevins (New York, 1927), March 19, 1836.

<sup>12</sup> Bassett, *The Life of Andrew Jackson*, II, 660-661. Van Buren claimed a mandate from the American people, repudiating the diplomatic policy of the Adams administration. This was a strong cause for his later rejection by the Senate as Minister to England. See in the present work, II, 12.

<sup>13</sup> Irving lived at Number 8 Argyll Street.

<sup>14</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, London, September 21, 1829 (D.S.); Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Valencia, August 10 [London, October 6], 1829 (Y.).

<sup>15</sup> See II, 16.

<sup>16</sup> See H. W. Boynton, *Washington Irving* (Boston, 1901), pp. 115-116.

<sup>17</sup> See E. M. Shepard, *Martin Van Buren* (Boston, 1888), p. 192, and also pp. 193-194.

<sup>18</sup> e.g., Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, London, July 9, 1831 (Y.); Irving to Martin Van Buren, London, September 29, 1829, and Irving to G. M. Philipps, [London] April 1, 1830, etc., Records . . . Commencing Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> 1829 (American Embassy, London). Irving to Aspinwall, London, October 10, 1829 (T.).

<sup>19</sup> Manuscript Journal of Alvan Stewart, May 23, 1831 (N.Y.H.S.). A detailed description of Irving in this year is contained in a passport dated "Légation des Etats Unis d'Amérique," February 15, 1831 (S.).

<sup>20</sup> Since Van Buren's appointment as McLane's successor was not confirmed, he was never officially in charge of the Legation, although Irving had the benefit of his counsel from September, 1831, to March, 1832.

<sup>21</sup> *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," November 21, 1829.

<sup>22</sup> Records . . . Commencing Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> 1829 (American Embassy, London). Copies of many of these letters are in the possession of Ward Terry, of New York City. These include communications to McLane, Aspinwall, Edward Livingston, and Sir Robert Chester.

<sup>23</sup> Gulian C. Verplanck, now a Democratic representative in Congress, commented to Irving concerning the inferior character of British representatives sent to America. "I am sorry to say that our foreign diplomatic circle is just now a paltry & beggarly concern. Will not John Bull send us a fit representative soon? A liberal minded man of talent & popular manner would be of great service to the best interests of both nations." Verplanck to Irving, Washington, December 31, 1831 (G.S.H.). See also Beckles Willson, *America's Ambassadors to England (1785-1928)* (London [1928]), pp. 186-199.

<sup>24</sup> Irving to Henry Brevoort, London, March 1, 1831 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>25</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, London, January 14, 1830 (D.S.). After his appointment as acting *Chargé d'Affaires* Irving felt the financial burden of his increased social responsibilities. Copy of letter of Irving to Stephen Picasanton, Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, July 8, 1831 (American Embassy, London). His salary was then apparently about four thousand dollars, but his financial condition was not improved by his official position. See notebook, For the contingencies of the Legation of the United States at London 1830 (N.Y.P.L.), and also Irving's letter to Stephen Pleasanton, London, September 28, 1831 (L.C.):

"In the contingent account I have introduced a charge of one hundred pounds to cover the extraordinary expences to which I was subjected in consequence of remaining here as *chargé d'affaires*, and having to perform the external duties and ceremonials of the Legation; and that too during a period rendered more than usually expensive by the coronation. . . . That I have not been actuated by mercenary views in accepting and holding office will be sufficiently manifest when I state that, on coming to this post, I relinquished for the time a literary career worth at least nine thousand dollars a year to me; and that, since I have held the office, my expenses have exceeded the gross amount of my pay by about five thousand dollars."

Yet, for other reasons, Irving's financial status was better than at any other time during this stay in Europe.

<sup>26</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Valencia, August 10, 1829. This letter was completed on October 6. In general, Irving was satisfied with his present life in London, but occasionally he burst into anger at its exactions. "I feel my official situation," he wrote his brother Ebenezer, "a terrible sacrifice of pleasure, profit, and literary reputation, without furnishing any recompense." London, November 22, 1830, P.M.I., II, 443.

<sup>27</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Valencia, August 10 [London, October 6], 1829.

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>29</sup> Irving to W. B. Lewis, London, November 20, 1829 (Phoenix Book Shop, New York City). Irving alluded to the issue of the West Indian carrying trade. This and the spoliation claims against France for injuries suffered by American merchants during the Napoleonic period were the chief problems of Van Buren as Secretary of State from March 6, 1829, to April 23, 1831. Major Lewis, whom Irving knew well, was one of Jackson's shrewdest lieutenants.

<sup>30</sup> See I, 142.

<sup>31</sup> See *Bracebridge Hall*, *passim*.

<sup>32</sup> Irving to W. B. Lewis, London, November 20, 1829.

<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*

- <sup>84</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>85</sup> See *The Sketch Book*, pp. 80-81.
- <sup>86</sup> Irving to W. B. Lewis, London, November 20, 1829.
- <sup>87</sup> See Bassett, *The Life of Andrew Jackson*, II, 661.
- <sup>88</sup> Irving to W. B. Lewis, London, November 20, 1829.
- <sup>89</sup> Bassett, *The Life of Andrew Jackson*, II, 662.
- <sup>90</sup> Irving to W. B. Lewis, London, November 20, 1829.
- <sup>91</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>92</sup> Bassett, *The Life of Andrew Jackson*, II, 662.
- <sup>93</sup> London, November 6, 1830 (sold by S. V. Henkels, Jr., Philadelphia, n.d.).
- <sup>94</sup> McLane left England on June 19, 1831, immediately after Irving's presentation to Lord Palmerston as *Chargé d'Affaires*.
- <sup>95</sup> See McCormac, *op. cit.*, IV, 273-274.
- <sup>96</sup> Bassett, "Martin Van Buren," IV, 178.
- <sup>97</sup> See II, 24.
- <sup>98</sup> His official correspondence to the Department of State, Washington, in the capacity of Acting *Chargé d'Affaires*, is included in these dates.
- <sup>99</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, London, January 12, 1830 (D.S.). An account of the Legation written by Irving, in the Public Record Office, London: F.O. 5 [America] 270, 1831 Domestic, Louis McLane, Washington Irving, M. Van Buren, and Various. Much of Irving's official correspondence on domestic matters is preserved here, including many letters written when *Chargé d'Affaires*.
- <sup>100</sup> *New-York Mirror*, March 12, 1831, p. 284.
- <sup>101</sup> See I, 61, 72.
- <sup>102</sup> See Louis McLane's letters on the various ministries; e.g., to Martin Van Buren, London, November 22, 1830, Records . . . Commencing Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> 1829 (American Embassy, London).
- <sup>103</sup> Robert Peel to Irving, [London] January 30, 1830 (T.); Irving to Peel, New York, March 16, 1836 (B.M.); Peel to Irving, [n.p.] 1844 (T.).
- <sup>104</sup> Irving to Louis McLane, London, September 17, 1830, P.M.I., II, 436.
- <sup>105</sup> He discussed these affairs with W. C. Preston in 1817. See *Tour in Scotland*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1927), p. 77.
- <sup>106</sup> e.g., "English Country Gentlemen," *Bracebridge Hall*.
- <sup>107</sup> See Irving to Lord Palmerston, [London] September 16, 1831, Domestic, Louis McLane, Washington Irving, M. Van Buren, and Various (Public Record Office, London). There survives an interesting letter from Palmerston to Irving, London, August 17, 1831 (Harry Stone, New York City).
- <sup>108</sup> Cobbett's descriptions of English scenery. See E. W. Gosse, "Irving's 'Sketch Book,'" *Critic* (New York), March 31, 1883.
- <sup>109</sup> Irving to the Secretary of State [Van Buren], London, June 22, 1831 (D.S.).
- <sup>110</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>111</sup> Irving to Edward Livingston, London, July 22, 1831 (D.S.).
- <sup>112</sup> Irving to Edward Livingston, London, August 6, 1831 (D.S.).
- <sup>113</sup> Irving to Louis McLane, London, August 30, 1831, P.M.I., II, 455.
- <sup>114</sup> Irving to Edward Livingston, London, June 29, 1831; August 6, 1831; August 13, 1831; August 22, 1831 (D.S.).
- <sup>115</sup> See II, 122, 180.
- <sup>116</sup> (D.S.).
- <sup>117</sup> (D.S.).
- <sup>118</sup> Irving to Louis McLane, London, September 14, 1831, P.M.I., II, 457.
- <sup>119</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>120</sup> Irving to C. C. Cambreleng, London, March 2, 1831 (R. Atkinson, London). Irving had known Randolph during the Burr trial, had, in 1811, delighted with his oratory, begged a copy of Jarvis' portrait of Randolph, had met him repeatedly in society in 1822, and now defended him in London gatherings against ridicule aroused by his odd etiquette. Randolph had landed at St. Petersburg, as Minister

to Russia, on August 10, 1830, and had been laughed at for eccentric behavior when presented to the Empress of Russia. See W. C. Bruce, *John Randolph of Roanoke* . . . (New York, 1922), I, 638-640. See also N. S. Wheaton, *A Journal of a Residence during Several Months in London . . . in the Years 1823 and 1824* (Hartford, Connecticut, 1830), p. 202, and P.M.I., II, 439-442.

<sup>71</sup> Irving to Henry Brevoort, London, March 1, 1831.

<sup>72</sup> Louis McLane to Irving, Washington, September 13, 1831 (G.S.H.).

<sup>73</sup> Martin Van Buren to Andrew Jackson, London, November 25, 1831 (L.C.).

<sup>74</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>75</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>76</sup> McCormac, *op. cit.*, IV, 270.

<sup>77</sup> John H. Eaton, Secretary of War in President Jackson's first Cabinet.

<sup>78</sup> Bassett, "Martin Van Buren," IV, 179.

<sup>79</sup> On September 13, 1831. Irving arranged the presentation to Lord Palmerston. Martin Van Buren to Edward Livingston, London, September 14, 1831 (L.C.).

<sup>80</sup> Bassett, *The Life of Andrew Jackson*, II, 532.

<sup>81</sup> On January 25, 1832.

<sup>82</sup> See *Autobiography of Martin Van Buren*, p. 454.

<sup>83</sup> Irving to Peter Irving, London, March 6, 1832, P.M.I., II, 482.

<sup>84</sup> McCormac, *op. cit.*, IV, 274.

<sup>85</sup> See II, 60-62.

<sup>86</sup> Bassett, "Martin Van Buren," IV, 201.

<sup>87</sup> See II, 60-62.

<sup>88</sup> e.g., *Eingemachtes* (Frankfort, 1827); *Skizzenbuch* (Wien, 1826); *Bracebridge Hall* . . . (Vienna, 1826). See S. T. Williams, "The First Version of the Writings of Washington Irving in Spanish," *Modern Philology*, November, 1930. See also Bibliography.

<sup>89</sup> Quoted from the *Richmond Whig*, *Philadelphia Album*, June 11, 1831. See also the *New-York Mirror*, August 13, 1831, and the *New York American for the Country*, May 24, 1831. The former denounced "the ill-natured and unwarrantable observations" in many newspapers concerning Irving's residence in Europe. This hostility was mitigated among the patriots by the "universal satisfaction" in his appointment to the Legation. See Robert Walsh, *Didactics: Social, Literary, and Political* (Philadelphia, 1836), II, 217.

<sup>90</sup> e.g., *Olio*, October 23, 1830.

<sup>91</sup> March, 1831, p. 625.

<sup>92</sup> Quoted from the *New York Mercantile*, *Philadelphia Album*, August 13, 1831.

<sup>93</sup> Quoted in the *Museum of Foreign Literature and Science*, March 1830, p. 265.

<sup>94</sup> See William Bates, *The Maclise Portrait-Gallery of "Illustrious Literary Characters"* (New York, 1883), pp. 76-81. This consists of a reproduction of eighty-one portraits and groups originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1830-1838.

<sup>95</sup> November, 1831.

<sup>96</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>97</sup> Mary Howitt, *An Autobiography*, ed. Margaret Howitt (Boston, 1889), I, 214.

<sup>98</sup> J. G. Lockhart to Irving, Chiefswood, July 27, 1830 (T.). See also Andrew Lang, *The Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart* (London, 1897), II, 78, and Irving to J. G. Lockhart, New York, March 21, 1836 (Staatsbibliothek, Berlin).

<sup>99</sup> For an account of this last meeting see P.M.I., II, 459-460.

<sup>100</sup> Irving was also on friendly terms with Isaac d'Israeli. See I, 156.

<sup>101</sup> Irving to Captain F. Marryat, London, August 25, 1830 (Brick Row Book Shop, New York City). See also Florence Marryat, *The Life and Letters of Captain Marryat* (London, 1872), I, 162-163.

<sup>102</sup> For testimony concerning Irving's reputation in America between 1829 and 1832 see the *New-York Mirror*, December 26, 1829, p. 200; *Literary Portfolio*, February 25, 1830. Typical praise occurs in the *American Monthly Magazine*, January, 1831, p. 695. See also John Neal, *Authorship* (Boston, 1830), pp. 3, 6-7. Irving's early writings were still republished in the magazines; e.g., *Philadelphia Album*, May 8, 1830; *Atlas*, February 19, 1831; *Albion*, March 5, 1831.

<sup>100</sup> Irving to Joseph Snow, [London] March 21, 1830 (J. Tregaskis, London); Irving to an unknown correspondent, London, July 8 [1831?] (T.).

<sup>104</sup> pp. 4-5 (B.M.).

<sup>106</sup> *Idem*. The medal bears the words: "Washington Irving. Litt: Human: Insigni" (S.).

<sup>100</sup> P.M.I., II, 431. "On the 15th ult. at the Convocation at Oxford, England, Washington [Irving], Esq. *Chargé des Affaires* from the United States of America, received the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law." *New York Evening Post*, July 29, 1831.

<sup>107</sup> "Recollections of an Attaché" (November, 1869), in an unidentified magazine clipping in my possession.

<sup>108</sup> Manuscripts (T.).

<sup>100</sup> See *Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, D.D.*, ed. M. E. Dewey (Boston, 1883), p. 96.

<sup>110</sup> Irving describes his life at the court in letters to Peter Irving, [London] July 27 and December 3, 1830, P.M.I., II, 432-433, 443-446. A surviving collection of Irving's invitations during this period includes communications from the Queen, the Duke of Somerset and the Ladies St. Maur, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Mahon, Lord Lansdowne, and the Prince and Princess of Lieven, at Ashburnham House (Wentworth C. Bacon, Millbrook, New York).

<sup>111</sup> Lavinia, eldest daughter of Charles Bingham, first Earl of Lucan, and wife of George John Spencer, second Earl Spencer (1758-1834). Of great intelligence and charm, Lady Spencer was for years a leader in London society, including among her friends Joshua Reynolds, Samuel Rogers, Gibbon, Nelson, Collingwood, Moore, Lord John Russell, and many others. She died in 1831.

<sup>112</sup> Lady Spencer to Irving, [London] November 25, 1829 (T.).

<sup>113</sup> See Lloyd Sanders, *The Holland House Circle* (London [1908]), pp. 333-

334.

<sup>114</sup> Irving to Peter Irving, [London] December 3, 1830, P.M.I., II, 446.

<sup>115</sup> *The Greville Memoirs* (London, 1875), I, 249 (November 21, 1829).

<sup>110</sup> S. F. B. Morse to a cousin, [London] December 25, 1829, S. I. Prime, *The Life of Samuel F. B. Morse* (New York, 1875), p. 175. See also *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," April 30, 1831; C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), p. 202; and C. R. Leslie to Irving, Petworth, March 3, 1831 (G.S.H.).

<sup>117</sup> Mrs. Edward Bulwer to Miss Greene, [London] May 26, 1830, Earl of Lytton, *The Life of Edward Bulwer . . .* (London, 1913), I, 253.

<sup>118</sup> Irving to B. R. Haydon, London, September 2, 1830, F. W. Haydon, *Benjamin Robert Haydon: Correspondence and Table-Talk* (London, 1876), I, 381-382. R. R. Madden, *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington* (New York, 1856), II, 257, 545-546. Irving to Lord Mahon, [London] February 16, 1830 (John Heise, Syracuse, New York). B. R. Haydon to Irving, [London] August 31, 1830 (Y.). Irving to Sir Robert Inglis, New York, September 23, 1836 (E.W.H.). Henry Hallam to Irving [1830?] (T.).

<sup>119</sup> Prince Dolgorouki was now attached to the Russian Legation in London. See P.M.I., II, 444. Irving to Don Juan Wetherell, London, May 13, 1830 (T.); to the same, London, December 17, 1830 (G. J. C. Grasberger, Philadelphia); to the same, London, July 21 [?], 1831 (Morgan); Irving to Mrs. Stalker, London, September 17, 1831 (Penn.). Irving's correspondence during this period was large and varied; e.g., to J. F. Watson, London, March 30, 1831 (Penn.); to James Lennox, London, September 7, 1831 (E.W.H.).

<sup>120</sup> Samuel Smiles, *A Publisher and His Friends: Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray* . . . (London, 1891), II, 234-236.

<sup>121</sup> See Charles MacFarlane, *Reminiscences of a Literary Life* (London, 1917), pp. 19-20.

<sup>122</sup> See *Memoirs* . . . Moore, "Diary," July 16, 1829.

<sup>123</sup> *Idem*, November 12, 1829. "3000 £ he received from Murray for his 'Columbus,' and 2000 £ for his 'Chronicles of Granada.'" Cf. these figures with those in Murray's letter to Irving, II, 22-23.

<sup>124</sup> *Idem*, September 27, 1829 - March 30, 1832. See also James Kenney to Irving, [London] February 3, 1830 (T.).

<sup>125</sup> *Memoirs* . . . Moore, "Diary," October 2, 5, 1829; May 6, 1830; March 30, 1832. See Madden, *op. cit.*, I, 149. Samuel Rogers to Irving, March 6, 1832 (T.).

<sup>126</sup> *Memoirs* . . . Moore, "Diary," March 26, 1830.

<sup>127</sup> Irving finished "The Moor's Legacy," "The Garden of Lindaraxa," and "The Legend of Three Beautiful Princesses" at Birmingham. See also Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, [London?] February 15, 1832 (H.E.H.).

<sup>128</sup> Jared Sparks to Colonel Aspinwall, Washington, March 23, 1830 (G.W.): " . . . after the unwearied pains, which I am taking to collect materials for an edition of Washington's Writings, and a full memoir of his Life, such an interference at so unseasonable a time must tend to throw embarrassments in my way, and mar my prospects of success."

<sup>129</sup> London, 1830.

<sup>130</sup> One instance is his appeal to Murray to publish James Renwick's *Treatise on Theoretic and Practical Mechanics*. Irving to John Murray, London, July 5, 1831 (J.M.). He aided Englishmen, as in his efforts in behalf of the "literary tradesman" T. C. Grattan. See Irving to Grattan, London, July 9, 1830 (Maggs Brothers, London).

<sup>131</sup> The great difficulties surmounted by Irving in this service he described in a letter to Moore, London, January 30, 1830 (J.M.), and in another to Murray, [London] October 4 [1830] (J.M.). See also Irving to Ebenezer Irving, London, November 6, 1829, P.M.I., II, 418-420. Irving had already arranged for the publication in America of Moore's life of Fitzgerald. Irving to Moore, London, July 9, 1831 (Penn.).

<sup>132</sup> See *Memoirs* . . . Moore, "Diary," December 15, 1830.

<sup>133</sup> Moore was disappointed in the prices offered for his book. Thomas Moore to Irving [London, 1831?] (T.).

<sup>134</sup> See II, 15.

<sup>135</sup> See also Irving to Thomas Moore, [London, November] 1830 (T.F.M.).

<sup>136</sup> Irving to Thomas Moore, London, November 17, 1829 (Penn.).

<sup>137</sup> Irving to J. J. Audubon [London, 1830], and to W. C. Rives, London, May 10, 1831 (Victor Tyler, New Haven, Connecticut).

<sup>138</sup> See C. K. Paul, *William Godwin: His Friends and Contemporaries* (Boston, 1876), II, 300-302. The novel was *Claudesley*. Godwin had been one of the first to praise *The Sketch Book*.

<sup>139</sup> *Poems by William Cullen Bryant, an American*, ed. Washington Irving (London, 1832).

<sup>140</sup> G. C. Verplanck to Irving, Washington, December 31, 1831. Bryant's thanks for aid in publishing the volume are conveyed in a letter to Irving, New York, April 24, 1832 (Y.). See also Parke Godwin, *The Life and Works of Bryant* (New York, 1883-1884), I, 264-265, 270-274, and P.M.I., II, 474-479.

<sup>141</sup> See II, 20-23.

<sup>142</sup> John Murray, Jr., to Irving, London, January 30 [1832] (Y.).

<sup>143</sup> Irving's emendation was: "And the foeman trembles in his camp. . . ."

<sup>144</sup> See W. C. B., *Discourse*, pp. 33-34.

<sup>145</sup> See *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, April, 1832, pp. 649-650; *Monthly Review*, April, 1832, p. 490.

- <sup>146</sup> Irving to Thomas Moore, London, January 30, 1830.  
<sup>147</sup> See II, 223-226.  
<sup>148</sup> See I, 342-343.  
<sup>149</sup> Irving to John Murray, [London] July 6 [1830] (J.M.).  
<sup>150</sup> See Irving to John Murray, [London] August 3 [1830] (J.M.).  
<sup>151</sup> Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Birmingham, October 4, 1831 (H.E.H.).  
<sup>152</sup> *The Alhambra*.  
<sup>153</sup> Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Sheffield, October 14, 1831 (H.E.H.).  
<sup>154</sup> Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Sheffield, October 22, 1831 (T.).  
<sup>155</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>156</sup> Published in 1829.  
<sup>157</sup> *London Quarterly Review*, February, 1831.  
<sup>158</sup> See Henry Whcaton, *History of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans* . . . (London, 1831). Irving's review appeared in the *North American Review*, October, 1832, and was reprinted in *Biographies and Miscellanies*, ed. P. M. Irving (New York [1866]), pp. 405-449.  
<sup>159</sup> Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, Sheffield, October 22, 1831.  
<sup>160</sup> See Irving to John Murray, Sheffield, October 22, 1831 (T.).  
<sup>161</sup> John Murray to Irving, London, October 25, 1831 (J.M.).  
<sup>162</sup> Murray published the English edition of "Abbotsford" and "Newstead Abbey," at the strong recommendation of Lockhart. See Smiles, *op. cit.*, II, 261. Irving was again on friendly terms with Murray after this date, introducing to him by letter Charles Bristed, Astor's grandson, and H. R. Schoolcraft. Irving to John Murray, New York, October 1, 1840, and April 4, 1842 (J.M.).  
<sup>163</sup> Manuscript of contract (H.E.H.).  
<sup>164</sup> Irving to C. R. Leslie, Newstead Abbey, January 19 [?], 1832 (sold at the Anderson Art Galleries, January 23, 1924).  
<sup>165</sup> Irving to Henry Brevoort, London, March 1, 1831. Irving's anger at Murray found expression in a letter to Bryant, Newstead Abbey, January 26, 1832, Parke Godwin, *op. cit.*, I, 270. To Leslie, Irving now described Murray as "either excusably remiss or very deficient in good faith in business — and either is enough to unfit him for a publisher." Newstead Abbey, January 19 [?], 1832. This incident resulted practically in a severance of personal relations.  
<sup>166</sup> June, 1832, p. 222: "For he seems to have the art of splitting into a thousand forms a collection of matter, which other travellers would be contented with cramming into one journal."  
<sup>167</sup> *Philadelphia Album*, March 19, 1831. Other representative reviews occur in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, January 22, 1831, p. 63; *Atlas*, January 23, 1831; *Monthly Review*, February, 1831; *Tatler*, January 20, 21, 1831; *Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1830.  
<sup>168</sup> Early French translations inaugurated popularity for this work. See *Voyages et découvertes des compagnons de Colomb*. Traduit de l'anglais de Washington Irving, par Henri Lebrun (Tours, 1839). A sixteenth edition appeared in 1885.  
<sup>169</sup> Prescott, however, thought that Irving's version of the adventures of Vasco Núñez de Balboa was excellent, comparing favorably with that by Quintana, which appeared at about the same time. *History of the Conquest of Peru* . . . (New York, 1847), I, 197-198, footnote 4.  
<sup>170</sup> Note, however, a contrary opinion in the eulogy of the book in the *Southern Review*, May, 1831.  
<sup>171</sup> January 22, 1831. See also *idem*, January 1.  
<sup>172</sup> February, 1831. See also *idem*, April, 1830.  
<sup>173</sup> See Emma Willard, *Journal and Letters* (Troy, New York, 1833), pp. 312-313.  
<sup>174</sup> Through investments and royalties, Irving was now in better financial circumstances. According to a letter dated November, 1830, Ebenezer Irving had in his hands funds of Washington's to the amount of \$37,400. See P. M. Irving, Manu-

script Notes (G.W.). In America he was reported to have received \$38,000 for his last three publications. "The Carvills paid him 10,000 dollars for his Columbus." *Philadelphia Album*, January 29, 1831, p. 36.

<sup>175</sup> Irving to N. R. Rodes, Stratford-on-Avon, December 20, 1831 (E.W.H.). The best description of this tour is contained in a letter from Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Newstead Abbey, January 20, 1832 (Y.), published in part by P.M.I., II, 465-469.

<sup>176</sup> Then in the possession of Colonel Wildman, Byron's schoolmate.

<sup>177</sup> *The Crayon Miscellany*, p. 347. Irving's stay in Byron's home is described minutely in "Newstead Abbey," *idem*, pp. 323-341.

<sup>178</sup> Irving to Edward Livingston, London, September 22, 1831 (D.S.).

<sup>179</sup> Irving to Gouverneur Kemble, London, January 18, 1830, P.M.I., II, 427.

<sup>180</sup> Irving's speech at the public dinner in his honor in 1832. See the *New-York Mirror*, June 9, 1832.

## CHAPTER XVII

<sup>1</sup> From May 21, 1832, to April 10, 1842.

<sup>2</sup> "It has been asked, 'Can I be content to live in this country?' 'Whoever asks that question must have but an inadequate idea of its blessings and delights. What sacrifice of enjoyments have I to reconcile myself to? I come from gloomier climes to one of brilliant sunshine and inspiring purity. I come from countries lowering with doubt and danger, where the rich man trembles and the poor man frowns — where all repine at the present and dread the future. I come from these to a country where all is life and animation; where I hear on every side the sound of exultation; where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with glowing and confident anticipation. Is this not a community in which one may rejoice to live? Is this not a city by which one may be proud to be received as the son? Is this not a land in which one may be happy to fix his destiny, and ambition — if possible to found a name?' (A burst of applause, when Mr. Irving quickly resumed) — 'I am asked how long I mean to remain here? They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask me this question. I answer, as long as I live.'" Speech at the Irving dinner, *New-York Mirror*, June 9, 1832. See chap. xvii, note 64.

<sup>3</sup> "When you return here [America] you will be almost as much shocked as Irving has been — not quite so much, as he was absent 18 years and you only 6." H. C. Carey to J. F. Cooper, Philadelphia, July 13, 1832, *Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper*, ed. J. F. Cooper (New Haven, 1922), I, 268.

<sup>4</sup> F. A. Kemble, *Records of a Girlhood* (New York, 1879), p. 573.

<sup>5</sup> Irving's name for Leslie's wife, who, after his arrival in America, had "worried and tormented his and her own life out with ceaseless complaints and comparisons." *Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> October, 1838.

<sup>7</sup> See II, 97.

<sup>8</sup> "As to the kind of pledge I gave, you are correct in your opinion. It was given in the warmth and excitement of the moment; was from my lips before I was aware of its unqualified extent, and is to be taken *cum grane salis*. It is absolutely my intention to make our country my home for the residue of my life . . . but I shall certainly pay my friends in France and relations in England, a visit, in the course of another year or two." Irving [to Peter Irving], Washington City, December 18, 1832. For the history of this letter, see chap. xvii, note 112.

<sup>9</sup> See J. Fenimore-Cooper, *A Letter to his Countrymen* (New York, 1834).

<sup>10</sup> *Journal*, 1832 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>11</sup> e.g., Irving to Gouverneur Kemble, New York, January 10, 1838, P.M.I., III, 119-124.



<sup>12</sup> "Washington Irving defends himself in the last Plaindealer against a previous and severe attack from the Editor of that 'journal.'" *New Yorker*, February 4, 1837.

<sup>13</sup> On January 12, 1834, William Dunlap noted in his diary (New York, 1931): "Delaware a Novel in favour of Aristocracy dedicated to Washington Irving." This was [G. P. R. James] *Delaware, or the Ruined Family* (Philadelphia, 1833).

<sup>14</sup> H. W. Longfellow, *Kavanagh, A Tale* (Boston, 1849), pp. 113-118.

<sup>15</sup> F. A. (Kemble) Butler, *Journal* (Philadelphia, 1835), p. 14.

<sup>16</sup> Philip Hone (1780-1851), politician, philanthropist, and man of affairs. See *The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-1851*, ed. Allan Nevins (New York, 1927).

<sup>17</sup> See II, 60-62.

<sup>18</sup> See C. R. Fish, *The Rise of the Common Man, 1830-1850* (New York, 1919), pp. 28-29.

<sup>19</sup> *Idem*, p. 14.

<sup>20</sup> *Idem*, p. 19.

<sup>21</sup> See *idem*, p. 8. See also Frances Trollope, *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (London, 1832), II, 151-183.

<sup>22</sup> In 1830, 202,589. See Edward Channing, *A History of the United States* (New York, 1930), V, 82.

<sup>23</sup> C. F. Hoffman to Colonel Aspinwall, [New York] March 9, 1839, quoted by H. F. Barnes, *Charles Fenno Hoffman* (New York, 1930), p. 217.

<sup>24</sup> T. R. Lounsbury, *James Fenimore Cooper* (London, 1884), p. 16.

<sup>25</sup> "The genius who has rendered our native soil classic ground, and given to our early history the enchantment of fiction." See H. W. Boynton, *James Fenimore Cooper* (New York [1931]), p. 143. A study of this literary club reveals the growth of influences favorable to the creation of American literature, since Irving's departure for Europe in 1815. See N. F. Adkins, "James Fenimore Cooper and the Bread and Cheese Club," *Modern Language Notes*, February, 1932.

<sup>26</sup> C. A. and M. R. Beard, *The Rise of American Civilization* (New York, 1927), II, 768.

<sup>27</sup> Fish, *op. cit.*, p. 6.

<sup>28</sup> See F. L. Mott, *A History of American Magazines, 1741-1850* (New York, 1930), pp. 339 ff.

<sup>29</sup> Hoffman had joined Charles King in the editorship of the *New York American*. In 1833 he established the *Knickerbocker*.

<sup>30</sup> William Coleman to Irving, New York, June 30, 1822 (N.Y.H.S.).

<sup>31</sup> See N. F. Adkins, *Fitz-Greene Halleck . . .* (New York, 1930), chap. x.

<sup>32</sup> Irving's failure to explain fully to Bryant his emendation of the line in "Marion's Men" was the indirect cause of the attacks upon Irving in the *Plaindealer*. See II, 19-20.

<sup>33</sup> See II, 54-57.

<sup>34</sup> *Journal*, 1823, October 25 (T.).

<sup>35</sup> e.g., *New-York Mirror*, June 9, December 29, 1832; February 2, April 20, June 15, 1833.

<sup>36</sup> See J. K. Paulding to Irving, New York, December 30, 1832, and January 7, 1833, W. I. Paulding, *Literary Life of James K. Paulding* (New York, 1867), p. 234; *New-York Mirror*, March 3, 1832.

<sup>37</sup> One curious, if minor, influence in making Irving popular was the fact that he was unmarried. In New York from about 1809 to 1835 there existed an odd romantic interest in bachelors; e.g., the comment on a "Bachelor's Ball" in the *New York Evening Post*, January 28, 1832. Irving's fame in 1832 is described in the *Magazine of American History*, March, 1890, p. 190.

<sup>38</sup> See the *New-York Mirror*, June 23, 1832. Rumor had it that the sale of *The Alhambra* would run to twenty thousand copies, and it was the fashion to compare the circulation of Irving's writings with those of Byron and Scott. See the *New-York Mirror*, June 9, 1832.

<sup>39</sup> Printed in the *New York Evening Post*, June 13, 1832, and the *Atlas*, June 23,

1832. Irving's discretion in declining this attention was praised in the *New-York Mirror*, June 23, 1832, p. 407.

<sup>40</sup> For a description of Cooper's attitude in 1833 see Boynton, *James Fenimore Cooper*, pp. 246-248. See also Dorothy Waples, *The American Reputation of James Fenimore Cooper (1821-1841)*, with Especial Reference to American Political Thought, Dissertation (Y.).

<sup>41</sup> The list of signers of the invitation to the dinner suggests Irving's friends during the next decade.

"New-York, May 23, 1832.

"*Washington Irving, Esq.* — Sir: A number of your townsmen, many of them the associates of your youth, impatient to evince to you their feelings of gratification at your return among them, to express the interest they have felt in your career in every period of its increasing brilliancy, to pay a just tribute to private worth, and to give you a warm and cordial welcome to your native city, beg that you will appoint some day when you will honor them with your company at a public dinner. We are, with great regard, your friends and servants.

"James Renwick, W. B. Lawrence, Geo. W. Strong, Henry Ogden, F. B. Cutting, Cornelius Low, Peter Schermerhorn, James J. Jones, Richard Ray, Chas. Fenno Hoffman, Frederick Depeyster, jr. Chas. F. Grim, Thomas R. Mercein, Augustus Fleming, M. C. Paterson, James G. King, Morris Robinson, Thomas L. Wells, Charles Graham, Chas. L. Livingston, John W. Francis, James Kent, T. L. Ogden, Saml. Swartwout, Jno. Duer, Jno. Neilson, Abm. Schermerhorn, W. Gracie, B. Robinson, William M. Price, Wm. Van Wyck, J. J. Van Wagenen, S. Verplanck, David C. Colden, J. A. King, Chas. King, Peter J. Stuyvesant, Ogden Hoffman, N. Low, Jacob Morton, Philip Hone, Wm. Bard, Thos. W. Ludlow."

Irving replied:

"New-York, May 24, 1832.

"Gentlemen — It is with feelings of the most gratified pride and affection that I accept of your kind and flattering invitation. It is one of the many testimonials of cordial welcome on the part of my townsmen and early friends, that have made my return to my native land the happiest moment of my life. As you have had the kindness to leave to me the naming of the day for the honor you propose to confer on me, I will, if suitable to your convenience, appoint Wednesday next for that purpose. I am, gentlemen, with the deepest feelings of gratitude and affection, your friend and townsman,

#### "WASHINGTON IRVING."

Both letters are from the *New-York Mirror*, June 9, 1832. The original manuscripts of these letters may be found in the New York Public Library. Verplanck was in Washington, and Bryant was in Illinois, but, like many others, they sent their congratulations. "I doubted," wrote Brevoort, "whether your nerves would carry you through a public speech, upon an occasion so trying — but go to, you are an orator." Fontainebleau, July 28, 1832 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>42</sup> *Salmagundi*, p. 372. See also *A History of New York*, pp. 443-444. The propriety of such testimonials was frequently discussed in New York. See the *New-York Mirror*, December 7, 1833, p. 183. Cooper was criticized for declining a public dinner. Bryant refused a similar celebration on April 2, 1836. See the *New-York Mirror*, April 16, 1836. Irving was a signer of this letter of invitation, March 31, 1836. A dinner was given G. C. Verplanck after his return to New York in 1831. See the *New York Evening Post*, April 30, 1831.

<sup>43</sup> His return was noticed in many periodicals; e.g., *Atlas*, May 26, 1832.

<sup>44</sup> Americans were now notorious for this type of self-indulgence. See Fish, *op. cit.*, p. 3.

<sup>45</sup> G. C. Verplanck to Washington Allston, Fishkill Landing, July 25, 1832, J. B. Flagg, *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston* (New York, 1892), p. 262.

<sup>46</sup> *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, May 22, 1832. Irving vowed enthusiastically

cally to William Dunlap that he would help him in his writing. "I can give you a great deal" was spoken with glee." Dunlap, *Diary*, April 16, 1832.

<sup>47</sup> *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, May 23, 1832.

<sup>48</sup> *Ibid.* Among these were Ogden Hoffman, the son of Irving's old friend, Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, rector of Grace Church from 1821 to 1834, and Charles King, later president of Columbia College.

<sup>49</sup> *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, May 26, 1832.

<sup>50</sup> *New-York Mirror*, June 9, 1832.

<sup>51</sup> See the speeches of the five vice-presidents, the twelve "Regular Toasts," and the various "Volunteer Toasts." *Ibid.* John Duer "spoke for an hour and a quarter in a strain of surprising eloquence. His subject was Knickerbocker's History, which he undertook to prove in an ironical manner was not the work of Irving, but of Knickerbocker himself." *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, May 30, 1832.

<sup>52</sup> For other accounts of the Irving dinner, see the *Atlas*, June 9, 1832; *New York Evening Post*, June 2, 1832; *New York American*, June 2, 1832. Notices of the dinner also appeared in England; e.g., *Athenaeum* (London), July 14, 1832, p. 458. See also *Irving*, p. xv; Walter Barrett [J. A. Scoville], *The Old Merchants of New York City* (New York, 1872), Index.

<sup>53</sup> *New-York Mirror*, June 9, 1832.

<sup>54</sup> *The Literary Guardian*, of May, 1832, called Irving "the first English prose-writer of the day." "What would Irving's fame among us have been compared with what it is, had it not been sanctioned by the infallible conclave of British reviewers?" *New-York Mirror*, March 29, 1834.

<sup>55</sup> T. L. Nichols, *Forty Years of American Life* (London, 1864), I, 354.

<sup>56</sup> The popularity of Irving was particularly displeasing to the group which desired an American literature independent of English traditions. "His literature is *not* national—it is not peculiarly the literature of America. It was mostly written in England, on English subjects, and for an English public. He loses no occasion to elevate British character, to vindicate British history, and flatter British foibles." *North American Magazine*, November, 1833, p. 66. Irving was also censured for his association with Scott. See the quotation from the *Philadelphia Monthly Review* in *The Literary Remains of the Late Willis Gaylord Clark* . . . , ed. L. G. Clark (New York, 1844), pp. 278-279. For a discussion of these two conflicting ideals for American literature, see I, 122.

<sup>57</sup> See Julia Ward Howe's childhood memories of Irving's return. *Reminiscences* (Boston, 1899), p. 25.

<sup>58</sup> *New-York Mirror*, June 9, 1832.

<sup>59</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>60</sup> See I, 42. Chancellor Kent was now nearly sixty-nine years old. His speech, extravagant in its praise, may be read in *Memoirs and Letters of James Kent, LL.D.*, ed. William Kent (Boston, 1898), pp. 230-235.

<sup>61</sup> *New-York Mirror*, June 9, 1832.

<sup>62</sup> The entire speech has been often reprinted. See the *New-York Mirror*, June 9, 1832. Daniel Webster wrote Kent that it was "a delightful little thing, just, sweet, affectionate." *Memoirs* . . . *James Kent*, pp. 230-235.

<sup>63</sup> *New-York Mirror*, June 9, 1832.

<sup>64</sup> *Ibid.* The growth of this feeling in Irving's mind has been noticed at various points in this biography. See I, 312. To understand fully the effect upon Irving of this fear, one should read entire his Introduction to No. I of *The Crayon Miscellany*: "In the mean time, my lengthened exile subjected me to painful doubts and surmises. . . . I met with imputations of the kind in the public papers, and I received anonymous letters, reiterating them, and basely endeavouring to persuade me that I had lost the good will of my countrymen.

"I should have treated these imputations with little regard, but they reached

me in desponding moments, when other circumstances had produced a morbid state of feeling, and they sunk deeply in my mind. . . .

"By degrees I was led to doubt the entire sentiment of my countrymen towards me. . . ." [p. ix.]

<sup>65</sup> See B. J. Lossing, *History of New York City* (New York [1884]), p. 88. Paulding lived at 29 Whitehall Street.

<sup>66</sup> Irving to Peter Irving, Philadelphia, June 21 [1832], P.M.I., III, 25.

<sup>67</sup> For the reception of *The Alhambra* see II, 316-319.

<sup>68</sup> Prince Dolgorouki to Irving, The Hague, April 17, 1832 (G.S.H.); David Willkie to Irving, London, October 23, 1833 (Y.); Irving to C. R. Leslie, Washington, January 29, 1833, C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), p. 294; C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, December 29, 1834, *idem*, p. 297.

<sup>69</sup> See II, 60-62.

<sup>70</sup> Irving to Peter Irving, Washington, June 16 [1832], P.M.I., III, 22.

<sup>71</sup> *Idem*, pp. 22-23.

<sup>72</sup> See II, 59-71.

<sup>73</sup> During 1831 and 1832 there was much gossip about Irving's supposed wealth. Under the heading "*Literary talents rewarded*," the *Morning Courier and Enquirer*, January 20, 1831, stated that for the *Columbus*, the *Granada*, and the abridgment of the *Columbus* Irving received \$38,000. The *New York Commercial Advertiser*, January 27, 1831, denied that Irving received \$10,000 for the *Columbus*. Irving was, in any case, in comfortable circumstances. In 1832 he himself told Ellsworth that "he receiv[ed] for the life of Columbus £3,000 \$15,000 for *Alhambra* \$[£?]2000 10,000 the companions of Columbus £1000 \$5000 in all \$30,000 . . . he has receiv[ed] in the whole about \$50,000 — spent 20,000 and got now the remainder." H. L. Ellsworth to his wife, Fort Gibson, November 17, 1832 [60] (Y.).

<sup>74</sup> Irving to Charles [?] King, Saratoga Springs, [August ?] 1832 (G.S.H.). See also the *New-York Mirror*, August 24, 1833.

<sup>75</sup> See II, 80-81.

<sup>76</sup> *New-York Mirror*, June 9, 1832. The newspapers had long spoken of his "dextrous compliments to English prejudices"; e.g., *Richmond Compiler*, June 5, 1822. The *Boston Daily Advertiser* had observed that Irving, "the most extensively popular of our writers," had written "of and for England, rather than his own country." Quoted in the *New York American*, July 15, 1824. The *Morning Courier and Enquirer*, of June 10, 1831, spoke of "recent unmanly attacks upon the literacy and personal character of Washington Irving — attacks which originated in the Richmond Whig and grew out of political feeling entirely."

<sup>77</sup> The cant term, often used in this period, for a person easily molded or worked upon. During the slavery agitations "doughface" came to mean a Northern politician too compliant to the South.

<sup>78</sup> An interesting example of Irving's "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." John Schell, a German boy whom he found on the ship when he (Irving) was returning to America in 1832, lived with him at Bridge Street and at Oscar Irving's, and accompanied him during the tour to the Hudson country and the White Mountains. Soon afterwards Schell emigrated to Quincy, Illinois, where he acquired prominence and wealth. He returned to seek out his benefactor in 1857. Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storow, Sunnyside, August 4, 1857 (Y.).

<sup>79</sup> Irving to Peter Irving, New York, July 9, 1832, P.M.I., III, 27.

<sup>80</sup> *Ibid.* Irving was much amused at the American custom of localizing scenes and characters in the fiction of native authors.

<sup>81</sup> Irving to Peter Irving, [New York?] August 3 [1832], P.M.I., III, 28-29.

<sup>82</sup> Irving to Peter Irving, Trenton Falls, August 15 [1832], P.M.I., III, 31. See Irving's diary, August 4-31, describing the journey from Tarrytown through Albany to Niagara Falls, of which he made a sketch (W. M. Hill, Chicago).

<sup>83</sup> Ellsworth, graduated from Yale College in 1819, was appointed by President Jackson in 1832 as a commissioner to superintend the settlement of the Indian

tribes who had been moved to the south and west of Arkansas. For his official work on this journey, see *House Report* No. 474, 23 Congress, 1 Sess., May, 1834, pp. 78-103. The following give accounts of this association and the journey, the result of the accidental meeting: Irving's "A Tour on the Prairies" (1835), Latrobe's *The Rambler in North America* (1835), and the letter written by Ellsworth to his wife, Fort Gibson, November 17, 1832, 116 pages of manuscript (Y.). This manuscript, ed. S. T. Williams and Barbara D. Simison, will be published in December, 1935. See also Grant Foreman, *Pioneer Days in the Early Southwest* (Cleveland, Ohio, 1926), pp. 85-102; Foreman, *Advancing the Frontier* (Norman, Oklahoma, 1933), Index.

<sup>84</sup> "Mr. E. one of the commissioners appointed by the government to superintend the settlement of the emigrant Indian tribes to the west of the Mississippi." Irving [to Peter Irving], Washington City, December 18, 1832. See also Ellsworth's letter to his wife, Fort Gibson, November 17, 1832.

<sup>85</sup> "A Tour on the Prairies," p. 13.

<sup>86</sup> *Idem*, p. 14.

<sup>87</sup> See *ibid.*

<sup>88</sup> Journal, 1832. The books on the West by Timothy Flint and James Hall, which Irving had read, were now popular in the East. See in the present work, II, 79.

<sup>89</sup> *The Rambler in North America* (New York, 1835), I, 160.

<sup>90</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Cincinnati, September 2, 1832, P.M.I., III, 35. Irving had attended the theater to see the remarkable American actress Mrs. Frances Ann Denny Drake (1797-1875). Irving to Frank Mills, Louisville, September 4, 1832 (T.). Two years later he wrote to England a long letter in her behalf. Mrs. Drake and her husband had for a short time managed a theater in Cincinnati.

<sup>91</sup> See the *Western Review and Miscellaneous Magazine*, May, 1820; *Western Monthly Magazine*, June, 1835; *Hesperian*, October, 1839, p. 420. The last-named magazine found Irving, as well as Longfellow and Hawthorne, deficient in "force, comprehensiveness, intensity." See R. L. Rusk, *The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier* (New York, 1925), II, 33. See also the note on Irving's trip West quoted from a "St. Louis paper," in the *Atlas*, October 6, 1832, and F. W. Allsop, *History of the Arkansas Press* (Little Rock, 1922), p. 341. This book contains a quotation from the Little Rock *Advocate*, November 21, 1832, stating that Irving "is so much pleased with his visit to the far west that he contemplates a similar one in the coming spring."

<sup>92</sup> September 29, 1832.

<sup>93</sup> "He expressed the greatest surprise and admiration of what he had already seen of Missouri—having previously formed different views of the country. In his manners, Mr. Irving is unostentatious, affable and gentlemanly. He will no doubt acquire a valuable fund of materials in his progress, for interesting works or sketches, which, ere long, we may have the gratification of perusing." *Missouri Intelligencer and Boon's Lick Advertiser*, September 29, 1832. For other recollections of Irving on this journey see "Washington Irving. Travels in Missouri and the South" (notes by F. A. Sampson), *Missouri Historical Review*, October, 1910, pp. 15-33.

<sup>94</sup> In Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, a stone bears the inscription "Site of Irving's Tent 1832 Erected by J. S. Holden 1909." For this information I am indebted to Mrs. Ruth Jackson, San Antonio, Texas. See also J. B. Thoburn, "Centennial of the Tour on the Prairies," *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, September, 1932.

<sup>95</sup> E. D. Jones to W. A. Jones, St. Louis, July 12, 1837 (D.P., N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>96</sup> See "A Tour on the Prairies," pp. 134-159, 188-198. This critic of Irving may have referred to the story of the Indian girl related on pp. 179-181.

<sup>97</sup> E. D. Jones to W. A. Jones, St. Louis, July 12, 1837.

<sup>98</sup> Journal, 1832, September 12.

<sup>99</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>100</sup> *Idem*, September 13. Auguste Pierre Chouteau (1786-1838), fur trader and Indian agent. For descriptions of Chouteau and of Sam Houston, whom Irving also met on this journey, and of Fort Gibson at this time, see Marquis James, *The Raven: A Biography of Sam Houston* (London [1929]), pp. 105, 122-123, 186, and Book II, *passim*.

<sup>101</sup> Journal, 1832, September 13.

<sup>102</sup> *Ibid.* William Clark (1770-1838), explorer and governor of Missouri Territory.

<sup>103</sup> Irving [to Peter Irving], Washington City, December 18, 1832.

<sup>104</sup> Black Hawk (1767-1838), the Sauk war chief, was conquered in August, 1831, by General Henry Atkinson and his Illinois volunteers.

<sup>105</sup> Irving [to Peter Irving], Washington City, December 18, 1832. See also Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, St. Louis, September 13, 1832 (Y.).

<sup>106</sup> In the sheriff's census of 1818 the city of St. Louis was credited with a population of five thousand. J. T. Scharf, *History of St. Louis City and County* (Philadelphia, 1883), I, 359. Irving describes the city in a letter to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Independence, Missouri, September 26, 1832 (Y.). At St. Louis he found a nephew, Lewis G. Irving.

<sup>107</sup> Journal, 1832, n.d.

<sup>108</sup> Irving [to Peter Irving], Washington City, December 18, 1832.

<sup>109</sup> "Tonish," in "A Tour on the Prairies." He is described frequently in Ellsworth's manuscript letter.

<sup>110</sup> See "A Tour on the Prairies," pp. 14-15.

<sup>111</sup> See Constance Rourke, *American Humor . . .* (New York [1931]), chap. ii.

<sup>112</sup> Irving [to Peter Irving], Washington City, December 18, 1832. This letter, published successively in the *Athenaeum* (London), the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, and the *Missouri Intelligencer and Boon's Lick Advertiser*, is described in the *Missouri Historical Review* as "to a friend in Europe." From the text, however, Peter Irving is obviously the correspondent. The quotations from this long letter are from the copy in the *Missouri Intelligencer and Boon's Lick Advertiser*, of May 11, 1833, as quoted in the *Missouri Historical Review*, October, 1910.

<sup>113</sup> "A Tour on the Prairies," p. 27. In 1933 a granite marker was dedicated at Okay, on the Verdigris River, to commemorate the centennial of Irving's visit to Fort Gibson, and to designate "the Irving trail." See the *Baltimore Sun*, January 27, 1933.

<sup>114</sup> Journal, 1832, October 10.

<sup>115</sup> *Idem*. "I am in hopes that we may be able to fall in with some wandering band of Pawnees in a friendly manner, as I have a great desire to see some of that warlike and vagrant race. We shall have a Pawnee captive woman with us as an interpreter. You see I am completely launched in savage life, and am likely to continue in it for some weeks to come. I am extremely excited and interested by this wild country and the wild scenes and people by which I am surrounded." Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Fort Gibson, Arkansas[s], October 9, 1832 (Y.).

<sup>116</sup> Journal, 1832, October 12.

<sup>117</sup> *Idem*, October 15. "Our own immediate party had a couple of half breed Indians as servants, who understood the Indian customs. They constructed a kind of boat or raft, out of buffalo skin, on which Mr. E. and myself crossed the river and its branches, at several times, on the top of about a hundred weight of baggage — an odd mode of crossing a river a quarter of a mile wide." Irving [to Peter Irving], Washington City, December 18, 1832.

<sup>118</sup> Journal, 1832, October 16. An interesting echo of Irving's delight in these experiences is contained in letters to Mrs. Frances Ellsworth Wood, from Mrs. D. E. Williams, Hartford, Connecticut, September 8, and from her daughter Frances and Mrs. Williams, Hartford, December 26, 1832 (Y.).

<sup>119</sup> H. L. Ellsworth to his wife, Fort Gibson, November 17, 1832 [53].

<sup>120</sup> "A Tour on the Prairies," p. 14.

- <sup>121</sup> H. L. Ellsworth to his wife, Fort Gibson, November 17, 1832 [50].
- <sup>122</sup> *Idem* [51].
- <sup>123</sup> *Idem* [7]. At this time Irving, though he respected Latrobe, refused to travel further with him and Pourtales. The two left, but soon afterwards reappeared and were readmitted to the party [8].
- <sup>124</sup> A reading of Ellsworth's manuscript will show that Irving omitted many an unlovely incident.
- <sup>125</sup> H. L. Ellsworth to his wife, Fort Gibson, November 17, 1832 [78, 33]. "Billect" is Ellsworth's spelling, probably correct, for "Beatte," in Irving's "A Tour on the Prairies."
- <sup>126</sup> *Idem* [33].
- <sup>127</sup> *Idem* [71].
- <sup>128</sup> This is reproduced in detail in Ellsworth's letter [53-61]. Ellsworth adds many particulars concerning Irving's personal appearance, dress, and behavior while on the prairie.
- <sup>129</sup> Allsop, *op. cit.*, p. 341.
- <sup>130</sup> Published in an annual, the *Magnolia*, New York, 1837. See II, 73.
- <sup>131</sup> *Wolfert's Roost*, p. 41.
- <sup>132</sup> *Idem*, p. 43.
- <sup>133</sup> *Idem*, p. 48.
- <sup>134</sup> Irving [to Peter Irving], Washington City, December 18, 1832.
- <sup>135</sup> In Columbia, South Carolina, Irving resumed his friendship with W. C. Preston. See Irving to same, New York, February 27, 1837 [?] (Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston).
- <sup>136</sup> See I, 28-34.
- <sup>137</sup> e.g., *Life of George Washington*, I, 41-46.
- <sup>138</sup> "A Tour on the Prairies," p. 57.
- <sup>139</sup> See [Samuel Clemens] *Life on the Mississippi*, chap. iv.
- <sup>140</sup> Journal, 1832, October 4.
- <sup>141</sup> Irving to Johann Nikolaus Böhl von Faber, New York, April 20, 1833 (O.).
- <sup>142</sup> Journal, 1832, September 27.
- <sup>143</sup> *Idem*, September 6.
- <sup>144</sup> *Idem*, September 11.
- <sup>145</sup> The third son of his deceased brother, William Irving.
- <sup>146</sup> J. P. Kennedy to Mrs. Kennedy, Washington, January 31, 1833 (P.I.).
- <sup>147</sup> A detailed account of the cottage, with its associations and Irving's supposed plans for it, was printed in the *New-York Mirror*, February 7, 1835. See also J. T. Scharf, *History of Westchester County, New York* (Philadelphia, 1886), II, 234-235. For an excellent description of Irving's development of Sunnyside, see E. M. Bacon, "Country Homes of Famous Americans. I. Washington Irving," *Country Life in America*, October, 1903.
- <sup>148</sup> W. C. B., *Discourse*, p. 36. See also the quotation from the *Westchester Herald* in the *New York Evening Post*, January 28, 1835.
- <sup>149</sup> *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," July 7, 1833.
- <sup>150</sup> Irving planned the reconstruction of the cottage in the most minute detail, even with sketches of his own. See Irving to George Harvey (the architect), Tarrytown, November 14, 1836 (N.Y.P.L.).
- <sup>151</sup> See *Wolfert's Roost*, pp. 51-52.
- <sup>152</sup> Irving to Miss Sarah Paris, The Roost, December 10, 1836 (Y.). Sarah Paris was Irving's niece, daughter of his sister Catherine (Mrs. Daniel Paris). An interesting account of these first months at Sunnyside is contained in Irving's letter to Sarah Paris, The Roost, January 11, 1837 (Y.).
- <sup>153</sup> Paulding lived on the east bank of the Hudson about eight miles above Poughkeepsie. Gouverneur Kemble's home was opposite West Point. See *Homes of American Authors . . .* (New York, 1853), p. 28, and P.M.I., II, 426.
- <sup>154</sup> See *Wolfert's Roost*, pp. 5-29.

<sup>105</sup> See chap. xxiii, note 31. See also Blanchard Jerrold, *The Life of Napoleon III* (London, 1875), II, 20.

<sup>106</sup> See chap. xvii, note 12; chap. xviii, note 135.

## CHAPTER XVIII

<sup>1</sup> *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, ed. E. W. Emerson and W. E. Forbes (Boston, 1910), September 28, 1836.

<sup>2</sup> See chap. xvii, note 8.

<sup>3</sup> *Swallow Barn, or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion* (Philadelphia, 1832). The debt to Irving was at once noticed. See the *New-York Mirror*, July 21, 1832, and H. T. Tuckerman, *The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy* (New York, 1871), pp. 147 ff. See also E. M. Gwathmey, *John Pendleton Kennedy* (New York, 1931), pp. 91-92. See Irving to J. P. Kennedy, Baltimore, February 24, 1833 (P.I.).

<sup>4</sup> Irving to Peter Irving, New York, October 28, 1833, P.M.I., III, 57. Journal, 1833, September 11-24 (N.Y.P.L.). It is probable that Irving had not stayed at Van Ness's home in Kinderhook since 1809, when he mourned the loss of Matilda Hoffman. In May, 1833, Irving also made a brief tour of Virginia, with a nephew, John T. Irving, Jr., as far as Fredericksburg and Charlottesville. At the latter place he narrowly escaped an ovation from the students of the University of Virginia. P.M.I., III, 51-52. Note Irving's constant association with Van Buren after his return. See the *New York Evening Post*, September 13, 1833.

<sup>5</sup> John Treat Irving died on March 15, 1838. See II, 93. His prominence is evident from the newspapers of the time; e.g., *Journal of Commerce*, June 7, 1837: "Court of Common Pleas. June 6 Judge Irving Presiding." See *idem*, July 15, etc.

<sup>6</sup> Irving to Peter Irving, New York [September?, 1832], P.M.I., III, 16-17.

<sup>7</sup> *The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-1851*, ed. Allan Nevins (New York, 1927), January 21, 1836. Henry C. Carey (1793-1879) was the well-known economist and publisher, sponsor of some of the works of Cooper and Irving. Dr. Alexander H. Stevens (1789-1869) was a surgeon, and John Austin Stevens (1795-1874) a banker.

<sup>8</sup> *The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-1851*, ed. Bayard Tuckerman (New York, 1889), I, 72, 116, 140, 143, 194, 198, 205, 207.

<sup>9</sup> Another friend was Commodore M. C. Perry. Irving praised Perry fulsomely in a letter to him, Sunnyside, May 24, 1836 (Bibliothèque der Universiteit van Amsterdam). Charles Augustus Davis (1795-1867), called "Major Jack Downing," was an iron merchant. John Duer (1782-1853) was a scholar and a lawyer, and William A. Duer (1780-1858), also a lawyer, was president of Columbia College from 1829 to 1842. Charles King (1789-1867), second son of Rufus King, was editor of the *New York American* from 1823 to 1845, and president of Columbia College from 1849 to 1864. James G. King (1791-1853), third son of Rufus King, a banker, was at one time president of the New York and Erie Railroad, and also president of the New York Chamber of Commerce. In 1837 he obtained from the Bank of England a loan of one million pounds, with which to aid American merchants.

<sup>10</sup> *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, March 11, 1833.

<sup>11</sup> *Idem*, January 7, 1833.

<sup>12</sup> *Idem*, March 28, 1833.

<sup>13</sup> "Irving is supposed to be at work but he keeps himself very quiet." *New-York Mirror*, May 24, 1834, p. 375. See *idem*, August 2, 1834, and April 30, 1836; and the *Museum*, January-June, 1833. For his association with the stage, see also A. H. Quinn, *A History of the American Drama from the Beginning to the Civil War* (New York, 1923), p. 206, and Irving to J. K. Paulding, Washington, January 3, 1833, P.M.I., III, 47.

<sup>14</sup> Irving to Ebenezer Irving, Washington, October 7, 1833, P.M.I., III, 55.



<sup>15</sup> See the description of him under the caption "Distinguished Americans" in the *New-York Mirror*, April 20, 1833.

<sup>16</sup> See *The Literary Remains of the Late Willis Gaylord Clark* . . . , ed. L. G. Clark (New York, 1844), No. 15, October, 1836, p. 150.

<sup>17</sup> *Idem*, pp. 150-151.

<sup>18</sup> *The Diary of Samuel Rodman*, ed. Z. W. Pease (New Bedford, Massachusetts [1927]), July 5, 1836.

<sup>19</sup> T. K. Wharton, Manuscript Diary, August 12, 1834 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.* For other descriptions of Irving personally, at this time, see Geraldine Macpherson, *Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson* (Boston, 1878), p. 113; Fanny Kemble, *Records of a Girlhood* (New York, 1879), pp. 561, 571-572; the *Knickerbocker*, October, 1836, p. 459.

<sup>21</sup> See the *New-York Mirror*, September 10, 1836.

<sup>22</sup> James Parton, *Life of John Jacob Astor* (New York, 1865), pp. 13-14.

<sup>23</sup> Kemble, *op. cit.*, p. 564.

<sup>24</sup> J. C. Derby, *Fifty Years among Authors, Books and Publishers* (New York, 1886), p. 23. See also J. P. Kennedy, Manuscript Diary, March 31, 1832 (P.L.).

<sup>25</sup> *New-York Mirror*, September 24, 1836. *The New-York Book of Poetry* (New York, 1837) records a roster of fifty-three famous writers, most of whose names are now meaningless.

<sup>26</sup> See the *Church Review*, October, 1850.

<sup>27</sup> George Ticknor to W. H. Prescott, Dresden, February 8, 1836, *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* (Boston, 1876), I, 479.

<sup>28</sup> T. W. Higginson, *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (Boston, 1902), p. 89.

<sup>29</sup> October, 1836, p. 406.

<sup>30</sup> The most popular portrait was that reproduced in the *New-York Mirror*, December 30, 1837, after Newton's painting. For biographies, see J. B. Longacre and James Herring, *The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans*, I (Philadelphia, 1834), and the *Athenaeum* (London), January 3, 1835, p. 11. Instances of republication are the youthful poem "The Falls of the Passaic" in one of the first anthologies of American literature, Samuel Kettell, *Specimens of American Poetry* (Boston, 1829), II, 172-174, and in *The New York Book of Poetry* (New York, 1837). Typical prose selections occur in Richard Griffin, *Specimens of the Novelists and Romancers* . . . (New York, 1831); the *Literary Emporium*, October 1, 1836; and the *New-York Mirror*, May 13, 27, 1837. Carey, in Philadelphia in 1836, began to publish Irving's collected works, as did Baudry in Paris in 1834 (in one volume). He was commented upon in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, July 15, 1835, pp. 192-193, by Philarète Chasles, and almost weekly in certain other magazines. Of these the following are examples: *Edinburgh Review*, April-July, 1835; *Knickerbocker*, July, 1834; *Parlour Magazine*, March 28, 1835; *New-York Mirror*, October 26, 1833, April 26, 1834, January 24, 1835, February 27, May 14, September 24, 1836, June 17, October 21, 1837; *Albion*, April 24, 1830, and November 10, 1832. Plays had been made from "Rip Van Winkle" and *A History of New York* (*New-York Mirror*, February 1, 1834), and Irving Place had been named in his honor.

<sup>31</sup> One of the most amusing and vituperative attacks on Irving occurs in [Laughton Osborn] *The Vision of Rubeta* (Boston, 1838), pp. 184-187.

<sup>32</sup> See E. S. Gould, "American Criticism on American Authors," *New-York Mirror*, April 9, 16, 1836.

<sup>33</sup> *Idem*, March 3, 1832.

<sup>34</sup> *Idem*, April 16, 1836.

<sup>35</sup> See Dorothy Waples, *The American Reputation of James Fenimore Cooper (1821-1841)*, with Especial Reference to American Political Thought, Dissertation (Y.).

<sup>36</sup> Harriet Martineau refers often to this attitude in America. *Society in America* (New York, 1837), *passim*.

<sup>87</sup> *Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1835.

<sup>88</sup> See II, 100-103.

<sup>89</sup> Martineau, *op. cit.*, II, 306.

<sup>40</sup> See II, 101.

<sup>41</sup> Representative letters, showing Irving's fame during this period, are: to Archibald Carey, and others, Charlottesville, May 9, 1833 (Morgan); to Harrison Hall [?], Tarrytown, July 11, 1833 (N.Y.P.L.); to Richard Rush, New York, August 1, 1833 (C. A. Brown, Chicago); to H. S. Randall, Sunnyside, November 26, 1833 (Penn.); to Committee of the Union Society, New York, December 20, 1834 (G. D. Smith, New York City); to Mr. [?] Spencer, December 20, 1834 (Maggs Brothers, London); to T. H. Wheeler, New York, December 20, 1834 (W. H. Woodin, New York City); to John Murray, New York, January 10, 1835 (J.M.); to S. P. Walker, New York, May 11, 1835 (W. R. Benjamin, New York City); to E. R. Billings, Greenburgh, October 3, 1836 (T.); to Messrs. James Mead and others, Tarrytown, October 26, 1836 (Y.); to Elkanah Watson, Greenburgh, July 8, 1837 (T.F.M.). See also Orville Dewey to Miss Sedgwick, Sheffield, May 2, 1833, *Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, D.D.*, ed. M. E. Dewey (Boston, 1883), p. 144.

<sup>42</sup> See H. F. Barnes, *Charles Fenno Hoffman* (New York, 1930), p. 25, footnote 16, and the *New-York Commercial Advertiser*, April 14, 1837.

<sup>43</sup> F. H. Herrick, *Audubon the Naturalist: A History of His Life and Time* (New York, 1917), II, 153. Irving introduced Audubon to Van Buren. See Irving's long letter to Van Buren describing Audubon, Tarrytown, October 18, 1836 (Victor Tyler, New Haven, Connecticut).

<sup>44</sup> See William Dunlap's testimonial in the *New-York Mirror*, July 5, 1834.

<sup>45</sup> *American Historical Magazine*, February, 1836, p. 76; A. B. Keep, *History of the New York Society Library* (New York, 1908), p. 557; *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, February 14, 1835: "I attended this evening a meeting at Washington Hall of a number of New Yorkers, with a design to form a regular Knickerbocker society, as a sort of set-off against St. Patrick's St. George's, and more particularly the New England. . . . Bloodgood was chairman and Washington Irving secretary." See also *Genealogical Record, Saint Nicholas Society of the City of New York*, I ([New York] 1905), 85, 227, II ([New York] 1916), 84-85; *Saint Nicholas Society of the City of New York* ([New York] 1923), pp. 127-132. Irving held offices in this society until 1841. See *idem*, under the years 1836 to 1841.

<sup>46</sup> See Barnes, *op. cit.*, p. 116.

<sup>47</sup> *Albion*, April 8, 1837. "Friday, March 31 [1837] — *Booksellers' Dinner*. This was the greatest dinner I was ever at, with the exception perhaps of that given to Washington Irving on his return from Europe." *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins. An account of Irving's speech is given in J. G. Wilson, *The Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck* (New York, 1889), pp. 397-400. What appears to be the first draft of this address is in the possession of the Maine Historical Society.

<sup>48</sup> T. K. Wharton, Manuscript Diary, August 13, 1834.

<sup>49</sup> See II, 60.

<sup>50</sup> Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, New York, May 20, 1836 (H.E.H.). Irving's letter introducing Halleck to Samuel Rogers (New York, February 3, 1836) is published in P. W. Clayden, *Rogers and His Contemporaries* (New York, 1889), II, 143-144. See also J. G. Wilson, *Bryant, and His Friends* (New York, 1886), pp. 173-174, and N. F. Adkins, *Fitz-Greene Halleck* . . . (New York, 1930), p. 139. See also Irving to Van Buren, recommending T. S. Fay, New York, May 11, 1836 (sold at the American Art Association, June 4, 1914). See also to the same, New York, May 29, 1833 (T.).

<sup>51</sup> Irving to G. P. Morris, [New York?] February 5, 1834 (G. L. Beam, Denver, Colorado).

<sup>52</sup> See Irving to J. P. Kennedy, Baltimore, February 24, 1833; June 5, 1835 (concerning *Horseshoe Robinson*) (P.I.).

<sup>53</sup> In a review of Cooper's *Gleanings in Europe*, the *Knickerbocker*, October, 1837, p. 351, said: "Would WASHINGTON IRVING, in whose character there is a happy conjunction of civility, freedom, ease, and sincerity, and who has had ample opportunities of inspecting beyond the surface and rind of things, support these declarations? We think not." Irving had no enemies, said the *American Monthly Review*, September, 1832, p. 177.

<sup>54</sup> [Osborn] *op. cit.*, pp. 347-348. Edgar Allan Poe considered Osborn's *The Vision of Rubeta* the best American satire. *Works* (Chicago [1895]), VII, 3-18.

<sup>55</sup> *Western Monthly Magazine*, November, 1836.

<sup>56</sup> George Tucker, "Discourse on American Literature," *Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1838, p. 85. "Next to Mr. Irving and Dr. Channing, no living man has done so much to raise the literary character of his country abroad."

<sup>57</sup> *New World*, November 27, 1841, p. 349.

<sup>58</sup> James Watson Webb in the *Morning Courier and New York Enquirer*, November 22, 1838.

<sup>59</sup> Quoted from the *United Service Journal* by the *Museum*, December, 1839.

<sup>60</sup> *New York American*, May 30, 1826.

<sup>61</sup> *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," May 27, 1828.

<sup>62</sup> See chap. xvi, note 157.

<sup>63</sup> F. S. Cozzens, "Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozzens," *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, May, 1890, p. 748. The blank is Cozzens'.

<sup>64</sup> *Diary of William Dunlap* (New York, 1931), December 6, 1832.

<sup>65</sup> e.g., *Morning Courier and New York Enquirer*, September 2, 1833.

<sup>66</sup> It is possible that disgust at Irving's welcome was a factor in Cooper's declining a similar entertainment a year later. See Waples, *op. cit.*, chap. vii.

<sup>67</sup> P.M.L., II, 73-74. *Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper*, ed. J. F. Cooper (New Haven, 1922), I, 90.

<sup>68</sup> See *Poems of William Cullen Bryant, an American*, ed. Washington Irving (London, 1832), p. iv.

<sup>69</sup> e.g., Irving to J. E. Hall, London, June 30, 1822 (D.P., N.Y.P.L.). In this letter Irving describes the popularity of *The Spy* in London. See also J. G. Wilson, *Bryant, and His Friends*, pp. 237-238, and P.M.L., IV, 313.

<sup>70</sup> W. C. Bryant, *Memorial of James Fenimore Cooper* (New York, 1852), pp. 63-64.

<sup>71</sup> R. W. Griswold to J. F. Cooper, Philadelphia, August 6, 1842 (Y.).

<sup>72</sup> "I could not doubt the justice of your estimate of Irving's personal character, but I was not without a hope that what I have written would gratify you, and perhaps lead to some pleasant consequences." *Ibid.*

<sup>73</sup> See II, 111.

<sup>74</sup> Baron Cuvier (1769-1832), the naturalist, whom Cooper had known in Paris. See *Gleanings in Europe*, ed. R. E. Spiller, I (New York, 1928), 257, 306, 307.

<sup>75</sup> See H. W. Boynton, *James Fenimore Cooper* (New York [1931]), pp. 327-328.

<sup>76</sup> The Carvills were well-known New York booksellers. The particulars of the transaction to which Cooper alludes are unknown, but probably Cooper was shocked by the large sums supposedly obtained by Irving for the *Columbus*.

<sup>77</sup> J. F. Cooper to R. W. Griswold, Cooperstown, August 7, 1842, *Passages from the Correspondence and Other Papers of Rufus W. Griswold* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1898), pp. 114-115.

<sup>78</sup> See II, 62-71.

<sup>79</sup> See Waples, *op. cit.* See also R. E. Spiller, *Fenimore Cooper, Critic of His Times* (New York, 1931), p. vii.

<sup>80</sup> L. G. Clark, "Cooper, Scott and Lockhart," *Lippincott's Magazine*, December, 1871.

<sup>81</sup> This was recommended for the schools by the State Legislature, but was unsuccessful because of the competition with other schoolbooks.

<sup>82</sup> See II, 325.

<sup>83</sup> Through a fire on December 16, 1835, in which seventeen city blocks were burned. See the *New York American*, December 18, 1835, and the *New-York Spectator*, December 21, 1835. Irving describes the distress and the losses of his family in a letter to J. P. Kennedy, New York, December 25, 1835 (P.I.). Brevoort's losses were about fifty thousand dollars and Judge John Treat Irving's amounted to about forty thousand.

<sup>84</sup> Irving to J. P. Kennedy, New York, June 9, 1835 (P.I.).

<sup>85</sup> Irving to J. P. Kennedy, New York, June 5, 1835.

<sup>86</sup> Irving to William Irving, New York, August 4, 1834 (Y.).

<sup>87</sup> Irving to Edgar Irving, The Alhambra, May 23, 1829 (G.W.).

<sup>88</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Washington, January 23, 1833 (Y.). William was the fourth son of Ebenezer Irving.

<sup>89</sup> Irving to Peter Irving [New York, November ? 1834], P.M.I., III, 64.

<sup>90</sup> C. R. Fish, *The Rise of the Common Man, 1830-1850* (New York, 1929), p. 164.

<sup>91</sup> See Flora Dawson, "Washington Irving's Political Influence," *Princes, Public Men, and Pretty Women: Episodes in Real Life* (London, 1864), II, 143-152. Irving's opinions on political matters had long engaged wide public interest. See the *Port Folio* on "the largeness of his views," March, 1821, p. 135. A capable discussion of Irving's connection with American political thought may be found in H. A. Pochmann, *Washington Irving, Representative Selections, with Introduction, Bibliography, and Notes* (New York, [1934]), pp. xlii-lx.

<sup>92</sup> See II, 67.

<sup>93</sup> *Diary*, September 26, 1833.

<sup>94</sup> P.M.I., III, 122.

<sup>95</sup> *New-York Mirror*, March 12, 1831.

<sup>96</sup> Martin Van Buren to Andrew Jackson, [London] March 9 [?], 1832 (L.C.).

<sup>97</sup> See J. S. Bassett, *The Life of Andrew Jackson* (Garden City, New York, 1911), chaps. xxvi, xxvii, xxviii.

<sup>98</sup> See E. I. McCormac, "Louis McLane," *The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy*, ed. S. F. Bennis (New York, 1927-1929), IV, 275.

<sup>99</sup> *Idem*, p. 278.

<sup>100</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>101</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, Washington, October 5, 1833, *Autobiography of Martin Van Buren*, ed. J. C. Fitzpatrick (Washington, 1920), p. 610.

<sup>102</sup> Martin Van Buren to Irving, Washington, March 6, 1834, *idem*, p. 611.

<sup>103</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, New York, March 11, 1834, *idem*, p. 611.

<sup>104</sup> *Idem*, p. 613.

<sup>105</sup> See I, 134-135.

<sup>106</sup> Irving to Louis McLane, Paris, August 9 [1830], P.M.I., II, 435.

<sup>107</sup> Irving [to Peter Irving], Washington City, December 18, 1832, *Missouri Historical Review*, October, 1910.

<sup>108</sup> C. A. and M. R. Beard, *The Rise of American Civilization* (New York, 1927), I, 559. See Bassett, *Life of Andrew Jackson*, chap. xxvi.

<sup>109</sup> *Idem*, II, 555.

<sup>110</sup> R. L. Rusk, *The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier* (New York, 1925), I, 119.

<sup>111</sup> Irving to J. K. Paulding, Washington, January 3, 1833, P.M.I., III, 46-47. Irving's personal admiration of Jackson was of long standing. See Journal, 1824, February 19 (T.), and Irving to W. M. Blackford, New York, October 27, 1833 (T.F.M.).

<sup>112</sup> Irving to Peter Irving, New York, April 1, 1833, P.M.I., III, 50.

<sup>113</sup> Irving to Peter Irving [Washington, December, 1832 ?], *idem*, III, 46.

<sup>114</sup> Irving [to Peter Irving], Washington City, December 18, 1832.

<sup>115</sup> Martin Van Buren to Andrew Jackson, New York, September 26, 1833 (L.C.).

<sup>116</sup> P.M.L., IV, 250.

<sup>117</sup> August 14, 1838.

<sup>118</sup> As late as 1850 there still survived the old confusion in the popular mind concerning Irving's political principles. This confusion was due chiefly to the incongruity in his writings, with their "panegyric of old institutions" and their "palpable satire on the administration of Thomas Jefferson, the great apostle of Democracy," and, on the other hand, their author's connections with the Jacksonians. See *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1850, p. 13.

<sup>119</sup> e.g., Irving to Edgar Irving, Washington, September 5 and October 28, 1833 (T.F.M.); Irving to Martin Van Buren, New York, July 25, 1833 (E.W.H.).

<sup>120</sup> See II, 70-71.

<sup>121</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, Washington, January 2, 1833 (L.C.). Paulding was now living in New York and writing fiction. On July 1, 1838, he succeeded Mahlon Dickerson as Secretary of the Navy. See chap. xviii, note 128.

<sup>122</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, New York, December 15, 1834 (L.C.).

<sup>123</sup> (L.C.).

<sup>124</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, New York, February 24, 1836 (L.C.).

<sup>125</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, New York, February 6, 1837 (L.C.).

<sup>126</sup> These were perhaps the articles signed "Americanus." "I am not very much conversant with matters either of Bank or State; but as a plain man, who has read . . . on these subjects, who desires no office for himself or his friend, but one who does most sincerely desire . . ." etc. *Journal of Commerce*, August 26, 1837.

<sup>127</sup> (L.C.).

<sup>128</sup> Mahlon Dickerson was appointed Secretary of the Navy in 1834, and served for four years. He was succeeded by Paulding, who held this office from 1838 to 1841.

<sup>129</sup> Martin Van Buren to Irving, Washington, April 23, 1838 (L.C.).

<sup>130</sup> In chronology these events fall within the limits of Chapter XX, but are recorded here to complete the story of Irving's relations with Van Buren.

<sup>131</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, New York, April 30, 1838 (L.C.).

<sup>132</sup> See II, 111.

<sup>133</sup> An instance of Irving's extreme care in avoiding allusion to controversial questions occurred in connection with the publication of his letter to Peter (December 18, 1832) in the *Athenaeum* (see chap. xvii, note 112). Peter, reading it, wrote at once to Colonel Aspinwall: "There is an error of the press in one sentence, which by the substitution of the word *national* for *sectional* will be apt to give pain to one of his sensitive nerves. . . . It was the intention of the writer to allude to the *sectional* prejudices and jealousies which subsist between some geographical divisions of the country. . . . As the sentence is printed, the writer would seem to repeat the charges of national prejudice made against his countrymen by some European travellers. . . ." Paris, March 9, 1833 (N.Y.H.S.).

<sup>134</sup> *Autobiography of Martin Van Buren*, p. 610.

<sup>135</sup> Joseph Seawell Jones, a historian of the state of North Carolina, had become engaged in a controversy in the *New York American* concerning the original peculiarities bequeathed by the pioneers to the peoples of North Carolina and Virginia. Irving, through "The Creole Village," unwittingly stumbled into this and was abusively attacked by Jones. Forced to answer the charges, he did so in the same newspaper in a letter to the editor, Charles King, Greenburgh, January 4, 1837, P.M.L., III, 100-101.

<sup>136</sup> Irving to Gouverneur Kemble, New York, January 10, 1838, P.M.L., III, 119-120.

<sup>137</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>138</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>139</sup> See II, 70.

- <sup>140</sup> B. F. Butler to Martin Van Buren, New York, April 30, 1838 (L.C.).
- <sup>141</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>142</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, Greenburgh, July 2, 1839 (L.C.).
- <sup>143</sup> Van Buren suggested the creation of Sub-Treasury offices, which, without reference to the banks, would be empowered to keep and pay out public moneys.
- <sup>144</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, Tarrytown, January 13, 1840 (L.C.). Parts of the manuscript are illegible.
- <sup>145</sup> [n.p.] November 25, 1840, *The Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott, 1833-1847*, ed. Roger Wolcott (Boston and New York, 1925), p. 178.
- <sup>146</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Greenburgh, February 26, 1841 (N.Y.P.L.).
- <sup>147</sup> Ogden Hoffman (1794-1856), the son of Josiah Ogden Hoffman. Ogden Hoffman was elected as a Whig to Congress in 1836, and when Harrison became president, was appointed United States district attorney in the southern district of New York.
- <sup>148</sup> What minor post Irving sought for Ebenezer I have been unable to discover, and the identity of Mr. Allen is unknown.
- <sup>149</sup> Perhaps the letter of January 13, 1840.
- <sup>150</sup> B. Nicholson to Martin Van Buren, New York, October 3 [1840?] (L.C.).

## CHAPTER XIX

- <sup>1</sup> Irving's eagerness to write at this time may be partly attributed to the persistence of friends and readers. "Sparks is just completing his closing volume of the Washington papers. . . I hear nothing of Irving, who may be dreaming in Sleepy Hollow, for aught I or the public know. If he will publish his dreams however we cannot ask better." *The Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott, 1833-1847*, ed. Roger Wolcott (Boston and New York, 1925), p. 11.
- <sup>2</sup> Rebecca Gratz to M. G. Gratz, Philadelphia, October 12 [1833], and [n.p.] August 27, 1837, *Letters of Rebecca Gratz* (Philadelphia, 1929), pp. 185, 242.
- <sup>3</sup> W. I. Paulding, *Literary Life of James K. Paulding* (New York, 1867), p. 40. This edition, without Irving's aid, was published in 1835. See "Advertisement."
- <sup>4</sup> See chap. xvi, note 158. This essay was republished in *Essays from the North American Review*, ed. A. T. Rice (London [1879?]), pp. 215-254.
- <sup>5</sup> Irving called his contribution "a nautical anecdote, written down pretty much as I heard it related a few years since by one of my seafaring countrymen." This article, as it exists in the *Annual*, is of no value. Irving's letter, Newhall [Newburgh?], May 2, 1835, is published in R. R. Madden, *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington* (New York, 1856), II, 382. See also Earl of Lytton, *The Life of Edward Bulwer . . .* (London, 1913), I, 448. Irving also contributed to *Heath's Book of Beauty*, ed. Countess of Blessington (London, 1836), pp. 253-257. "The Haunted Ship. A True Story — As Far As It Goes. By the Author of 'The Sketch Book.'" This story also appeared in the *New-York Mirror*, January 9, 1836, and in *Friendship's Offering*, 1849. See *American Literature*, January, 1934. The ascription of this tale to Irving has been challenged. See *idem*, January, 1935.
- <sup>6</sup> He himself carefully selected and edited these "beauties." Irving to Henry Carey, New York, May 28, 1835 (N.Y.P.L.). Tegg published the London edition in 1835.
- <sup>7</sup> C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, July 8, 1835, C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), p. 301.
- <sup>8</sup> See Bibliography. See the *New-York Mirror*, October 22, 1836. These sketches were republished in *Wolfert's Roost*, pp. 38-49, 126-143.
- <sup>9</sup> *The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-1851*, ed. Allan Nevins (New York, 1927), January 7, 1833.

<sup>10</sup> See Bibliography. Irving obtained this material in June, 1834, during a visit to Philadelphia. P.M.I., III, 59.

<sup>11</sup> See the *New-York Mirror*, August 15, 1835. This was a version of the Spanish play *El embozado* which had so interested Irving in Paris in 1825. See chap. xiii, note 8.

<sup>12</sup> (T.). Twenty-one manuscript pages describe in rough notes an episode of pioneer life on the frontier. Its source is unknown, but Irving may have secured it during his tour of the West. Another manuscript, "The Log House Hotel," probably a result of the journey, is also known to exist (H. D. Mildeberger, Chicago). See also "Polly Holman's Wedding. Notes by Washington Irving," ed. S. T. Williams and E. E. Leisy, *Southwest Review*, July, 1934; and Notes of Conversations with William P. Duval the Original of Ralph Ringwood (T.).

<sup>13</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Washington, January 23, 1833 (Y.).

<sup>14</sup> Irving to Peter Irving, [New York] November 24, 1834, P.M.I., III, 64.

<sup>15</sup> *New-York Mirror*, May 4, 1833. Later Irving's books were described as "semi-novels." See *The Puritan: A Series of Essays Critical, Moral and Miscellaneous* (Boston, 1836), II, 261.

<sup>16</sup> Irving avoided carefully all controversial issues. See R. L. Rusk, *The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier* (New York, 1925), I, 119.

<sup>17</sup> Published in October, 1835. The volume was not printed in the revised edition of 1848. See Appendix III, pp. 321-323.

<sup>18</sup> *The Rambler in North America* . . . (London, 1835). Latrobe described his friendship with Irving in this book. See the *American edition* (New York, 1835), I, 23, 97, 116, 172, 179, 187, 192; II, 96. For a review of this book, dedicated to Irving, see the *American Quarterly Review*, December, 1835, p. 390.

<sup>19</sup> Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, New York, December 29, 1834 (Marston Drake, New York City); to the same, February 2, 1835 (T.); and to the same, New York, April 23, 1835 (C. W. Langdon, Southington, Connecticut).

<sup>20</sup> P.M.I., III, 70-71. See also John Murray to Colonel Aspinwall, London, February 27, 1835 (W.T.); and to the same, [n.p.] March 2, 1835 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>21</sup> See the *New-York Mirror*, April 4, 1835. Advance excerpts of two parts of "A Tour on the Prairies" appeared in this issue: "The Honey Camp"; "A Bee Hunt." See also Irving to Henry Carey, New York, April 8, 1835 (H.E.H.). At the same time, Irving negotiated for his nephew's, John T. Irving's, work *Indian Sketches*, which he considered a sequel to his own book "A Tour on the Prairies." See Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, New York, May 31, 1835 (H.E.H.). This book was reviewed in the *American Quarterly Review*, September, 1835. At about the same time Irving assisted another nephew, Theodore Irving, in the publication of his book *The Conquest of Florida*.

<sup>22</sup> No. II appeared in London, May 1; in Philadelphia, May 30. No. III was published in London in late July or August; in Philadelphia in October.

<sup>23</sup> *Diary*, ed. Nevins, April 14, 1835.

<sup>24</sup> See II, 82-83.

<sup>25</sup> On June 1, 1834, Astor sold his fur interests. He spent the remainder of his days administering his estate. See II, 210.

<sup>26</sup> "Late in 1837, during a visit to New York, Cogswell met Astor. . . 'He is not,' Cogswell said, 'the mere accumulator of dollars . . . he talks well on many subjects and shows a great interest in the arts and literature.'" K. W. Porter, *John Jacob Astor, Business Man* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1931), II, 1094. See Irving to Henry Brevoort, Paris, April 14, 1821 (N.Y.P.L.). See also *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, October 1, 1835; J. W. Howe, *Reminiscences* (Boston, 1889), p. 75; in the present work, II, 210; N. F. Adkins, *Fitz-Greene Halleck* . . . (New York, 1930), p. 310; P.M.I., III, 83; A. D. H. Smith, *John Jacob Astor* . . . (Philadelphia, 1929), p. 282.

<sup>27</sup> Irving to P. M. Irving, New York, September 15, 1834, P.M.I., III, 61.

<sup>28</sup> For a letter (Penn.) of Astor's to Irving indicating their intimacy, see Porter, *op. cit.*, I, 351-352.

<sup>29</sup> See P.M.I., III, 59-64.

<sup>30</sup> See Porter, *op. cit.*, II, 1054.

<sup>31</sup> Irving to P. M. Irving, New York, October 29, 1834, P.M.I., III, 62. Irving himself added to this another thousand dollars.

<sup>32</sup> One legend referred to a "life" of Astor, by Irving. See Walter Barrett [J. A. Seoville], *The Old Merchants of New York City* (New York, 1872), II, 5, and the *Literary World*, November 22, 1851, p. 408.

<sup>33</sup> Henry Rowe Schoolcraft (1793-1864), ethnologist, was in 1839 chief disbursing agent for the Northern Department in its supervision of the Indians. His *Alcic Researches* appeared in this year.

<sup>34</sup> This was a common rumor. See Porter, *op. cit.*, II, 1054.

<sup>35</sup> Irving to H. R. Schoolcraft (Sunnyside?, November 10, 1851) (copy, N.Y.P.L.). Similar statements were made in the magazines after the publication of *Astoria*. The *American Quarterly Review*, March, 1837, p. 72, denied that the work had been ordered by Mr. Astor, "executed as a job, and paid for with a stipulated price. We have taken some pains to enquire into this, and we have information which enables us to state positively that Mr. Irving has received no compensation nor pecuniary favours of any sort from Mr. Astor, directly or indirectly."

<sup>36</sup> These lands belonged, for the most part, originally to Astor, Crooks, and Stuart. "Irving had purchased 5 of John Jacob Astor's original 75 shares for \$4000, but this transaction did not concern the other associates and the shares remained in Astor's name. This may have been intended as an indirect way of compensating Irving for writing *Astoria*." Porter, *op. cit.*, II, 864. During a few months the value of the lands increased from \$160,000 to \$600,000. In the end this speculation ended unhappily, but the nature of Irving's compensation for *Astoria* seems apparent. See Porter, *op. cit.*, II, 863 ff.

<sup>37</sup> P.M.I., III, 78.

<sup>38</sup> *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, October 1, 1835.

<sup>39</sup> P.M.I., III, 90. See also Irving to Carey, Lea, and Blanchard, New York, August 6, 1836 (N.Y.P.L.). Advance excerpts of *Astoria* were published in the *New-York Mirror*, December 17, 1836.

<sup>40</sup> See II, 108-111.

<sup>41</sup> Benjamin Louis Eulalie de Bonneville (1796-1876), born in France and graduated from West Point in 1815, was connected with the frontier for the better part of his life. Irving romanticized his picturesque career. See II, 89-91.

<sup>42</sup> *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A.*, Introductory Notice, p. 24.

<sup>43</sup> Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, New York, February 9, 1837 (N.Y.H.S.).

<sup>44</sup> Published by Carey, Lea, and Blanchard in Philadelphia, and by Bentley in London. See Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, New York, March 8, 1837 (T.), March 29, 1837 (N.Y.P.L.), June 20, 1837 (T.F.M.).

<sup>45</sup> *Astoria*, p. v.

<sup>46</sup> *The Crayon Miscellany*, pp. 188-198. See *Fraser's Magazine*, October, 1835: "What! Washington Irving a buffalo-hunter on the Prairies? . . . It is but as yesterday we saw this same Washington Irving in London a quiet, gentlemanly, *douce*, little, middle-aged man."

<sup>47</sup> For a discussion of the sources, history, and reputation of *The Crayon Miscellany*, see Appendix III, pp. 319-323.

<sup>48</sup> This book (*Indian Sketches*, Philadelphia, 1835) was based on another expedition in 1833, to the Otoe and Pawnee villages. John T. Irving, Jr., accompanied the party, and published his books through his uncle's aid. In fact, Irving's correspondence now indicates his association by letter and conversation with various writers concerning the frontier. Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, New York, June 20, 1837; H. R. Schoolcraft to Irving, Michilimackinac, August 29, 1835 (N.Y.H.S.).



<sup>40</sup> Quoted by F. L. Paxson, *History of the American Frontier* (Boston [1924]), p. 295.

<sup>50</sup> See "The Correspondence and Journals of Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth, 1831-6," *Sources of the History of Oregon* (Eugene, Oregon, 1899).

<sup>51</sup> Paxson, *op. cit.*, p. 334. See also *idem*, pp. 331-333.

<sup>52</sup> "The literary exploitation of the Far West began at this time, carrying the frontier of letters far beyond the field that James Fenimore Cooper developed in the *Leather Stocking Tales*." *Idem*, p. 333.

<sup>53</sup> For a valuable survey of this literature, with much of which Irving was acquainted, see Rusk, *op. cit.*, pp. 79-130.

<sup>54</sup> From one or two allusions it is evident that Irving now reread his boyhood favorites, Pierre de Charlevoix, *Histoire et description générale de la Nouvelle France* . . . (Paris, 1744), and Baron Lahontan, *New Voyages to North-America* (London, 1703). Hardly a journal or notebook of Irving's is without proof of his sustained interest in Western life.

<sup>55</sup> See Rusk, *op. cit.*, I, 94-95.

<sup>56</sup> By 1833 Irving had an intimate knowledge of the various editions concerning the expedition of Lewis and Clark; Timothy Flint, *Recollections of the Last Ten Years, Passed in Occasional Residences and Journeys in the Valley of the Mississippi* . . . (Boston, 1826); *A Condensed Geography and History of the Western States, or the Mississippi Valley* (Cincinnati, 1828); and, as a matter of course, Frances Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (London, 1832).

<sup>57</sup> See *The Oregon Trail*, Preface to the first edition.

<sup>58</sup> Estwick Evans, *A Pedestrian's Tour, of Four Thousand Miles, through the Western States and Territories* . . . (Concord, New Hampshire, 1819), p. 6.

<sup>59</sup> Hoffman's first important book, *A Winter in the West* (London, 1835), appeared in the year of *The Crayon Miscellany*. It is clear that Hoffman was envious of Irving's success with Western themes. See C. F. Hoffman to Colonel Aspinwall, New York, March 18, 1838 (N.Y.H.S.). Hoffman's *Wild Scenes in Forest and Prairie* appeared in 1839 (London); *Grayslaer*, in 1840 (New York).

<sup>60</sup> It is more than probable that Irving knew Hall's *Letters from the West* (London, 1828) and Timothy Flint's *Indian Wars of the West* (Cincinnati, 1833).

<sup>61</sup> Journal, 1832, undated passages at conclusion of the manuscript (N.Y.P.L.). These passages were not used directly in "A Tour on the Prairies."

<sup>62</sup> *The Crayon Miscellany*, Introduction, p. viii.

<sup>63</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>64</sup> This book refers frequently to Irving, and often describes the identical adventures of "A Tour on the Prairies."

<sup>65</sup> *The Crayon Miscellany*, pp. 52-56, 188-198. See *Letters from an American Farmer* (New York, 1904), pp. 29-31.

<sup>66</sup> H. L. Ellsworth to his wife, Fort Gibson, November 17, 1832 [46] (Y.).

<sup>67</sup> *The Crayon Miscellany*, pp. 84-85.

<sup>68</sup> *Prose Sketches and Poems, Written in the Western Country* (Boston, 1834).

<sup>69</sup> May, 1835.

<sup>70</sup> Equivalent phrases were used in various magazines of the time.

<sup>71</sup> C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, May 11, 1835, Leslie *op. cit.*, p. 300. "A Tour on the Prairies" was soon popular on the Continent. A German edition appeared in Stuttgart in 1835. A translation into Russian (Moscow, 1837) is in my possession. See Bibliography. As an instance of Irving's reputation as a writer on the West, note the dedication to him in the poem, G. H. Colton, *Tecumseh; or, The West Thirty Years Since* . . . (New York, 1842).

<sup>72</sup> *Diary*, ed. Nevins, March 28, 1839.

<sup>73</sup> *New-York Mirror*, July 4, 1835.

<sup>74</sup> See *Southern Literary Messenger*, July, 1835. "[Unlike Cooper,] Irving, Bird, Kennedy, Miss Sedgewick . . . write according to the dictates of common sense and good taste." *American Quarterly Review*, December, 1835, p. 444. This satis-

faction in "A Tour on the Prairies" as a romantic book is best described by the *Metropolitan Magazine*, April, 1835, p. 168.

<sup>75</sup> *The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-1851*, ed. Bayard Tuckerman (New York, 1889), April 10, 1835. For other criticisms of "A Tour on the Prairies" see the *American Ladies' Magazine*, June, 1835; *Quarterly Review*, September, 1835; *Eclectic Review*, April, 1835; *Fraser's Magazine*, October, 1835; *Casket*, 1835; *Southern Literary Journal*, September, 1835; *American Monthly Magazine*, May, 1835.

<sup>76</sup> (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>77</sup> See the *Washington Historical Quarterly*, April, 1927.

<sup>78</sup> See P.M.I., III, 61.

<sup>79</sup> *Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper*, ed. J. F. Cooper (New Haven, 1922), II, 588.

<sup>80</sup> No biographer of Astor, I believe, has had access to all these documents. A collection of Astor Papers is at Syracuse University. One document used by Irving has survived. This is a journal of the expedition from Astoria to St. Louis, June 29, 1812, to April 30, 1813 (sold at American Art Association, May 12, 1930). This journal was apparently made from the rough notes of Robert Stuart.

<sup>81</sup> *Astoria*, Introduction, p. vi.

<sup>82</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>83</sup> Through direct quotations from letters, references to records of the clerks, etc. One portion is probably the story of Hunt's and Crooks's passage of the mountains.

<sup>84</sup> Notebook, *Astoria*, 1835 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>85</sup> For an example, cf. *Astoria*, pp. 214-220, and "Bradbury's Travels," republished in *Early Western Travels, 1748-1846*, ed. R. G. Thwaites (Cleveland, Ohio, 1904), V, 103-110. The verbal resemblances of Irving's and Bradbury's versions are striking; e.g., *Astoria*, pp. 217-219: "The swivel and howitzers were then loaded with powder and discharged, to let the savages know by the report how formidably they were provided. . . . The same pieces were then loaded with as many bullets as they would probably bear; after which the whole party embarked, and pulled across the river. . . . a confusion took place among the savages. They displayed their buffalo robes. . . . The pipe of peace was now brought forward with due ceremony. The bowl was of a species of red stone resembling porphyry; the stem was six feet in length, decorated with tufts of horse-hair dyed red." Bradbury, pp. 105-107: ". . . the swivel and the howitzers were loaded with powder only, and fired to impress them with an idea that we were well prepared. They were then heavily loaded, and with as many bullets as it was supposed they would bear, after which we crossed the river. . . . The Indians now seemed to be in confusion, and when we rose up to fire, they spread their buffalo robes before them. . . . the pipe was brought by an Indian, who seemed to act as priest on this occasion. . . . The head was made of a red stone. . . . The stem of the pipe was at least six feet in length, and highly decorated with tufts of horse hair, dyed red."

<sup>86</sup> For Chittenden's belief in Irving's accuracy, see II, 89. The smaller of these notebooks (both N.Y.P.L.) contains some fifteen pages of notes. These are chiefly queries which Irving apparently could not answer from Astor's manuscripts. The second notebook has fifty-five pages, filled, for the most part, with summaries or excerpts from such writers as Flint, Long, and Lewis and Clark. In many instances these passages, altered and polished, reappear in *Astoria*. The New York Public Library owns also four small memorandum books which include brief notes on the West. One example of Irving's use of this material for *Astoria* may be cited. He copied from the record of Lewis and Clark the "strange noise coming from the mountains" resembling "precisely the sound of a 6 pound piece of ordonnance." Cf. *Astoria*, p. 285. In general it may be said Irving had Brackenridge and Bradbury at hand as he recounted the adventures from St. Louis to the Aricara village, and

Franchère and Cox for information concerning the history of the Astorians as a whole and especially the incidents along the Columbia River. One unsuspected source revealed by the notebooks is Thomas L. M'Kenney, co-author of *History of the Indian Tribes of North America*. . . (Philadelphia, 1838-1844).

<sup>87</sup> Irving's interest in the heroic frontiersman is apparent from his earliest writings; e.g., his sketch of Daniel Boone, Notebook, 1818 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>88</sup> The descriptions of St. Louis and other posts, and of such pioneers as Robert McLellan, John Day, Pierre Dorion, and Joseph Miller, Irving derived for the most part from libraries. One of the most effective asides, John Colter's escape from the Indians, is almost a literal transcript from Bradbury. *Astoria*, pp. 169-175. Cf. Irving's version with Bradbury's, *op. cit.*, V, 44-47, and footnote 18. Other incidents which enliven but have little direct bearing on the expedition are those connected with Daniel Boone, Chiefstain Blackbird, and the treacherous Edward Rose. Such inclusions make *Astoria* a better book at the same time that they repudiate the myth that it is simply a chronicle of the enterprise, based solely upon manuscripts. Irving was employing his favorite method of compilation; he aimed to outdo in comprehensiveness the simple narrative of "A Tour on the Prairies."

Willing to be known as a writer on the West with first-hand knowledge through his own travels and through these untouched manuscripts, he referred lightly, as was his custom when there was real obligation, to the printed sources. "I have," he says, "availed myself occasionally of collateral lights supplied by the published journals of other travellers who have visited the scenes described; such as Messrs. Lewis and Clarke, Bradbury, Breckenridge, Long, Franchère, and Ross Cox, and make a general acknowledgement of aid received from these quarters." Introduction, p. vii. This offhand gratitude for an obligation, substantial, as the notebooks show, conveys no notion of the many passages in *Astoria* which are mere revisions of the writings of these authors. As one example, Irving's pictures of the Clatsops, the Wahkiacums, the Chinooks, and the Cathlamets are drawn, occasionally verbatim, from the volumes of Lewis and Clark, but precise references are not given for each quotation. To Bradbury, whom Irving cites in footnotes only twice, he was indebted for the stories of Daniel Boone, Blackbird, and the Aricara war party; to Brackenridge for the accounts of the mineralogical and botanical pursuits of Bradbury and Nuttall and for additional particulars concerning the Aricaras; and from Long he obtained other parts of the story of the Indian chief. Cf. *Astoria*, pp. 412-413, and *History of the Expedition under the Command of Captains Lewis and Clark*. . . (Philadelphia, 1814), II, 130-133. Cf. *Astoria*, pp. 169, 189-192, 254-255, with Bradbury, *op. cit.*, V, 43, 85, footnote 47, 170-171. Bradbury joined the Astorians for one part of their journey, and thus describes the events which form a section of Irving's book. Cf. *Astoria*, pp. 202-203, 254-256, with H. M. Brackenridge, *Journal of a Voyage up the River Missouri*. . . , republished in *Early Western Travels, 1748-1846*, VI, 101-102, 144-145. Irving must have used the original French version of Gabriel Franchère, *Rélation d'un voyage à la côte du nord ouest de l'Amérique septentrionale, dans les années 1810, 11, 12, 13 et 14* (Montreal, 1820). The translation, with Franchère's criticism of Irving, did not appear until 1854. Cf. *Astoria*, pp. 191-195, with Major S. H. Long, *Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains*. . . , in *Early Western Travels, 1748-1846*, XIV, 317-321. To Franchère and to Ross Cox he owed much for their versions of the expeditions by sea and the explorations of the Columbia River country. See Ross Cox, *Adventures on the Columbia River*. . . (New York, 1832), pp. 54-68. More illustrations of Irving's dependence might be offered in contrast to his offhand acknowledgment in his Introduction, so reminiscent of the same negligence in his Spanish writings. It is even possible, should we ever be permitted to see all the Astor manuscripts, that as sources they would prove to have been, in importance to the book as a whole, secondary. In such a piece of hack work, perhaps this distinction in sources is unimportant. The

significant fact is the thoroughness with which Washington Irving committed himself to pleasing his countrymen by mastering the literature of the West that he might entertain Hone's New York citizen in carpet slippers, reading under his astral lamp.

<sup>80</sup> p. 257.

<sup>80</sup> Irving believed that part of his task was to add to the literature concerning the Indians. He wished "a complete depository of facts concerning these singular and heroic races that are gradually disappearing from the face of the earth." Irving to S. G. Drake, Tarrytown, October 10, 1837 (N.Y.P.L.). Drake was the author of several books on the Indians. See also J. A. Russell, "Irving: Recorder of Indian Life," *Journal of American History*, XXV (1931), 185-195.

<sup>81</sup> *Diary*, ed. Nevins, November 19, 1836.

<sup>82</sup> October 22, 1836.

<sup>83</sup> Ross Cox declared that his own book was the first of travel books dealing with these regions. *Op. cit.*, Preface, p. vi. This statement, however, takes no account of the interest aroused in 1814 by Nicholas Biddle's version of the Lewis and Clark expedition. John B. Wyeth's *Oregon* appeared in 1833, preparing still further for the favorable reception of *Astoria*, three years later. In 1839 was published John K. Townsend's *Narrative of a Journey across the Rocky Mountains*. . . .

<sup>84</sup> January, 1837.

<sup>85</sup> Besides French and German versions, a Dutch and a Russian edition show the popularity on the Continent of "A Tour on the Prairies." See Bibliography. For an account of French versions, see E. A. Vail, *De la littérature et des hommes de lettres des États-Unis d'Amérique* (Paris, 1841), pp. 277-278. *Astoria* and *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A.* were also widely read abroad. For long reviews and other proofs of the currency of these books in Germany, see *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes* (Berlin), 1836, pp. 561-562, 566-568; and 1837, pp. 28, 248, 305-306. See also *Literarische Zeitung* (Berlin), 1835, pp. 254, 393, 874; and *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung* (Leipzig), 1838, p. 211.

<sup>86</sup> January, 1837.

<sup>87</sup> October 22, 1836, pp. 1016-1017. For other criticism of *Astoria*, see the New York *Evening Post*, May 19, 1837; *Critic* (London), September 2, 1850, p. 429; *Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1837, p. 59; *Metropolitan*, December, 1836; *New-York Mirror*, October 22, 1836. The most able contemporary review of *Astoria* was written by Caleb Cushing in the *North American Review*, January, 1837, p. 200. See also the *New Monthly Magazine*, May, 1849, p. 127; *Western Monthly Magazine*, November, 1836, p. 685.

<sup>88</sup> *A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith* . . . , ed. Mrs. Austin (New York, 1855), II, 374.

<sup>89</sup> The *Southern Literary Messenger* for January, 1837, published a list of small errors such as spelling, dates, facts about Carson, *The Lark*, etc. "Washington Irving, the classic, but not always accurate, historian." *Early Western Travels 1748-1846*, V, 14. See *The Literature of American History* (Boston, 1902), p. 210.

<sup>100</sup> *Early Western Travels 1748-1846*, VI, 173-174. Franchère disliked particularly Irving's chapter on St. Louis. Irving acknowledges in his Introduction indebtedness to Franchère though he does not mention the book itself, *Rélation d'un voyage à la côte du nord ouest de l'Amérique septentrionale dans les années 1810, 11, 12, 13 et 14*.

<sup>101</sup> *Works*, XXVIII (San Francisco, 1884), 145, footnote 5. For Bancroft's severe and detailed accusations against Irving see *idem*, XXVIII, footnotes on pp. 138, 168-169, 172, 207, 217, 221-223, 236. Bancroft says, for example (XXVIII, 138, footnote 2), "There are whole pages in *Astoria* abstracted almost literally from Franchère. . . not even mentioning Franchère's name once in his whole work." Investigation will show the exaggeration of the former statement and the untruth of the latter. Irving acknowledges his debt to Franchère by name, in equal terms with the others, in his Introduction, p. vii. For an analysis of Bancroft's attitude

toward Astor's project, see the *Magazine of American History*, March, 1885, pp. 269-276.

<sup>102</sup> L. L. Hazard, *The Frontier in American Literature* (New York, 1927), p. 118.

<sup>108</sup> Mention is usually made of Irving's errors, but he is often referred to respectfully and his evidence accepted. See *Early Western Travels 1748-1846, passim*, and especially V, 14, 38, footnote 6, 86, footnote 48; VII, 13; XXI, 16.

<sup>104</sup> e.g., E. S. Meany, *History of the State of Washington* (New York, 1909), p. 80.

<sup>105</sup> *Washington Historical Quarterly*, April, 1927, p. 132.

<sup>100</sup> H. M. Chittenden, *The American Fur Trade of the Far West* (New York, 1902) I, 240. T. C. Elliott notes Irving's license in calling a half-breed a Creole or in corrupting the Indian name Wisham into Wishram, but believes him, nevertheless, to have been a capable historian in *Astoria*. To the present writer, Walla Walla, Washington, July 23, 1928. See also T. C. Elliott, "Peter Skene Ogden, Fur Trader," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, September, 1910.

<sup>107</sup> Chittenden, *op. cit.*, I, 241.

<sup>108</sup> *Idem*, p. 242.

<sup>100</sup> *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, Introductory Notice, p. 24.

<sup>110</sup> The original American title was *The Rocky Mountains: Or, Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Far West*.

<sup>111</sup> Introductory Notice p. 25. "The work is substantially the narrative of the worthy captain, and many of its most graphic passages are but little varied from his own language."

<sup>112</sup> Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, New York, February 9, 1837.

<sup>118</sup> See II, 76-77. See also W. S. Brackett, "Bonneville and Bridges, 1900," in *Historical Society of Montana: Contributions*, III, 175-200.

<sup>114</sup> Irving to Colonel Aspinwall, New York, March 8, 1837.

<sup>115</sup> July-December, 1837.

<sup>116</sup> *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, pp. 157-164; 482-486.

<sup>117</sup> e.g., *idem*, p. 221.

<sup>118</sup> For other criticism of *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville* see *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, July, 1837; the *Monthly Review*, June, 1837.

<sup>110</sup> *Works*, XXVIII, 568, footnote 21.

<sup>120</sup> Chittenden, *op. cit.*, I, 432. Chittenden here answers in detail Bancroft's charges against Irving. For a list of other accounts of Western expeditions which may be compared with Irving's books see H. R. Wagner, *The Plains and the Rockies* (San Francisco, 1921). "An important rebuttal of Irving's presentation" of the relations between Captain Bonneville and Captain Joseph Reddeford Walker is contained in the recently published *Narrative of the Adventures of Zenas Leonard, Written by Himself*, ed. M. M. Quaife (Chicago, 1934). See, in particular, pp. xiv-xvi.

## CHAPTER XX

<sup>1</sup> e.g., *Homes of American Authors . . .* (New York, 1853), pp. 35-61.

<sup>2</sup> *The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-1831*, ed. Allan Nevins (New York, 1927), September [19], 1839.

<sup>3</sup> To some of these families Irving was related by marriage. Moses H. Grinnell married Julia, the daughter of William Irving, on June 30, 1836.

<sup>4</sup> Irving describes this in various letters. See also the *Knickerbocker*, November, 1841.

<sup>5</sup> See Washington Irving, *Letters from Sunnyside and Spain*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1928), pp. 3-41. See also Irving's formal account of the changes in "Sleepy Hollow," *Knickerbocker*, May, 1839.

<sup>6</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, [Sunnyside] November 25, 1840, P.M.I., III, 154.

- <sup>7</sup> Irving to his six nieces, New York, February 4, 1840 (Y.).
- <sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>9</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Greenburgh, February 26, 1841 (N.Y.P.L.).
- <sup>10</sup> Journal, 1824, February 14 (T.).
- <sup>11</sup> See the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, June 29, 1838. Judge Irving died on March 15, 1838. He had been First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of New York for some seventeen years. For an account of Judge Irving's career see C. P. Daly, *Historical Sketch of the Judicial Tribunals of New York from 1623 to 1846* (New York, 1855), pp. 64-65.
- <sup>12</sup> See the *Dictionary of American Biography*, IX, 503-504.
- <sup>13</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart [September, 1838], P.M.I., III, 130. See also Irving to Miss Sarah Paris, Greenburgh, December 18 [1837?], *New York World*, August 19, 1928.
- <sup>14</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart [September, 1838], P.M.I., III, 130-131.
- <sup>15</sup> "A Time of Unexampled Prosperity: The Great Mississippi Bubble," written in 1840 for the *Knickerbocker* (April), reflects Irving's own discomfort during the extravagant land speculations of this period. "I think," he wrote his sister, "there ought to be a new clause inserted in the Litany, 'From all inventors, projectors and other devisers of sudden wealth, Good Lord deliver us!'" To Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Greenburgh, February 26, 1841.
- <sup>16</sup> Such rumors continued to circulate from the time of his connection with Astor. See the *Eclectic Magazine*, November, 1848, p. 414.
- <sup>17</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Greenburgh, February 26, 1841.
- <sup>18</sup> See Memorandum of the agreement (E.W.H.).
- <sup>19</sup> Irving to Martin Van Buren, Tarrytown, January 13, 1840 (L.C.).
- <sup>20</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storror, New York, October 3, 1841 (Y.).
- <sup>21</sup> For an account of Irving's friendship with this painter, see N. P. Dunn, "An Artist of the Past," *Putnam's Monthly*, September, 1907.
- <sup>22</sup> See C. R. Fish, *The Rise of the Common Man, 1830-1850* (New York, 1929), pp. 75-77.
- <sup>23</sup> Irving to H. C. Carey, Tarrytown, May 30, 1837 (Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston). A. C. Sutcliffe, *Robert Fulton and the "Clermont"* (New York, 1909), p. 180.
- <sup>24</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storror, Honesdale [Pennsylvania], July 31, 1841 (Y.). On this expedition Irving contracted an illness which very nearly caused his death.
- <sup>25</sup> *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, II, 554, n.d.
- <sup>26</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storror, Honesdale, July 31, 1841.
- <sup>27</sup> Alfred Mathews, *History of the Counties of Wayne, Pike and Monroe in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania* (Philadelphia, 1886), pp. 346-347.
- <sup>28</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storror, Honesdale, July 31, 1841.
- <sup>29</sup> Fish, *op. cit.*, p. 269.
- <sup>30</sup> See Journal, 1823, 1824 (T.; N.Y.P.L.).
- <sup>31</sup> See *Letters from Sunnyside and Spain*, ed. Williams, pp. 3-41. Interesting testimony concerning the same qualities of mind and heart which endeared Sarah Paris Storror to Irving is contained in an affectionate letter from the poet Samuel Rogers to Mrs. Storror, London, January 30, 1849 (Wentworth C. Bacon, Millbrook, New York). Sarah Sanders Paris (Storror) was born May 3, 1813, and died August 8, 1885 (Sleepy Hollow Cemetery).
- <sup>32</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storror, New York, October 3, 1841.
- <sup>33</sup> His great fear, often expressed, was that Sarah would weary of this correspondence; e.g., Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storror, Madrid, February 21, 1845 (Y.).
- <sup>34</sup> Son of Thomas Wentworth Storror. See I, 256. The marriage took place on March 31, 1841, at Sunnyside. See the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, April 3, 1841.
- <sup>35</sup> Irving to Miss Sarah Paris, New York, January 25, 1841 (Y.).
- <sup>36</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storror, Sunnyside, May 8, 1841 (Y.).

<sup>87</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow [Sunnyside, 1841]. See also letters dated Sunnyside, June 21, 1841; May 25, 1841; June 13, 1841 (Y.).

<sup>88</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, June 13, 1841.

<sup>89</sup> At about this time the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (September 15, 1841) remarked of Irving: "Sans contredit un des écrivains les plus spirituels et les plus féconds du siècle . . . qu'il n'y a rien d'exagéré dans les éloges que l'Europe, aussi bien que l'Amérique, accorde à leur auteur." Philartète Chasles analyzed Irving's writings in the same periodical. See *idem*, August 15, 1844. See also French translations, Bibliography. One interesting side light on the growth of Irving's European reputation is J. F. G. Llantá, *Auteurs célèbres* (1833). This includes portraits of Schiller, Byron, Moore, Scott, Goethe, Irving, Alfieri, and Cooper. For the currency of Irving in Germany, see German translations, Bibliography. In England he was still discussed and praised; e.g., *Bentley's Miscellany*, October, 1838.

<sup>90</sup> See the *Ladies' Companion*, July, 1840. See also the *New-York Mirror*, March 14, 1840. Yet sales of Irving's books had now greatly diminished. In a contract with a Boston firm for the rights of the *Columbus* he received a royalty of seven and a half cents a copy. Manuscript of contract (H.E.H.). Lea and Blanchard declined in 1842 to undertake another edition of his writings. Letter to Irving, [Philadelphia] March 3, 1842, E. L. Bradsher, *Mathew Carey* . . . (New York, 1912), p. 91.

<sup>91</sup> Versions of parts of *The Sketch Book* and *The Alhambra*. See *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, February 28, 1840. See also *The Memorial History of the City of New York*, ed. J. G. Wilson (New York, 1893), IV, 174.

<sup>92</sup> Hone's comments are typical of a general attitude: Cooper "has returned to his own country full of malicious spleen against his countrymen, because (as I verily believe) he could not bully them into approving his dogmatical opinions and liking his swaggering airs as well as the patriotic principles and unpretending deportment of his distinguished rival, Washington Irving." *Diary*, ed. Nevins, November 22, 1838. See also the *Hesperian*, August, 1838. Irving's episode of Mercedes of Castile was even compared with Cooper's unfortunate novel of that name. *Arcturus*, January, 1841.

<sup>93</sup> December, 1841, p. 593. Irving's correspondence was vast, and was often dominated by letters concerning his election to societies, lyceums, and fraternities, and concerning dedication of books to him; e.g., to J. F. Polk, Washington, January 9, 1838 [P] (T.F.M.); to J. L. Chester, Greenburgh, December 4, 1838 (Mrs. D. F. Murphy, New York City); to Colonel Aspinwall, New York, March 24, 1838 (E.W.H.); to G. F. Houghton, New York, June 24, 1838 (T.); to Professor McCartney, Tarrytown, June 2, 1838 (Penn.); to A. J. Davis, Newburgh, April 8, 1839, and to W. H. Seward, Greenburgh, May 11, 1839 (T.F.M.); to Stephen Whitney [P], Greenburgh, July 12, 1839 (N.Y.P.L.); to H. R. Schoolcraft, Greenburgh, February 24, 1839 (L.C.); to Alexander Valtmarse [P], Albany, May 7, 1840 (T.); etc.

<sup>94</sup> See *The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-1851*, ed. Bayard Tuckerman (New York, 1889), November 23-December 1, 1841. George William Frederick Howard, Lord Morpeth, was a great favorite during his visit to America. "We have had," wrote Prescott, "another lion also, a noble one, in Lord Morpeth, son of the Earl of Carlisle, one of the last Whig cabinet, a man about forty, who makes capital speeches in Parliament, who turns off an ode now and then in an annual, and is a most delightful, kind-hearted person in society." *The Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott, 1833-1847*, ed. Roger Wolcott (Boston and New York, 1925), p. 278.

<sup>95</sup> The stock phrase of periodicals.

<sup>96</sup> *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, ed. E. W. Emerson and W. E. Forbes (Boston, 1910), May 23, 1839.

<sup>97</sup> *Al' Abri* . . . (New York, 1839), pp. 48-49.

<sup>98</sup> See the *New-York Mirror*, April 6, 1839.

<sup>40</sup> Irving to the editor of the *Knickerbocker*, January, 1840, P.M.I., III, 150.

<sup>50</sup> "Perhaps Washington Irving and Channing now offer a most striking contrast. They are both at this moment the authors of great eminence in America." E. A. Duyckinck, Manuscript Diary, May 9, 1839 (N.Y.P.L.). See *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, May 26, 1839.

<sup>51</sup> *New York Tribune*, October 16, 1841.

<sup>52</sup> Lydia Huntley Sigourney to Professor Silliman, Hartford [Connecticut], December 19, 1854 (N.Y.H.S.).

<sup>53</sup> Most of the distinguished younger writers were sooner or later represented in the pages of the *Knickerbocker*. See F. L. Mott, *A History of American Magazines, 1741-1850* (New York, 1930), pp. 608-609.

<sup>54</sup> *Twice-Told Tales* (1837, 1842).

<sup>55</sup> Allusions to Irving in the writings of Hawthorne are fairly numerous; e.g., *Works* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1883), V, 63; XII, 106.

<sup>56</sup> The manuscript of this letter, dated Philadelphia, June 21, 1841 (Mrs. Sherburne Prescott, Greenwich, Connecticut), reads: "Mr. George R. Graham of this city, and myself, design to establish a Monthly Magazine, upon certain conditions, one of which is the procuring your assistance in the enterprise. . . . The chief feature in the literary department will be that of contributions from the most distinguished pens (of America) exclusively; or, if this plan cannot be wholly carried out, we propose, at least, to procure the aid of some five or six of the most distinguished, and to admit few articles from other sources—none which are not of a very high order of merit. We shall endeavor to engage the permanent services of yourself, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Paulding, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Halleck, Mr. Willis, and, perhaps, one or two others. . . . It would be desirable that you agree to furnish one paper each month—either absolute or serial—and of such length as you might deem proper." Yet Poe thought Irving had grown slovenly in his literary tasks. See his chapter on "Autography," *Southern Literary Messenger*, February, 1836.

<sup>57</sup> Hoffman in his *Wild Scenes in Forest and Prairie* (1839) and later in *Lays of the Hudson* (1846) was profiting by the popular interest in these themes, increased by Irving's fondness for them. This literary fashion of the day at first hindered the vogue of Poe's unusual subjects. C. F. Hoffman to Colonel Aspinwall, New York, March 18, 1838 (N.Y.H.S.).

<sup>58</sup> "I could add for your private ear, that I think the last tale (*William Wilson*) much the best, in regard to style. It is simpler. In your first [*The Fall of the House of Usher*] you have been too anxious to present your picture vividly to the eye, or too distrustful to your effect, and have laid on too much coloring. It is erring on the best side—the side of luxuriance." Irving to E. A. Poe, Newburgh, November 6, 1839, Hervey Allen, *Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe* (New York, 1927), II, 457. For Irving's opinion of Hawthorne, see in the present work, II, 205.

<sup>59</sup> E. A. Poe to Dr. Snodgrass, Philadelphia, November 11, 1839, M. E. Phillips, *Edgar Allan Poe the Man* (Chicago, 1926), I, 587.

<sup>60</sup> A letter of Poe's to Longfellow illustrating this tendency is in the possession of H. W. L. Dana.

<sup>61</sup> E. A. Poe to N. C. Brooks, Philadelphia, September 4, 1838, J. H. Ingram, *Edgar Allan Poe . . .* (London, 1880), I, 154.

<sup>62</sup> *Idem*, p. 158, and Allen, *op. cit.*, II, 463.

<sup>63</sup> Phillips, *op. cit.*, I, 587.

<sup>64</sup> [Laughton Osborn] *The Vision of Rubeta* (Boston, 1838), pp. 184-186. Osborn's estimate of Irving, in the form of notes attached to his poem, is long and hostile. He deplores, in particular, the endless adulation of Irving "on all occasions, from all quarters . . . from Tom to Dick of the newspapers, from the dictator of the American Quarterly Review to the young tribunes of the American Monthly Magazine!" He contrasts a mean and vindictive notice concerning



Cooper in the *New York American* for July 6, 1835, with the silly praise of "our diffident countryman, actually taking out in his own name, a copyright for his own 'beauties.'" *Idem*, p. 348. This book was *The Beauties of Washington Irving* (Philadelphia, 1835). See Bibliography.

<sup>65</sup> See I, 139.

<sup>66</sup> Irving's collection, still at Sunnyside, includes some one hundred Spanish books.

<sup>67</sup> Journal, 1827, January and February (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>68</sup> His faith in the subject had evidently been confirmed by the appraisal of the Spanish scholar Pascual de Gayangos. See II, 115. See also *Correspondence* . . . Prescott, p. 520.

<sup>69</sup> (N.Y.P.L.). Original manuscript of a translation of one of Bernardino de Sahagún's writings on Mexico. See J. F. Taylor, "Washington Irving's Mexico . . ." *Bookman* (New York), August, 1915.

<sup>70</sup> Irving to P. M. Irving, Madrid, March 24, 1844, P.M.I., III, 143.

<sup>71</sup> Irving also probably knew of Prescott's negotiations for material with Alexander Everett, Obadiah Rich, and others. See W. H. Prescott, *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella* . . . (Boston, 1838), Preface, pp. viii-ix.

<sup>72</sup> *Idem*, p. xiv.

<sup>73</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>74</sup> W. H. Prescott to Arthur Middleton, [n.p.] January 10, 1839, *Correspondence* . . . Prescott, p. 48.

<sup>75</sup> See II, 17.

<sup>76</sup> W. H. Prescott to Jared Sparks, [n.p.] February 1, 1842, *Correspondence* . . . Prescott, p. 204.

<sup>77</sup> George Ticknor, *Life of William Hickling Prescott* (Philadelphia [1863]), p. 182.

<sup>78</sup> W. H. Prescott to Irving, Boston, December 31, 1838, *idem*, p. 157. Rumors of Irving's occupation with an important book had apparently reached magazine editors. See the *New-York Mirror*, January 19, 1839.

<sup>79</sup> See P.M.I., III, 133-134.

<sup>80</sup> "I am engaged upon that subject, but tell Mr. Prescott I abandon it to him, and I am happy to have this opportunity of testifying my high esteem for his talents, and my sense of the very courteous manner in which he has spoken of myself and my writings in his *Ferdinand and Isabella*, though they interfered with a part of the subject of his history." *Ibid.*

<sup>81</sup> W. H. Prescott to Irving, Boston, December 31, 1838, George Ticknor, *Life of William Hickling Prescott*, pp. 157-158. Irving later praised Prescott's *The Conquest of Mexico*, although his language sounds conventional. See Rollo Ogden, *William Hickling Prescott* (Boston, 1904), p. 148. See also Prescott's preface to *The Conquest of Mexico* (New York, 1922), p. 6, and H. T. Peck, *William Hickling Prescott* (New York, 1905), pp. 74-75. There is no question concerning Prescott's continued friendship for Irving after this incident. See his long letter to Irving, Boston, May 10, 1842 (N.Y.P.L.). See also Irving to Prescott, January 12, 1859 (sold at the Union Art Galleries, New York City, February 27, 1934).

<sup>82</sup> Irving thus described his disappointment to George Sumner in November, 1843. See Ogden, *op. cit.*, p. 134.

<sup>83</sup> See W. H. Prescott to Irving, Boston, December 24, 1839, George Ticknor, *Life of William Hickling Prescott*, pp. 165-167. In 1851 Irving was elected an honorary member of the Prescott Literary Society. Irving to R. F. Adair, Sunnyside, February 6, 1851 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>84</sup> Irving to P. M. Irving, Madrid, March 24, 1844, P.M.I., III, 143.

<sup>85</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>86</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>87</sup> *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, with Selections from his Writings* (New York, 1840). See in the present work, II, 222.

<sup>88</sup> See the *New-York Mirror*, April 17, 1841, p. 127; *Knickerbocker*, May, 1841; and W. L. Stone, *The Poetry and History of Wyoming: Containing Campbell's Gertrude, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by Washington Irving* . . . (New York, 1841). Although the Preface (p. viii) seems to imply that the biographical sketch is new, this is substantially unchanged from the version of 1810.

<sup>89</sup> In 1829 Irving was planning this biography, which did not appear until twenty-six years later. See P.M.J., II, 424. In August, 1841, he was again at the same task. See the *Historical Magazine*, February, 1868. When he sailed for Europe in 1842 he directed Chapman, the artist, to continue the search for documents. Irving to Francis Markoe, New York, April 4, 1842 (Morgan).

<sup>90</sup> April, 1839. In this Irving added miscellaneous observations on the genealogy of the Knickerbocker families.

<sup>91</sup> Irving's first contribution was in the issue of March, 1839; his last in this series in that of October, 1841.

<sup>92</sup> *New-York Mirror*, August 8, 1840. See also *idem*, March 9, 1839.

<sup>93</sup> See also *idem*, October 10, 1840. The *New York Evening Post* for February 6, 1840, said: "The contributions of Mr. Irving alone are enough to establish the reputation of the work."

<sup>94</sup> See the *Monthly Chronicle of Interesting and Useful Knowledge*, June, 1839, and the *Albion*, March 23, 1839.

<sup>95</sup> See *idem*, February 29, 1840. Willis Gaylord Clark emphasized the importance of this proprietary interest in Irving. W. G. Clark to Mr. Blanchard, New York, March [18, 1839?] (T. O. Mabbott, New York City). Yet the essays were widely reprinted; e.g., *New York Evening Express*, February 4, 7, 1840.

<sup>96</sup> Irving's patronage of literary aspirants and literary societies continued; e.g., letters dated Tarrytown, March 21, 1838, and Greenburgh, April 11, 1840 (Haverford College).

<sup>97</sup> The hasty composition of the pieces is apparent from Irving's letters to Clark. He heard one story from a visitor to the cottage in the evening and scribbled off the sketch before breakfast on the next morning. Irving to L. G. Clark, Greenburgh, March 17, 1840 (T.); to the same, Greenburgh, December 21, 1839, in an unidentified newspaper clipping in my possession. To facilitate this work Irving lived for brief intervals in New York. See chap. xxv, note 87.

<sup>98</sup> 1855 and 1866.

<sup>99</sup> H. W. Longfellow to G. W. Greene, Cambridge, July 23, 1839 (H.W.L.D.). Irving's more important contributions to the *Knickerbocker* were: "The Birds of Spring," Vol. 13, No. 5, May, 1839, pp. 434-437; "National Nomenclature," Vol. 14, No. 2, August, 1839, pp. 158-162; "Desultory Thoughts on Criticism," Vol. 14, No. 2, August, 1839, pp. 175-178; "Spanish Romance," Vol. 14, No. 3, September, 1839, pp. 225-231; "Guests from Gibbet-Island," Vol. 14, No. 4, October, 1839, pp. 342-350; "Mountjoy," Vol. 14, No. 5, November, 1839, pp. 402-412, No. 6, December, 1839, pp. 522-538; "The Bermudas," Vol. 15, No. 1, January, 1840, pp. 17-25; "Pelayo and the Merchant's Daughter," Vol. 15, No. 1, January, 1840, pp. 65-70; "The Knight of Malta," Vol. 15, No. 2, February, 1840, pp. 108-118; "Legend of the Engulphed Convent," Vol. 15, No. 3, March, 1840, pp. 234-237; "The Count Van Horn," Vol. 15, No. 3, March, 1840, pp. 241-249; "Abderahman," Vol. 15, No. 5, May, 1840, pp. 427-440; "The Taking of the Veil" with its subdivision of "The Charming Letorières," Vol. 15, No. 6, June, 1840, pp. 513-521; "Letter from Granada," Vol. 16, No. 1, July, 1840, pp. 57-61; "The Early Experiences of Ralph Ringwood," Vol. 16, No. 2, August, 1840, pp. 152-165, No. 3, September, 1840, pp. 258-266; "The Seminole," Vol. 16, No. 4, October, 1840, pp. 339-347; "Sketches in Paris in 1825," Vol. 16, No. 5, November, 1840, pp. 425-430, No. 6, December, 1840, pp. 519-530; "Broek: or The Dutch Paradise," Vol. 17, No. 1, January, 1841, pp. 55-58; "Don Juan: a Spectral Research," Vol. 17, No. 3, March, 1841, pp. 247-253; "American Researches in Italy," Vol. 18, No. 4, October, 1841, pp. 319-322.

<sup>100</sup> For a discussion of Irving's contributions to the *Knickerbocker*, see Appendix III, pp. 323-325.

<sup>101</sup> See I, 122. While Irving had been creating Anglophile literature this struggle had continued. A suggestion of the course of this tendency, even apart from the rugged frontier influence, may be had from a few representative titles from a study (unpublished) by Professor H. R. Warfel, of Bucknell University: 1770, John Trumbull, *Oration*, at Yale College; 1774-1775, the *Royal American Magazine*; 1779, H. H. Brackenridge, the *United States Magazine*; 1783, Noah Webster, *A Grammatical Institute* . . .; 1790, Royall Tyler, *The Contrast*, Prologue; 1809, Fisher Ames, *Works*; 1812-1814, the *Port Folio* (under C. Caldwell's editorship); 1821, Percival's *Poems*; 1823, John Neal, *Randolph*; 1837, Emerson, *The American Scholar*; etc. etc. One should notice again, except for his Western tales, Irving's indifference to this movement, which was to reach its climax after the Civil War.

<sup>102</sup> During these years Poe formulated his themes for the short story and for poetry. His "Philosophy of Composition" appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, April, 1846; "Rationale of Verse" in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, October-November, 1848; and "The Poetic Principle" in *Sartain's Union Magazine*, October, 1850.

<sup>103</sup> See Fish, *op. cit.*, p. 325.

<sup>104</sup> See the *New-York Mirror*, May 22, 1841. See also "Wolfert's Roost," *New-York Mirror*, October 7, 1837. Sunnyside was a point of interest for English travelers. See Capt. Fred Marryat, *A Diary in America* (London, 1839), I, 73.

<sup>105</sup> *Biography and Poetical Remains of the Late Margaret Miller Davidson* (Philadelphia, 1841), p. 9.

<sup>106</sup> [Catharine] Sedgwick, *Poetical Remains of the Late Lucretia Maria Davidson* . . . (Philadelphia, 1841). An informative and witty account of the Davidsons and of the various books by and about the sisters is that by J. T. Winterich, "The Ladies of the Lake," *Colophon* . . . , Part 8 (1931).

<sup>107</sup> Robert Southey to John May, Keswick, September 19, 1829, *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, ed. C. C. Southey (London, 1850), VI, 73. See also the *London Quarterly Review*, November, 1829.

<sup>108</sup> *Graham's Magazine*, August, 1841.

<sup>109</sup> [Catharine] Sedgwick, *op. cit.*, p. [33].

<sup>110</sup> *Biography and Poetical Remains of the Late Margaret Miller Davidson*, p. 10. Still another book appeared from this family: *Selections from the Writings of Mrs. Margaret M. Davidson, the Mother of Lucretia Maria and Margaret M. Davidson* (Philadelphia, 1843).

<sup>111</sup> *Biography and Poetical Remains of the Late Margaret Miller Davidson*, p. 11.

<sup>112</sup> Irving to Lea and Blanchard, New York, March 14, 1841 (Penn.).

<sup>113</sup> Lea and Blanchard to Irving, [Philadelphia?] March 2, 1841, quoted in Bradsher, *op. cit.*, p. 90.

<sup>114</sup> See Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Cold Spring, July 26, 1841 (Y.). The second edition contained a long poem by Margaret Davidson addressed to her brother. Irving to Lea and Blanchard, Tarrytown, August 7, 1841 (Marston Drake, New York City). The book was immediately translated into German. See *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung* (Leipzig), 1844, No. 89, p. 355.

<sup>115</sup> *Biography and Poetical Remains of the Late Margaret Miller Davidson*, p. 17.

<sup>116</sup> *Idem*, p. 26.

<sup>117</sup> *Idem*, p. 84.

<sup>118</sup> For a discussion of this tendency in American thought, see G. S. Haight, *Mrs. Sigourney* . . . (New Haven, 1930), especially chap. vi. See also E. D. Branch, *The Sentimental Years, 1836-1860* (New York, 1934).

<sup>119</sup> June 26, 1841. *Arcturus* (July, 1841) compared the death of Margaret Davidson to that of Little Nell. See the *Knickerbocker*, July, 1841. The book was reviewed in England and in Germany. See Bibliography.

<sup>120</sup> *Graham's Magazine*, August, 1841.

<sup>121</sup> George Ticknor, *Life of William Hickling Prescott*, p. 176. Thus Irving had his share of this mood of the age. In point of fact he understood its dangers and had struggled against it in his own nature. His advice on first meeting Mrs. Davidson had been to develop Margaret's healthier faculties. Against excess of sentiment he had inveighed in personal letters, and he knew it to be a cause of his own fits of melancholy. In writing this book he only fulfilled an impulse that was blended with others which we are in danger of forgetting. *A History of New York*, like certain of his notebooks, had a wholesome vulgarity which led him to a less wholesome revision, and the reviewers of 1824 had censured him for coarse railery on certain physical facts. If *Margaret Miller Davidson* seems the characteristic flavor of Irving, it is well to turn, for one instance, to his description of Antony Vander Heyden's daughter: "She was dressed in the good old Dutch taste, with long stays, and full, short petticoats, so admirably adapted to show and set off the female form. Her hair turned up under a small round cap, displayed the fairness of her forehead; she had fine, blue, laughing eyes, a trim, slender waist, and soft swell—but, in a word, she was a little Dutch divinity; and Dolph, who never stopped half-way in a new impulse, fell desperately in love with her." *Bracebridge Hall*, pp. 504-505. We look in vain for such relief in the pages of Mrs. Sigourney.

<sup>122</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Hellgate, July 11, 1841 (Y.).

<sup>123</sup> Webster wrote the letter of official confirmation on February 16, 1842 (D.S.).

<sup>124</sup> *Harper's Weekly*, May 27, 1871.

<sup>125</sup> *Diary*, ed. Nevins, February 9, 1842.

<sup>126</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, October 29 and December 26, 1841 (Y.).

<sup>127</sup> See II, 65-70.

<sup>128</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, Greenburgh, February 26, 1841.

<sup>129</sup> Daniel Webster to Irving, Washington, March 15, 1841 (T.).

<sup>130</sup> *Autobiography of Thurlow Weed* (Boston, 1884), pp. 626-627.

<sup>131</sup> See undated newspaper clipping (Wentworth C. Bacon).

<sup>132</sup> E. A. Duyekinek, Manuscript Diary, July 11, 1843.

<sup>133</sup> "Van Buren had, it will be remembered, become intimately acquainted with Irving abroad; and others than Van Buren strangely enough had thought of him for political service." E. M. Shepard, *Martin Van Buren* (Boston, 1888), p. 309. It should also be recalled that Irving was in constant and intimate communication with J. K. Paulding, at Washington, whose term as Secretary of the Navy did not expire until 1841. For his letters to Irving on political affairs between 1838 and 1841, see W. I. Paulding, *Literary Life of James K. Paulding* (New York, 1867), pp. 271-283. Among other influential friends was William H. Seward. Irving to Seward, Greenburgh, September 22, 1838 (A. S. W. Rosenbach, New York City).

<sup>134</sup> See II, 54-56.

<sup>135</sup> See II, 67.

<sup>136</sup> P.M.I., III, 176.

<sup>137</sup> (L.C.). See also Daniel Webster to Aaron Vail, Washington, February 18, 1842. Instructions from Dep't of State, April 3, 1840, to June 23, 1849 (American Embassy, Madrid).

<sup>138</sup> See II, 128-129.

<sup>139</sup> See *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," May 10, 1842.

<sup>140</sup> *Harper's Weekly*, May 27, 1871, p. 494, footnote.

<sup>141</sup> *Diary*, ed. Nevins, February 9, 1842.

<sup>142</sup> *Irv.*, p. xxxix.

<sup>143</sup> See II, 138-139. The official notes between Vail and the Spanish Department of State describe Irving's literary fame.

<sup>144</sup> George Ticknor to Irving, Boston, March 31, 1842, *Life, Letters, and Journals*

of George Ticknor (Boston, 1876), II, 245-246. See *George Ticknor: Letters to Pascual de Gayangos* . . . , ed. C. L. Penney (New York, 1927), *passim*.

<sup>145</sup> *Diary*, ed. Tuckerman, March 15, 1842.

<sup>146</sup> Aaron Vail to Daniel Webster, Madrid, May 28, 1842. Instructions from Dep't of State, April 3, 1840, to June 23, 1849 (American Embassy, Madrid).

<sup>147</sup> The newspapers for this year carried an abundance of Spanish news, with which Irving must have been familiar. The dangerous possibilities of the relationship with Cuba were clearly suggested by the affair of the *Amistad*, of which Irving later wrote a long official account (Y.). This was a schooner bearing African negroes, who had been sold in Cuba as slaves, from Havana to Principe. These mutinied, killed the captain, and directed the other whites to steer toward Africa. The pilot, however, brought the ship into Long Island Sound. In August, 1839, the appearance of this "long, low, black schooner" created great excitement. The vessel was captured and taken to New London. The trial of the negroes aroused a storm of controversy among proslavery and antislavery elements. Should they be sent back to Cuba to be punished, or given their freedom in the United States? The Spanish Government intervened, and the incident grew into an international issue. Irving shared the general excitement. See *A History of the Amistad Captives* . . . , compiled by J. W. Barber (New Haven, 1840), and various other pamphlets written on the question during August and September, 1839; *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Tuckerman, August 31, 1839. See in the present work, chap. xxiv, note 18. See also the *New York Evening Post*, January 4, 13, 27, 1840; *Morning Chronicle and New York Enquirer for the Country*, January 17, 1840; *Journal of Commerce*, January 3, 1840; *New York Express*, January 10, 1840. See, in particular, Perry Walton, "The Mysterious Case of the Long, Low, Black Schooner," *New England Quarterly*, June, 1933.

<sup>148</sup> Webster described the character of Irving's future associates, especially Argüelles, the Spanish Minister of State, and Isabella II. See also Dispatches to Department of State, September 8, 1840, to July 8, 1843 (American Embassy, Madrid).

<sup>149</sup> Son of James Hamilton of New York, active in behalf of the Whigs in the last presidential election. The other members of the mission were Hector Ames and J. Carson Brevoort, son of Irving's friend Henry Brevoort.

<sup>150</sup> Cogswell's appointment was partly due to letters to Webster from Ticknor and Prescott. See [A. E. Ticknor] *Life of Joseph Green Cogswell As Sketched in His Letters* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1874), pp. 227-231.

<sup>151</sup> Joseph Green Cogswell (1786-1871), teacher and librarian, one of the first American scholars to study in a German university (with Edward Everett and George Ticknor), ended his editorship of the *New York Review* in 1842. This incident, therefore, marked a turning point in his career.

<sup>152</sup> "No person, who could be sent from the United States, would be so useful to Prescott & myself as he [Cogswell] will be." *George Ticknor: Letters to Pascual de Gayangos*, March 1, 1846, p. 30.

<sup>153</sup> Irving to Joseph Cogswell, Washington, March 22, 1842 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>154</sup> *Correspondence* . . . Prescott, p. 292. For this project of the library, Astor had asked Irving's assistance. Joseph Cogswell to George Ticknor, New York, September 15, 1840, *Life of Joseph Green Cogswell* . . . , p. 226.

<sup>155</sup> George Ticknor to Pascual de Gayangos, Boston, March 30, 1842, *Life* . . . *George Ticknor*, II, 246-247.

<sup>156</sup> Irving to Daniel Webster, New York, April 2, 1842 (J. N. Chester, Pittsburgh). See also Irving to President John Tyler, New York, March 28, 1842 (L.C.).

<sup>157</sup> *Diary*, ed. Nevins, April 6, 1842.

<sup>158</sup> *Idem*, 1842. *Memoirs and Letters of James Kent, LL.D.*, ed. William Kent (Boston, 1898), p. 259.

<sup>159</sup> Evidence of Prescott's aid in furnishing material for the life of Washington is

contained in his long letter to Irving on this subject, Boston, May 10, 1842. At the same time Irving met Charles Sumner. E. L. Pierce, *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner* (Boston, 1877), II, 197.

<sup>100</sup> Don Pascual de Gayangos y Arce (1809-1897), a Spanish scholar living in England, who later rose to great eminence in Spanish and English-Spanish scholarship. See chap. xxiii, note 23.

<sup>101</sup> The letter of invitation (New York, March 29, 1842) and Irving's reply (New York, April 4, 1842) were printed in P.M.I., III, 188-191. The original letter of invitation is in the possession of Gabriel Wells.

<sup>102</sup> *American Notes* . . . (London, 1842).

<sup>103</sup> *Charles Dickens in America*, ed. W. G. Wilkins (London, 1911), p. 116.

<sup>104</sup> *Idem*, p. 113.

<sup>105</sup> *Idem*, p. 127.

<sup>106</sup> *New York Evening Post*, February 19, 1842; *Charles Dickens in America*, p. 124; *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Tuckerman, February 16, 19, March 15; John Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens* (London [1918]), pp. 200, 217, 225, 239, 242, 766; J. W. Howe, *Reminiscences* (Boston, 1899), p. 26. The original invitation to the dinner, with Irving's signature, is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. Irving's behavior at the dinner C. C. Felton described in a speech before the Massachusetts Historical Society. Undated newspaper clipping in my possession.

<sup>107</sup> See *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, March 25, 1842.

<sup>108</sup> *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, March 15, 1842.

<sup>109</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>170</sup> "I have seldom respected a public assembly more, than I did this eager throng, when I saw them turning with one mind from noisy orators and officers of state, and flocking with a generous and honest impulse round the man of quiet pursuits: proud in his promotion as reflecting back upon their country: and grateful to him with their whole hearts for the store of graceful fancies he had poured out among them." *Works of Charles Dickens* (Boston [1867]), XVII, 311-312. See also P.M.I., III, 187.

<sup>171</sup> Charles Dickens to Irving, Washington, March 21, 1842, P.M.I., III, 187.

<sup>172</sup> A long letter from Dickens full of gossip of Wilkie, Lockhart, Murray, and others (London, September 28, 1841) was published in the rare booklet, W. L. Andrews, *A Stray Leaf from the Correspondence of Washington Irving and Charles Dickens* (New York, 1894), pp. 32-36. Another letter (May 20, 1841) appeared in *Baldwin's Monthly*, Vol. XXVII.

<sup>173</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, October 29, 1841.

<sup>174</sup> See M. B. Field, *Memoirs of Many Men* . . . (New York, 1874), p. 31.

<sup>175</sup> P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes (G.W.). See also E. A. Duyckinck, Manuscript Diary, June 24, 1857.

<sup>176</sup> *Charles Dickens in America*, p. 194. See also the *New York Herald-Tribune*, June 13, 1934.

<sup>177</sup> Field, *op. cit.*, p. 31.

<sup>178</sup> One rumor, however, got abroad that Irving and Dickens had quarreled. See [H. W. S. Cleveland] *Social Life and Literature Fifty Years Ago* (Boston, 1888), p. 53.

<sup>179</sup> Manuscripts in the possession of Mrs. E. M. Grinnell, New York City.

<sup>180</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Ship Independence, April 10, 1842 (Y.).

<sup>181</sup> Manuscript Journal of "R.S.H.," April 7, 1842 (N.Y.H.S.).

<sup>182</sup> April, 1842.

<sup>183</sup> A typical sentimental episode is described by Brevoort in his letter to Irving, Beverly, August 30, 1841 (N.Y.P.L.). See also Irving's letter of thanks, "for this delicate testimonial of regard," to J. M. Brown, Sunnyside, October 30, 1841 (T.).

## CHAPTER XXI

<sup>1</sup> *The Sketch Book*, p. 19.

<sup>2</sup> No journals of the period between September 24, 1833, and April 10, 1842, seem to have survived. This, which ends July 20, 1842, is apparently Irving's last journal (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>3</sup> Journal, 1842, May 1.

<sup>4</sup> Now Minister to Great Britain. Irving was more intimate with Everett's brother, Alexander, but during his service in Madrid corresponded with Edward Everett; e.g., Edward Everett to Irving, London, November 22, 1842 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>5</sup> Newton went insane in 1832, and died three years later.

<sup>6</sup> Wilkie died in 1841.

<sup>7</sup> Leslie described these changes in a letter to Irving, London, December 31, 1841, C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), p. 322.

<sup>8</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Birmingham, May 7, 1842, P.M.L., III, 198.

<sup>9</sup> C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, December 31, 1841.

<sup>10</sup> *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," May 10, 1842.

<sup>11</sup> Journal, 1842, May 3.

<sup>12</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Westminster Abbey, May 10, 1842 (Y.). James Bandinel (1783-1849) was a clerk in the Foreign Office.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>15</sup> Journal, 1842, May 1-15. Irving's other acquaintances in London at this time included: Lord Aberdeen, Colonel Charles Fox, Lord Mahon, Charles Bristed (Astor's son-in-law). See Irving to the last named, Westminster Abbey, May 10, 1842 (E.W.H.).

<sup>16</sup> Journal, 1842, May 4.

<sup>17</sup> See Pascual de Gayangos to W. H. Prescott, London, May 19, 1842, *The Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott, 1833-1847*, ed. Roger Wolcott (Boston and New York, 1925), p. 307. During this stay in Spain Irving saw Gayangos often, and through him aided Prescott's researches. See *idem*, 1842-1846. In 1843 Gayangos became Professor of Arabic at the University of Madrid, a post he held until his appointment in 1881 as Minister of Public Instruction. His latter years (1881-1897) he spent in working on manuscripts in the British Museum.

<sup>18</sup> Journal, 1842, May 1-15.

<sup>19</sup> Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 159.

<sup>20</sup> C. R. Leslie to Anne Leslie, [London] May 11, 1842, Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 324.

<sup>21</sup> Irving to Henry Van Wart, Paris, June 12, 1842 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>22</sup> C. R. Leslie to Anne Leslie, [London] May 11, 1842, Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 324.

<sup>23</sup> See Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, London, May 3, 1842, P.M.L., III, 195, 201.

<sup>24</sup> *Memoirs . . . Moore*, "Diary," May 11, 1842.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>26</sup> This dinner is well described in [G. P. Putnam] "Recollections of Irving," *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1860. Other friends and acquaintances of Irving's who were present were Thomas Campbell, G. P. R. James, and Chevalier Bunsen.

<sup>27</sup> See *ibid.* See also J. C. Derby, *Fifty Years among Authors, Books and Publishers* (New York, 1886), p. 310.

<sup>28</sup> Edward Everett to P. C. Brooks, London, May 17, 1842, P. R. Frothingham, *Edward Everett . . .* (Boston, 1925), p. 197.

<sup>29</sup> *Idem*, p. 196.

<sup>30</sup> See II, 190-192.

- <sup>31</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Birmingham, May 7, 1842, P.M.I., III, 196.
- <sup>32</sup> *Idem*, III, 202.
- <sup>33</sup> Journal, 1842, May 21. Irving's plan was evidently to write steadily at the biography of Washington during his stay in Spain.
- <sup>34</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, [Havre] June 8 [1842], P.M.I., III, 204.
- <sup>35</sup> Minister to France since 1836.
- <sup>36</sup> Journal, 1842, Tuesday [June 1] ; June 4.
- <sup>37</sup> Irving to Louis McLane, Paris, August 9 [1830], P.M.I., II, 434-435.
- <sup>38</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Paris, June 10, 1842, P.M.I., III, 207.
- <sup>39</sup> William Henry Lytton Earle Bulwer (1801-1872), a brother of the novelist, was English Minister at Madrid from 1843 to 1848, and Minister at Washington from 1849 to 1852. See II, 166-168.
- <sup>40</sup> See Journal, 1842, June 5.
- <sup>41</sup> See II, 124-129.
- <sup>42</sup> Journal, 1842, June 7.
- <sup>43</sup> Adélaïde Édouard Le Lièvre, Marquis de Fourilles et de la Grange (1796-1876).
- <sup>44</sup> Alexandre Florian Joseph Colonna, Count Walewski (1810-1868).
- <sup>45</sup> Journal, 1842 [June 12], June [13]. On the next day Irving met "Mr. Dumas," possibly Alexandre Dumas the younger, now eighteen years old.
- <sup>46</sup> Irving to George Harvey, Tarrytown, November 14, 1836 (N.Y.P.L.).
- <sup>47</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Paris, June 10, 1842, P.M.I., III, 209. This letter was published entire in the *New York Sun*, September 27, 1917.
- <sup>48</sup> Irving to P. M. Irving, Paris, June 26, 1842, P.M.I., III, 210. See also Irving to Henry Brevoort, Paris, July 1, 1842, *Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort*, ed. G. S. Hellman (New York, 1918), pp. 452-453. Irving declined, much to Colonel Thorn's disappointment, to continue his acquaintance with the Duchess of Gramont.
- <sup>49</sup> See Irving to Henry Van Wart, Paris, June 12, 1842.
- <sup>50</sup> The party, which traveled to Bordeaux by carriage, consisted of Irving, Alexander Hamilton, Carson Brevoort, Hector Ames, and Benjamin Goweld, an American mulatto servant. See Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Paris, July 7, 1842 (Y.). Irving describes his happiness in being with Carson Brevoort in a letter to Henry Brevoort, Paris, July 1, 1842, *Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort*, pp. 452-453.
- <sup>51</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Bordeaux, July 16, 1842 (Y.).
- <sup>52</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Bordeaux, July 19, 1842 (Y.).
- <sup>53</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Bayonne, July 20, 1842 (Y.).
- <sup>54</sup> See II, 313.
- <sup>55</sup> See M. Lafuente Alcántara, *El libro del viajero en Granada* (Granada, 1843), and Julio Cejador y Frauca, *Historia de la lengua y literatura castellana* (Madrid, 1918).
- <sup>56</sup> See E. A. Peers, "Studies of the Influence of Sir Walter Scott in Spain," *Revue Hispanique*, LXVIII (1926), 1-156.
- <sup>57</sup> Not published until 1849.
- <sup>58</sup> By the end of the year 1842, thirty-eight completely separate editions of works by Irving had been published in France. See *Catalogue général des livres imprimés de la Bibliothèque nationale*, XXVIII. See Bibliography.
- <sup>59</sup> Ramón de Mesonero Romanos, *Manual histórico-topográfico, administrativo y artístico de Madrid* (Madrid, 1844), pp. 293-294.
- <sup>60</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, August 12, 1842 (Y.).
- <sup>61</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, August 3, 1842 (Y.).
- <sup>62</sup> See I, 351-354, 375. In a novel by Fernán Caballero, a character, who presumably expresses the author's convictions, says of the *novela de costumbres*: "Es la novela por excelencia . . . útil y agradable. Cada nacion deberia escribirse las suyas. Escritas con exactitud y con verdadero espíritu de observacion ayudarian



mucho para el estudio de la humanidad, de la historia, de la moral práctica, para el conocimiento de las localidades y de las épocas. Si yo fuera la Reina, mandaría escribir una novela de costumbres en cada provincia, sin dejar nada por referir y analizar." *La gaviota* (Madrid, 1902), II, 66.

<sup>63</sup> See G. T. Northup, *An Introduction to Spanish Literature* (Chicago [1925]), p. 334.

<sup>64</sup> See I, 374-375.

<sup>65</sup> See P.M.I., II, 370. Only three copies of this exceedingly rare book are known to exist (H.W.L.D.; S. T. Bush, Madrid; the present writer). *Tareas de un solitario* was called to my attention by Professor John De Lancey Ferguson, of Western Reserve University, who first learned of this version of Irving through Longfellow's adaptations of it ("El serrano de las Alpujarras"; "El cuadro misterioso") in *Novelas españolas* (Brunswick [Maine], 1830). Another edition of Longfellow's work appeared in New York in 1842, with a translation into English by Julio Soler; and the first edition was reissued in Brunswick in 1845, this time with Manrique's *Coplas* and selections from *Don Quixote*. All three items are in the Ticknor Collection of the Boston Public Library. *Tareas de un solitario* and Montgomery are discussed in Professor Ferguson's admirable study, *American Literature in Spain* (New York, 1916), pp. 13-15, and it is now possible to add other facts about this book, of real importance in Irving's Spanish reputation.

The small octavo volume of two hundred and twenty pages gives no hint of its origin except the conventional dedication to Everett. No mention is made of Montgomery, of Irving, or of other authors from whom Montgomery borrowed. One hundred and nine pages, or nearly one half the book, are from Irving. The three other selections "Matilde y Teodoro, ó los gemelos," "El agravio satisfecho," and "El mudo por amor" are free adaptations of, respectively, *Twelfth Night*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and an unknown story. In his introduction Montgomery admits that he is in debt to other authors, but declares he has added new material, which, especially in the case of Shakespeare, is true indeed! Apart from his book, Montgomery (1804-1841) is interesting as the first writer in Spain to fall under the influence of Irving. Besides his translations of Irving, he published in Madrid in 1832, *El bastardo de Castilla: Novela histórica, caballerescas, original*, and in New York in 1839, *Narrative of a Journey to Guatemala*. . . . He belonged to the consular service, having served for a time at San Juan, Porto Rico. His function in Madrid was apparently that of translator for the Legation. Receipts for such work, signed by him and dated Madrid, April 14 and July 31, 1829, are in its files. United States Legation, Madrid, Official Papers 1829, No. 143, No. 459. Irving was interested in this translation of his writings and amused at Montgomery's difficulty in securing permission from the censor to print "El serrano de las Alpujarras." Irving to A. H. Everett, Seville, February 14, 1829 (P.M.I., II, 370), and Granada, July 22, 1829 (P.M.I., II, 401-402). See also S. T. Williams, "The First Version of the Writings of Washington Irving in Spanish," *Modern Philology* (November, 1930), and article on Montgomery in the *Dictionary of American Biography*. See Bibliography.

<sup>66</sup> *Revista de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes*, II (Seville, 1856), 756, note 1.

<sup>67</sup> A. H. Everett to Irving, July 28, 1829 (G.S.H.).

<sup>68</sup> For a study of this volume, see Williams, "The First Version of the Writings of Washington Irving in Spanish."

<sup>69</sup> See Bibliography.

<sup>70</sup> In *La crónica popular económica, colección de artículos de viages, de literatura, novelas, cuentos, anécdotas, costumbres, etc.* (Madrid, 1845), pp. 206, 207 ("Amores del Rey Don Rodrigo con la Princesa Eliata"); pp. 219-222 ("Leyendas de la conquista de España. Por Washington Irving"). One little-known instance of Irving's vogue is in *Horas de invierno* (1836), which contains "El espectro desposado," a translation from *The Sketch Book* (Biblioteca Nacional, Madrid). See Bibliography. An anonymous translation of some of his writings appeared in

*Revista Andaluza*, III, 183-194. Some of the tales have been recently produced in Spain in motion pictures; e.g., 1930, "Los claveles de la *virgen* inspirada en los maravillosos 'Cuentos de la Alhambra,' de Washington Irving."

<sup>71</sup> No. 16, pp. 137-168, "El espectro desposado."

<sup>72</sup> Professor J. De L. Ferguson believes Poe's real introduction into Spanish literature did not occur until 1858. Concerning Poe he says: "Of all the American writers whose works have reached Spain Poe is probably the most significant. Though in mere number of translations he is surpassed by Cooper, he has received far more respectful treatment than has ever been accorded to the older man, and from the time of his first introduction to the present day the Spaniards have shown a persistent and steadily increasing interest in his work." *Op. cit.*, pp. 55, 56. For estimates of Cooper and Longfellow in Spain, see *idem*, pp. 32-54, 109-147.

<sup>73</sup> See Williams, "The First Version of the Writings of Washington Irving in Spanish," and Juan López Núñez, "Un hispanófilo ilustre: Washington Irving," *Románticos y bohemios* (Madrid, 1929), pp. 121-124.

<sup>74</sup> See *idem*.

<sup>75</sup> Daniel Webster to Aaron Vail, Washington, February 18, 1842. Instructions from Dep't of State, April 3, 1840, to June 23, 1849 (American Embassy, Madrid). Aaron Vail to Daniel Webster, Madrid, June 25, 1842 (Dispatch No. 77, American Embassy, Madrid). On July 22 Vail sent Webster (No. 79) a copy of Count Almodovar's comment on the news of Irving's appointment.

<sup>76</sup> Pedro Alcántara Argáiz, who was presently recalled to Madrid (see II, 183), was a cousin of Navarrete. He was also an intimate friend of his predecessor at Washington, Ángel Calderón de la Barca (see II, 169).

<sup>77</sup> Argáiz alluded to this in the letter next quoted. After speaking of these translations passing as originals he adds: "So it has been said in the magazines as I indicated to you in No. 126 of my correspondence." It is probable that Argáiz refers to the article on Irving and Navarrete in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, March, 1841. See II, 301-302. I have been unable to locate the letter "No. 126" in the Spanish archives.

<sup>78</sup> Pedro Alcántara Argáiz, to the First Secretary of the Office of State, No. 150 [n.p., n.d.] (Archivo del Ministerio de Estado, Madrid).

<sup>79</sup> Pedro Alcántara Argáiz to the First Secretary of State, New York, April 6, 1842 (Archivo del Ministerio de Estado, Madrid).

<sup>80</sup> Count Almodovar to Aaron Vail, Madrid, June 26, 1842 (American Embassy, Madrid).

<sup>81</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, August 12, 1842.

<sup>82</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, August 3, 1842.

<sup>83</sup> See Mesonero Romanos, *Manual . . . de Madrid* (1844), pp. 97-111.

<sup>84</sup> Irving to Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, Madrid, August 27, 1842. (D.S.).

<sup>85</sup> *The Attaché in Madrid; or, Sketches of the Court of Isabella II*, translated from the German (New York, 1856), pp. 21-22.

<sup>86</sup> *The Bible in Spain . . .* (London, 1843), I, 251-253.

<sup>87</sup> See I, 378.

<sup>88</sup> "What glory has accrued to us," says a contemporary history, referring to the events of these years, "from defending with our blood our national independence, if with the same we give up civil liberty, a possession as precious as the former?" *Historia de la vida y reinado de Fernando VII de España* (Madrid, 1842), I, 210. For Irving's study of Spain, see Notes on Spanish Politics (A. P. Stokes, Washington).

<sup>89</sup> King Ferdinand's real point of view toward the government of Spain was not made known during the very short time he reigned in 1808, before his absence of five years. See N. G. Hubbard, *Histoire contemporaine de l'Espagne* (Première série, Paris, 1869-83), I, 21. During this period Joseph, the brother of Napoleon, was King of Spain (1808-1814).

<sup>90</sup> See H. B. Clarke, *Modern Spain 1815-1898* (Cambridge, England, 1906),

p. 33. The famous manifesto of May 4, 1814, is to be found in all histories of the period. Note also the following: "It was in his name, to secure for him liberty and power, that Spain fought during all the time of his captivity at Valençay. And he, what was he doing all this time in the princely residence which had been assigned to him? He was secretly writing to King Joseph to compliment him on the subject of his advancement to the throne of Spain, he was addressing to the emperor letter after letter congratulating him on his victories in the Peninsula. . . ." Hubbard, *op. cit.*, I, 248-249.

<sup>61</sup> During the night of May 10-11, 1814, were seized and imprisoned all the councilors of state and all the deputies who were supporters of the Constitution. Among the number was Martínez de la Rosa. Hubbard, *op. cit.*, I, 261.

<sup>62</sup> Yet the liberals again were guilty of the suicidal policy of division among themselves. One group, more conservative, considered its end achieved in recognition from Ferdinand of the Constitution; the other thought the movement of 1820 merely the prelude to a revolution which would change the entire social and political state of Spain. *Idem*, II, 30-33.

<sup>63</sup> The French army under the Duke of Angoulême (a cousin of Ferdinand) was received with triumphal processions in Madrid by the royalists. It then overran the South. This action of France, dictated chiefly by motives of interior policy, has been called by French historians a great blunder, alienating the liberals of Spain, and further antagonizing England. Of the two French expeditions to Spain, in 1808 and 1823, the latter perhaps made more enduring the hatred of Spaniards for the French. See *idem*, II, 130, 271-277. The French were largely responsible, in their invasion to reestablish a hypocritical, tyrant king, for the miseries of the next decade, even though they attempted to restrain the Spaniards from deeds of violence. Ferdinand's decree of Puerto de Santa María, October 1, 1823, again declared void all preceding constitutional acts.

<sup>64</sup> "Endless were the executions with no more reason than a '*viva*' for the Constitution, a '*muera*' to Ferdinand, or a doubtful association with the crimes and excesses of the preceding epoch.

"Executions by shooting through the back were very frequent, and the gallows worked without cessation." This was the age of the celebrated Chaperón, a relentless and brutal terrorizer, President of the Military Council of Madrid. Juan Rico y Amat, *Historia política y parlamentaria de España* . . . (Madrid, 1861), II, 269. There are echoes of the days of Calomarde in Irving's writings; e.g., *Journal*, 1828, November 12 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>65</sup> See I, 377-378.

<sup>66</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, September 2, 1842, P.M.I., III, 233.

<sup>67</sup> The marriage, much opposed by some clergy, since Christina was believed to be a liberal, was effected in December, 1829.

<sup>68</sup> By a decree of May 10, 1713, Philip V introduced into Spain the Salic law which bound the Bourbons. This was set aside by Charles IV in 1789, to reestablish the old law of the "Partidas," which permitted the succession of females to the throne. This "pragmatic sanction," however, was never accepted by a certain proportion of Spaniards on the grounds that the decree was not made public, and that at the time of its enactment the brother of Ferdinand, Don Carlos, was already born. In March, 1830, before the birth of Isabella, Ferdinand promulgated the "pragmatic sanction." On a comprehension of this issue, which caused the aspiration of Don Carlos to the Crown and the Carlist wars, depends an understanding of Isabella's position in Spain until 1839, and, to some extent, during the subsequent years of Irving's stay at her court.

<sup>69</sup> An interesting summary of the character of Ferdinand VII (who used his "popularity to commit unpunished the same crimes which, in the history of Rome, are connected with the names of Tiberius and Caligula") occurs in Hubbard, *op. cit.*, II, 406-407.

<sup>100</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, September 2, 1842, P.M.I., III, 234.

<sup>101</sup> Agustín Fernando Múñoz (1808-1873), a young guardsman. His notorious relations with Maria Christina brought about a secret marriage with her a few months after Ferdinand VII's death. At the time of their public remarriage in 1844 he was made Duke of Riánsares. See chap. xxi, note 110.

<sup>102</sup> See II, 173.

<sup>103</sup> Maria Christina had sought the favor of the moderate liberals for reasons of political expediency, and during a temporary regency before the death of Ferdinand was well established in their good graces. The means were two decrees, one reopening the universities and a decree of amnesty, including all except the deputies who had voted for the fall of the King, in Seville, and those who had commanded an armed force against the royal sovereignty: the Count de España was superseded; Calomarde left Spain; and thousands of liberals returned to the country. The love and mercy expressed in this document aroused hopes not justified by Maria Christina's later policy toward liberals.

<sup>104</sup> Zea Bermúdez, a believer in a "*despotismo ilustrado*," sounded his own death knell almost at once in his decree of October 4, 1833, in which a typical sentence was: "The best form of government for a country is that to which it is accustomed." For the entire document see Rico y Amat, *op. cit.*, II, 337. Irving knew Bermúdez through their official relations.

<sup>105</sup> See chap. xxiv, note 97. Note the description of Martínez de la Rosa in Edgar Quinet, *Mes vacances en Espagne* (Paris, 1857), pp. 71-72.

<sup>106</sup> The Royal Statute, printed in the Madrid *Gaceta* on July 10, 1834, was greeted with mingled disappointment, disgust, and ridicule.

<sup>107</sup> See H. B. Clarke, *op. cit.*, p. 60.

<sup>108</sup> The career of Espartero as a soldier was as brilliant as his record as a statesman was dubious. Born in 1793, at Granátula, a small village in the province of Ciudad Real, the ninth child of a poor family, he had a weak constitution, and was destined for the church. At twenty-three he had been graduated from a military school as a lieutenant. He offered his services to General Morillo, and sailed for South America. Through personal bravery he rose rapidly; by 1822 he was a colonel; and in 1836 he was named viceroy of Navarre, captain general of the Basque provinces, and chief of the Army of the North. His successes in the Carlist wars had greatly increased his fame, and in 1840 he retained the unbounded devotion of the army. The contemporary French account of him, from which these facts are drawn, expresses amazement at his immense ability, and ends: "Will he die great, average, or small, at the Escorial, on the field of battle, in the *bagnes* of Africa, on a lamp-post of the *Puerta del Sol*, or in his bed, at Logroño, as constitutional mayor . . . ?" [L. L. Loménie] *Galerie des contemporains illustres, par un homme de rien, Espartero* (Paris 1841), p. 36. See also J. M. Villergas, *Paralelo entre la vida militar de Espartero y la de Narváez* (Madrid, 1851).

<sup>109</sup> Espartero's final move was in naming the new Ministry. If Christina accepted his choice, she logically renounced her previous counselors and friends. This she refused to do. The first order to the Ministry was to announce her abdication. See H. B. Clarke, *op. cit.*, p. 165. Manuel José Quintana (1772-1857), of whom Irving often speaks in his letters, was from 1840 to 1853 an adviser of Isabella II. His *Vidas de españoles célebres* appeared in 1807. See *Correspondence . . . Prescott*, p. 9 and *passim*.

<sup>110</sup> Fernando Múñoz, the son of a shopkeeper, had rescued Maria Christina in an accident with her carriage, an incident resulting in mutual attachment. If Maria Christina acknowledged this as a legal marriage she gave up her claim to the regency and its large salary. Yet to deny the legality of the union, with its numerous children, was the alternative not altogether pleasant. For Irving's comments on Múñoz, see P.M.I., III, 234.

<sup>111</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, September 2, 1842, P.M.I., III, 236. Irving's opinion that Maria Christina undertook the journey to Espartero fully

convinced that she could alter his point of view is supported by modern historians. See Hubbard, *op. cit.*, IV, 221.

<sup>113</sup> Irving was to witness later stages of this competition, one of the most dramatic personal rivalries of the epoch. See Villergas, *op. cit.*, *passim*.

<sup>114</sup> "What was he thinking of himself? That is a question difficult to answer, and to answer this it would be necessary to penetrate into the innermost secrets of his heart; but in following all the events of his life, it appears that he should always be considered as a fortunate man, to whom luck would always be favorable for the little in which he consented to aid it, rather than an ambitious man capable of using circumstances to his advantage, and fit to dominate other men." Hubbard, *op. cit.*, IV, 239-240. Yet Spanish historians refer to him frequently as "haughty." One critic believes that Espartero thought himself analogous to Cromwell, Napoleon, and Washington. Rico y Amat, *op. cit.*, III, 252.

<sup>114</sup> Irving comments in various dispatches on Manuel Cortina y Arenzana (1802-1879) and Salustiano de Olózaga (1805-1873), who became Prime Minister in November, 1843.

<sup>115</sup> Diego León and Manuel de la Concha, two generals in sympathy with the cause of Maria Christina.

<sup>116</sup> There has been preserved a dialogue between Olózaga, then Spanish Ambassador at Paris, and Maria Christina, in which she denies complicity in the plot. Hubbard, *op. cit.*, IV, 283-284.

<sup>117</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, September 2, 1841, P.M.I., III, 240-241.

<sup>118</sup> e.g., *The Attaché in Madrid*, which describes the German, English, French, and Italian Legations.

<sup>119</sup> See Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, August 27, 1842. Copies of Burton's correspondence with Irving are preserved in the files of the United States Consulate of Cádiz, papers now removed to Seville. The correspondence of Burton, Rich, and other consuls is in the files of the American Embassy, Madrid (Consular and Miscellaneous Letters, 1840 to 1847). In United States Legation, Madrid, Official Papers 1838-1856, is a pamphlet, *List of Ministers, Consuls, and Other Diplomatic and Commercial Agents of the United States of America*. This is perhaps Irving's own copy since it is dated, apparently in his handwriting, March 23, 1842. In it he has written his own name and that of his secretary (as he then believed) Joseph G. Cogswell. Besides the consuls already named, who were under Irving's direction, there were the following: "Malaga: George Read; Barcelona: A. B. Leonard." For Irving's later relations with Máximo Aguirre, see chap. xxiv, note 1.

<sup>120</sup> As an instance of the mechanical difficulties of the Legation in 1842, it may be noted that it often required two or three months for documents to reach Madrid from Washington, via Cádiz. Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, August 27, 1842. Some two years later Irving thus summarized the difficulties of communication with Washington: "In the present instance the intelligence of the death of Mr. Upshur has been *ninety five* days in reaching me; that of your appointment *seventy two* days; and the congratulatory letter to the Queen *eighty two* days." Irving to J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, Madrid, June 8, 1844 (D.S.). The office of the Legation was primitive. See Livingston's dispatch of November 7, 1844, begging permission to purchase "a plain writing desk and book case of walnut wood." He adds: "At present there are only a cupboard and three painted boxes all filled while a large portion of valuable books handsomely bound are piled on the floor and others remain in the boxes in which they arrived from America." Irving later requested one hundred dollars for the same purpose. Irving to J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, Madrid, February 8, 1845 (D.S.).

<sup>121</sup> Some of this business was noticed in the Madrid newspapers; e.g., "Ha llegado a Mahon, la fragata Americana Congreso de 60 cañones y la sigue un navío de línea. Con estos dos buques la escuadra Americana que se halla en el

Mediterráneo se compondrá de dos navíos, dos fragatas y dos corbetas. Dichas fuerzas se reúnen con el objeto de exigir satisfacción del emperador de Marruecos por el insulto hecho en Tánger al cónsul de los Estados Unidos." *Heraldo*, September 11, 1842.

<sup>122</sup> See J. S. Reeves, *American Diplomacy under Tyler and Polk* (Baltimore, 1907), Introduction.

<sup>123</sup> "Modification of the laws of trade . . . and treaties of commerce are topics getting daily more and more in favor, and must occupy the attention of any cabinet that may succeed." Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, November 11, 1842 (D.S.). Various other accounts by Irving survive concerning American trade with Spain (N.Y.P.L.; Y.).

<sup>124</sup> Irving to General Narváez, Madrid, March 10, 1845 (copy, D.S.).

<sup>125</sup> ". . . it is a principle with us . . . to deal always in our diplomacy with the actual government of a country." Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, September 2, 1842, P.M.I., III, 243.

<sup>126</sup> Instructions from Dep't of State, April 3, 1840, to June 23, 1849, No. 2, pp. 229 ff.

<sup>127</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, September 2, 1842, P.M.I., III, 243.

<sup>128</sup> *Idem*, p. 244.

<sup>129</sup> Don Pedro Alcántara Argáiz to the First Secretary of State, April 6, 1842.

<sup>130</sup> Count Almodovar to Aaron Vail, [Madrid] July 27, 1842 (American Embassy, Madrid).

<sup>131</sup> Irving to Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, August 2, 1842 (D.S.).

<sup>132</sup> Ramón de Mesonero Romanos, *El antiguo Madrid* . . . (Madrid, 1881), II, 90, footnote 1. Buenavista is now occupied by the Ministry of War. At the time of the insurrection of 1841 and the bombardment of Barcelona, the English strengthened their influence with the Progressive Party. "They had at Madrid a *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Aston, who kept endlessly assuring the government and the Cortes of their good will, and their newspapers kept reasserting with eagerness the complicity of the French cabinet in the insurrection." Hubbard, *op. cit.*, IV, 287. In Irving's opinion the British influence increased steadily throughout the year with the Government, but he added: "What it gains with the Government, however, it is likely to lose with the people. The Spanish public ever quick to imbibe the most absurd suspicions with respect to strangers, have been assured that English intrigues in favor of the cotton trade and hostile to Spanish manufacturers are at the bottom of the troubles and disasters in Catalonia." Irving to Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, Madrid, December 10, 1842 (D.S.).

<sup>133</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, August 3, 1842.

<sup>134</sup> Irving to Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, Madrid, August 2, 1842. This letter contains Irving's speech in English, and Espartero's reply in Spanish. A version of Irving's address in Spanish, probably that spoken by him, is in the Archivo del Ministerio de Estado, Madrid.

<sup>135</sup> See also the *Heraldo*, August 1, 3, 1842. Irving was "this day . . . formally accredited in his official character." Aaron Vail to Daniel Webster, Madrid, August 1, 1842 (American Embassy, Madrid).

<sup>136</sup> Juana María de la Vega, Countess de Espoz y Mina.

<sup>137</sup> Ferdinand Philippe Louis Charles Henri, Prince Royal (1810—July 13, 1842).

<sup>138</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, August 3, 1842. For Irving's other descriptions of Isabella II, see Washington Irving, *Letters from Sunnyside and Spain*, ed. S. T. Williams (New Haven, 1928), pp. 50-52.

<sup>139</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, August 4, 1842 (Y.).

<sup>140</sup> From an undated, unsigned document in the Archivo del Ministerio de Estado, Madrid.

<sup>141</sup> Irving to Mrs. Julia Grinnell, Madrid, September 30, 1842 (Y.).

<sup>142</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, November 26, 1842 (Y.).

<sup>148</sup> No. 112, Plazuela de la Villa. "Cuerpo diplomático extranjero," *Guía de forasteros en Madrid para el año 1843*.

<sup>144</sup> Irving to Mrs. Eliza Romeyn, Madrid, August 16, 1842, P.M.I., III, 226. The "huge mansion" must have been "la casa de los Lujanes," in the Plazuela de la Villa. See Mesonero Romanos, *Manual . . . de Madrid* (1844), p. 231. Identification of obscure persons, or of places, during Irving's stays in Spain is made difficult by the nonexistence of directories. One of the earliest seems to have been the rare book *Repertorio general ó índice alfabético de los principales habitantes de Madrid* (Madrid, 1851) (S. T. Bush). This book gives the location of Legations in that year and the addresses of such men as the Duke of Gor. No such information is offered by the guides of earlier years, or even by Mesonero Romanos.

<sup>145</sup> In Irving's letters of the period are humorous descriptions of Benjamin, the butler; Lorenzo, the valet; Juana, the housekeeper; and Antonio, the Greek cook.

<sup>146</sup> Irving to Mrs. Eliza Romeyn, Madrid, August 16, 1842, P.M.I., III, 225.

<sup>147</sup> Pascual de Gayangos to W. H. Prescott, Madrid, October 15, 1844, *Correspondence . . . Prescott*, p. 509.

<sup>148</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, July 30, 1842 (Y.).

<sup>149</sup> *Idem*.

<sup>150</sup> "Your compensation, as fixed by law, is at the rate of nine thousand dollars per annum, with an outfit equal to one year's salary, and a quarter's salary for your return to this country. Your salary will commence on the 10th day of February, which is the date of your commission." Instructions from Dep't of State, April 3, 1840, to June 23, 1849, No. 2, pp. 229 ff.

<sup>151</sup> Irving to the First Minister of State, Madrid, August 24, 1842 (Archivo del Ministerio de Estado, Madrid). In the file where this letter is preserved are no less than twenty documents and memoranda relative to this matter, and also a list of printed rules of the customhouse. An equal amount of correspondence exists in the archives of the American Embassy, Madrid. The negotiations began with letters from Vail in May, and by August 24 even the Spaniards were tired of it. A marginal note on Irving's letter of this date orders the governor of the customs "to bring this matter to an end." Of all this Irving wrote his niece: "Such are the official formalities and delays in this most procrastinating of all countries. . . ." Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, May 29, 1842 (Y.).

<sup>152</sup> Irving's list (Archivo del Ministerio de Estado, Madrid).

<sup>153</sup> The street is identified by reference to the Marquis of Mos, whose residence was in the Calle de las Infantas. See *Calendario, manual y guía de forasteros en Madrid para el año 1829*, "Guía de litigantes," p. 4. This is in accordance with Irving's observation that the house was near Espartero's palace and the other Legations: "one window overlooks the garden of an old convent, and has a fine view of the Regent's palace, and the distant groves of the Retiro." Irving to Charlotte Irving, Madrid, September 16, 1842, P.M.I., III, 248. The American Embassy, Madrid, has no records of the residences of former ministers, but retains a tradition that a convent and a palace similar to that described by Irving existed in the Calle de las Infantas about 1842. Irving refers to the opera as almost audible from his rooms. The Teatro del Circo, where opera was sung, was in the Plaza del Rey at the end of the Calle de las Infantas. See Mesonero Romanos, *Manual . . . de Madrid* (1844), p. 394.

<sup>154</sup> An American, formerly a Miss Oakey of New York. Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, July 30, 1842.

<sup>155</sup> See Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, July 30, 1842, and to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, September 17, 1842 (Y.).

<sup>156</sup> Agustín Argüelles (1776-1844), distinguished orator and statesman, was made tutor of Isabella and Maria Louisa in 1841. Irving had met Argüelles while the latter was an exile in England.

<sup>157</sup> See I, 377. Irving had read at Sunnyside *Madrid in 1835*, apparently by De Saussaye. Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, November 12, 1842 (Y.).

- <sup>158</sup> Irving to the Secretary of State, Madrid, May 6, 1844 (D.S.).
- <sup>159</sup> "The Minister of England, who was called Aslton, was not 'persona grata' in the good society of Madrid, because of his predilection for Espartero." Augusto Conte, *Recuerdos de un diplomático*, I (Madrid, 1901), 129.
- <sup>160</sup> Irving occasionally felt the force of the rumors concerning Aston. See II, 140.
- <sup>161</sup> See Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris [n.p., 1842], P.M.I., III, 258.
- <sup>162</sup> Vail praised Argüelles enthusiastically in a letter to Webster, Madrid, July 17, 1841. Dispatch No. 30 (American Embassy, Madrid).
- <sup>163</sup> Irving to Don Juan Wetherell, Madrid, October 18, 1842 (sold at American Art Association, February 13, 1914).
- <sup>164</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, August 12, 1842.
- <sup>165</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>166</sup> Irving to Mrs. Julia Grinnell, Madrid, September 30, 1842. "I have indeed to play the Ambassador on a cautious scale, and to keep down my pride that I may 'provide for my family'; fortunately there is no rivalry in expense in the diplomatic corps at Madrid; the British Minister being the only one that entertains; and his immense fortune putting competition out of the question." *Ibid.*
- <sup>167</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, September 26, October 8, and December 12, 1842 (Y.).
- <sup>168</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, November 12, 1842. Irving's routine tasks during the balance of the year 1842 were principally the cases of Michael Drawsin Harang, an American citizen who inherited and sold land in Cuba and attempted to leave the island with the proceeds; and of Captain Love Straw—an interesting story of momentary weakness heavily punished by the Spanish government. The conclusion of the incident is given in a letter of Irving's to John Fairfield, Madrid, June 20, 1843 (N.Y.P.L.).
- <sup>169</sup> His old friend Don Juan Wetherell was to aid them in Seville. Irving to Wetherell, Madrid, October 11, 1842 (E.W.H.).
- <sup>170</sup> Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Madrid, October 18, 1842 (Y.).
- <sup>171</sup> There is no evidence that Navarrete and Irving met during Irving's second stay in Spain.
- <sup>172</sup> Irving described this tableau in a letter written to Prince Dolgorouki, Madrid, January 22, 1828, P.M.I., II, 276; III, 254.
- <sup>173</sup> Anecdote told by Irving and still remembered by descendants of Henry Brevoort.
- <sup>174</sup> D'Oubril was now Russian Minister at Frankfort.
- <sup>175</sup> Irving to Prince Dolgorouki, Madrid, October 18, 1842. These words recurred throughout the four years in Spain: "I . . . look back with regret to the confiding period of my literary career, when, poor as a rat, but rich in dreams, I beheld the world through the medium of my imagination." Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, May 18, 1844 (Y.).
- <sup>176</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, October 8, 1842. See also his comments on marriage quoted in letter of H. L. Ellsworth to his wife, Fort Gibson, November 17, 1832 [104] (Y.).
- <sup>177</sup> e.g., Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, December 24, 1842 (Y.); to Mrs. Julia Grinnell, Madrid, September 9 and 30, 1842 (Y.).
- <sup>178</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, September 17, 1842.
- <sup>179</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, October 28, 1842 (Y.).
- <sup>180</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, October 8, 1842.
- <sup>181</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, September 10, 1842 (Y.).
- <sup>182</sup> By the close of the year he had written a few chapters of the life of Washington. Irving to Ebenezer Irving, Madrid, December 21 [1842], P.M.I., III, 274.



## CHAPTER XXII

<sup>1</sup> Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, November 5, 1842 (D.S.).

<sup>2</sup> Irving to Mrs. Julia Grinnell, Madrid, September 30, 1842 (Y.).

<sup>3</sup> Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, November 5, 1842.

<sup>4</sup> The despotic General Zurbano ordered Lefèvre to vacate his convent to make room for troops. Lefèvre vacillated, and was finally evicted. This angered the French, and the incident threatened trouble between the two Governments. General Zurbano, wrote Irving, "ordered the edifice to be cleared of his [Lefèvre's] effects:—that thereupon the gallic spirit of the occupant being roused, vented itself in such terms as to provoke a sudden movement of the General, before which Lefèvre found it prudent to retreat with some precipitation. It is added that the general utterly denies having touched the respectable person of the worthy but vociferous Gaul, but claims no merit of forbearance, as it was only, he says, in consequence of his retreating so rapidly, as to be out of the reach of his foot." There is another page of entertaining description of Zurbano, appointed, with no qualifications save that he had been a robber, Inspector of the Customhouses of Catalonia. Irving pictures him delving into private papers "with a pen over his ear but a sabre under his arm." *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* In a later communication Irving describes the Spanish exiles who at each new insurrection hurry in from France to "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm." Irving to H. S. Legaré, Madrid, July 9, 1843 (D.S.).

<sup>6</sup> Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, November 5, 1842.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>8</sup> Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, November 11, 1842 (D.S.).

<sup>9</sup> Copy of Irving's letter to Count Almodovar, First Minister of State, Madrid, November 8, 1842 (D.S.). Irving hoped to achieve a free trade in tobacco through appealing to the Spanish Government's desire to suppress contraband commerce, which was the bane of trade in the Peninsula. See Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, November 5, 1842. Almodovar assured him that "a free trade in tobacco was one of the measures under consideration."

<sup>10</sup> Of the complex motives for the revolution in Catalonia, Irving had, so far as his letters show, an incomplete knowledge. He does not dwell upon the Catalans' hatred of the Castilians, their fear of anarchy, their desire for national independence. He judged by broad, simple outlines, calling Barcelona "the rebellious city," and hoping it would be subdued, to consolidate Espartero's government. See letters to Daniel Webster, 1842, 1843, *passim*.

<sup>11</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, November 20, 1842 (Y.). During this episode Irving manifested strong sympathy for Espartero in the attacks upon him in the Spanish press. He evidently held the mistaken opinion of the few that "this abortive insurrection and the prompt and vigorous manner in which it has been quelled will tend to strengthen the hands of Government." Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, December 10, 1842 (D.S.).

<sup>12</sup> So bitter was the feeling against Espartero in Barcelona, after its bombardment, that the conquering general did not dare enter the city.

<sup>13</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, November 20, 1842.

<sup>14</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 5, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>15</sup> Irving summed up the demands of the French upon the Spanish Government for their preferring charges against the French consul in Barcelona. He is at variance with several historians who believe Spain to have been in the right. These contend that the consul was outrageous in his interference; that the French would not believe reasonable evidence; that the statement in the *Gaceta* of the falsity of proofs against the consul was really exacted in humiliating fashion by the French. See Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, January 9, 1843 (D.S.).

<sup>16</sup> "I am told the damage done to houses and public edifices, is likely to be very speedily repaired, and that the loss of life according to official returns is quite inconsiderable." *Ibid.*

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>18</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 5, 1843.

<sup>19</sup> Irving to H. S. Legaré, Madrid, July 9, 1843. "The more I consider the character and conduct of that monarch [Louis Philippe] the more I am convinced he is one of the greatest sovereigns that ever sat upon a throne. Indeed the three great names of modern history, which rise far above all others, are Washington, Napoleon and Louis Philippe." Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Barcelona, July 21, 1844 (Y.).

<sup>20</sup> e.g., Journal, 1829, August 13 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>21</sup> Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, December 24, 1842 (D.S.).

<sup>22</sup> Louis Charles Élie Décazes, Duke of Glücksberg (1819-1886), the son of Élie Décazes, celebrated French statesman.

<sup>23</sup> Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, January 9, 1843.

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.* Irving believed that the English Government had lost ground in Spain by using its influence too actively and too openly. "The coalition press has identified the much talked of treaty of Commerce with the calamities of Barcelona: and the sempiternal 'cotton question' is likely again to be hung up for future negotiation." *Ibid.*

<sup>25</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, June 17, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>26</sup> Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, April 1, 1843 (D.S.).

<sup>27</sup> Irving to Daniel Webster, Madrid, May 24, 1843 (D.S.).

<sup>28</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, June 21, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>31</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, July 14, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>32</sup> Irving to H. S. Legaré, Madrid, July 22, 1843 (D.S.). "I never saw Madrid under more striking and picturesque circumstances." Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, July 14, 1843.

<sup>33</sup> George Sumner to Charles Sumner, Madrid, July 26, 1843. Quoted in *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, March, 1913, p. 366. George Sumner (1817-1863), the author and student of politics, was, said Irving, "one of the most curiously instructed American travellers that I have ever met with." P.M.L., IV, 119. Sumner spent many hours with Irving assisting him in the tasks of the Legation, and Irving aided Sumner in his researches. Irving to Don Fermín Caballero, Madrid, September 5, 1843, Consular and Miscellaneous Letters, 1840 to 1847 (American Embassy, Madrid). See also *Harper's Weekly*, May 27, 1871; George Sumner to G. W. Greene, Barcelona, January 8, 1844, *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, March, 1913, p. 369; Charles Sumner to George Sumner, Boston, February 1, 1844, E. L. Pierce, *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner* (Boston, 1877), II, 299-300. Irving's estimate of George Sumner's character is interesting. Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, April 6, 1844 (Y.).

<sup>34</sup> Irving to H. S. Legaré, Madrid, July 9, 1843. From this time on Irving's letters refer to the change of attitude toward the Queen as she became more directly involved in political affairs. As one instance, he mentions "a startling speech in a recent political meeting, wherein reforms in the constitution were proposed abridging the power of the crown and taking from it the *Veto*. I shall be satisfied said this Loco Foco if you do away with the *veto* — but I should be much more satisfied if you would do away with the *Queen*! This is the first time such an idea has been uttered — it appears to have met with no concurrence — but such a voice heard from the midst of the present revolutionary agitations is portentous." Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, August 25, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>35</sup> Henry Brevoort to Irving, New York, October 18, 1843 (N.Y.P.L.). See also Irving to Brevoort, Bordeaux, November 26, 1843 (N.Y.P.L.). Irving complained

of the inaccurate version of this incident in the French and English newspapers. Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, August 10 [1843], P.M.I., III, 292.

<sup>40</sup> Irving to H. S. Legaré, Madrid, July 22, 1843.

<sup>41</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>42</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>43</sup> Irving to H. S. Legaré, Madrid, August 3, 1843 (D.S.).

<sup>44</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, August 10 [1843], P.M.I., III, 294. This letter contains another description of the Duchess of Victoria. Irving admired "the discrimination of her conduct with respect to the two great leaders of the present Government, Generals Narvaez (Commander-in-Chief) and Serrano (the Minister of War). They both sent her offers of escort, and of any other service and facility. 'As to General Narvaez,' said she, 'he has always been the avowed enemy of my husband, but an open and frank one; he practised nothing but what he professed; I accept his offers with gratitude and thanks. As to Serrano, he professed to be my husband's friend; he rose by his friendship and favors, and he proved faithless to him; I will accept nothing at his hands, and beg his name may not again be mentioned to me.'" *Idem*, pp. 301-302 (under date of August 11).

<sup>45</sup> Leopoldo O'Donnell y Jorriés (1809-1867). Ramón María Narváez (1800-1868). See chap. xxiii, *passim*.

<sup>46</sup> Irving to H. S. Legaré, Madrid, August 3, 1843.

<sup>47</sup> Irving to H. S. Legaré, Madrid, July 25, 1843 (D.S.).

<sup>48</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>49</sup> See II, 142-148.

<sup>50</sup> This was a return of his old sickness. See I, 205, 214, 221.

<sup>51</sup> "I have discovered some pleasant meadows studded with groves and with thickets of hawthorn, along the banks of the Manzanares about two miles from Madrid. I had no idea there was anything so really rural in the vicinity of this sterile city. For the last two days I have driven there with Madame Albuquerque and her little girls. . . . The hawthorn was just beginning to put forth its fragrant blossoms the trees were full of nightingales—while at a distance, gleaming through vistas of the groves, were the Guadarama mountains covered with snow. Think of the effect of such a scene, and of having such pleasant society around me, after nearly three dreary months of illness confinement, and solitary rumination." Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, April 22, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>52</sup> See the *Philadelphia Saturday Courier*, June 17, 1843. This periodical also declared that he had received a legacy, and in England it was said that "the distinguished author and diplomatist, who is at present the American ambassador at Madrid, has just succeeded to a large property bequeathed to him by one of the Society of Friends, in the United States, personally unknown to Mr. Irving, who will, consequently, shortly relinquish his office, and return to his native country." *Illustrated London News*, August 26, 1843.

<sup>53</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, March 25, April 13, April 29, June 3, 1843 (Y.). Irving devotes some space in the dispatches to Washington to his own health; e.g., March 10, May 24, September 6 (D.S.).

<sup>54</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, May 6, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>55</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, June 24, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>56</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, August 23, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>57</sup> During the entire year Irving had little opportunity of bringing before the Government of Espartero, or its successor, the question of commercial relations with the United States. His dispatches consist chiefly of descriptions of Spanish political conditions. The most important matters of routine were the discussions with Count Almodovar concerning a reported conspiracy in Cuba among the Creoles and slaves; the insulting treatment of the American bark *Empress* by the Intendente of Málaga; the tax levied upon the American consul at Cádiz; and the tardy pardon for Captain Love Straw. Full records in respect to Irving's management of these affairs are contained in the files of the Department of State, Wash-

ington, and the American Embassy, Madrid, in dispatches of the following dates: March 10, 24, April 1, 2, 6, 26, July 22. An interesting example of the stock business conducted by Irving is contained in copies of the letters of Alexander Burton, Consul of Cádiz, during the year 1843, in the files of the American Consulate, Seville. See also Irving to George Read, Madrid, June 16, 1843 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>54</sup> The widow of the Count of Teba, whom Irving had known at Granada. Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 15, 1843 (Y.). This friendship with the Countess of Montijo became a favorite memory of Irving's, for her daughter Eugénie, whom he had known as a little girl in the Alhambra, became the wife of Louis Napoleon and Empress of France. Irving to Mrs. P. M. Irving [February 28, 1853], P.M.I., IV, 134; Letter, Sunnyside, May 4, 1854 [name of correspondent not given], quoted in *George Ticknor: Letters to Pascual de Gayangos*, ed. C. L. Penney (New York, 1927), p. 548. The affection of the Countess of Montijo for Irving is described in J. P. Kennedy, *At Home and Abroad* ([New York] 1872), p. 355. See in the present work, I, 368.

<sup>55</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 15, 1843.

<sup>56</sup> Irving to T. W. C. Moore, Madrid, January 10, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>57</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 5, 1843.

<sup>58</sup> George Sumner to Charles Sumner, Madrid, July 26, 1843.

<sup>59</sup> See Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 15, 1843. See I, 340-341. Irving used his influence to secure for Don Ignacio a secretaryship in the Spanish government. E. A. Duyckinck, *Manuscript Diary*, January 16, 1860 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>60</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 5, 1843.

<sup>61</sup> (T.). These sheets, without title, consisting of two quarto pages of notes and dated January 10 to January 28, 1843, are concerned with various experiences in Irving's life beginning with the period of *Salmagundi*. Quoted frequently in this biography (as Autobiographical Notes), they include references to the sources or occasions of his books, and mention such friends as Scott, Moore, Gifford, and Murray. There is nothing to show why Irving wrote these memorabilia in 1843, since they relate no incident of this year. They may be leaves from a lost notebook.

<sup>62</sup> This letter was apparently from J. H. Livingston, later a member of the Legation. Hamilton was of a delicate constitution, and Irving's reply shows his solicitude for his Secretary. Irving to J. H. Livingston, Madrid, August 20, 1843 (Marston Drake, New York City). Carson Brevoort left the Legation on April 11, and the taciturn Hector Ames departed on June 13 for the United States. Livingston joined the staff in June, 1844.

<sup>63</sup> Irving to H. S. Legaré, Secretary of State, Madrid, August 19, 1843 (D.S.).

<sup>64</sup> See II, 135.

<sup>65</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, August 10 [1843], P.M.I., III, 299-300.

<sup>66</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, August 25, 1843.

<sup>67</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>68</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>69</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>70</sup> Madame Calderón de la Barca to W. H. Prescott, Madrid, October 8, 1843, *The Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott, 1833-1847*, ed. Roger Wolcott (Boston and New York, 1925), p. 393.

<sup>71</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, September 6, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>72</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Bordeaux, September 11, 1843, and to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Versailles, September 16, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>73</sup> Anson Jones, Secretary of State, Legation of Texas, Paris, October 30, 1843, quoted in *Annual Report of the American Historical Association for the Year 1908* (Washington, 1911), II, 1472.

<sup>74</sup> See Irving to Henry Brevoort, Bordeaux, November 26, 1843. Rogers was now eighty years old. At this time he thought Irving the leader of all American

prose writers. *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, January, 1869, p. 439. See also P. W. Claydon, *Rogers and His Contemporaries* (New York, 1889), II, 281. See also Irving to Louis McLane, Madrid, August 16, 1845 (R. M. Hughes, Norfolk, Virginia). Irving described later the robbery at Rogers' bank. Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, December 20, 1844 (Y.).

<sup>76</sup> Irving referred to himself as "completely untuned for all exercise of the pen." Irving to Mrs. Julia Grinnell, Madrid, December 29, 1843 (Y.). In America it was known that Irving was at work upon a life of Washington. See the *New Mirror*, April 15, 1843, p. 29.

<sup>77</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Bordeaux, November 24, 26, December 1, 1843 (Y.), and to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, December 10, 1843, P.M.I., III, 311.

<sup>78</sup> See Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Bordeaux, November 26, 1843.

<sup>79</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, December 20, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>80</sup> Alexander Hamilton to A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State, Madrid, October 7, November 8, 25, 1843 (D.S.).

<sup>81</sup> Irving to A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State, Madrid, December 8, 1843 (D.S.).

<sup>82</sup> H. B. Clarke, *Modern Spain 1815-1898* (Cambridge, England, 1906), pp. 195-196.

<sup>83</sup> *Gaceta de Madrid*, November 30, 1843. "My own idea has always been that, accustomed in his preceding situation as Tutor, to treat the little queen with undue familiarity he continued it as minister; and on her declining to sign the decree dissolving the Cortes, he became somewhat peremptory, considering it the opposition of a froward child; or that she was acting under the secret instigation of a clique of palace intriguers, who wished to disconcert his plans, and effect his downfall. I doubt whether the little queen was aware at the time of the extreme indecorum and breach of royal dignity, of this conduct, or that her ire was kindled until afterwards informed of the flagrancy of the act. Poor child! She has indeed need of a mother, or some other sincere and experienced guardian at hand, to counsel her amid the deccits and stratagems and perils by which she is surrounded." Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, December 31, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>84</sup> Irving to A. P. Upshur, Madrid, December 8, 1843.

<sup>85</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>86</sup> C. D. Warner, "Washington Irving," *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1880, p. 406.

## CHAPTER XXIII

<sup>1</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 7, 1844 (Y.).

<sup>2</sup> See II, 122. Madame Calderón de la Barca also disliked Bulwer. "Why England makes a point of choosing such representatives for Spain, she knows best." Madame Calderón de la Barca to W. H. Prescott, Madrid, November 17, 1843, *The Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott, 1833-1847*, ed. Roger Wolcott (Boston and New York, 1925), p. 410. Yet Irving was deceived in respect to Bulwer's ability. For an account of his marked achievements in Spain, see the article on him in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

<sup>3</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, December 20, 1843 (Y.).

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* Madame Calderón de la Barca thought the Carinis "rather an ignoble looking couple, with a suspicious air of *parvenus* about them, though he has come to offer a Neapolitan Prince to our Queen." Madame Calderón de la Barca to W. H. Prescott, Madrid, January 8, 1844, *Correspondence . . . Prescott*, p. 432. The allusion is to the Count of Trapani, the weak-minded brother of the Queen Mother.

<sup>5</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 7, 1844.

<sup>6</sup> Madame Calderón de la Barca to W. H. Prescott, Madrid, January 8, 1844, *Correspondence . . . Prescott*, p. 432.

<sup>7</sup> Irving to A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State, Madrid, January 19, 1844 (D.S.).

<sup>8</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 7, 1844.

<sup>9</sup> Luis González Bravo (1817-1871). See II, 173, 183. Madame Calderón repeated her own opinion and the gossip of Madrid: "... a Deputy, called González Bravo, who when still young had edited an infamous paper called the *Guirigay*, in which he had spoken of Queen Christina in terms which no woman or Queen could ever forgive. Moreover his wife is the sister of the celebrated actress, Matilde Díaz, and of Romea the actor, and was herself an actress. Imagine this man, who is clever and pushing, and is a good speaker, suddenly finding himself Minister of State! without the slightest experience, without any knowledge of forms or of the etiquette of a court, and what is of more importance, totally inexperienced in affairs." Calderón refused to serve as Under-Secretary of State under González Bravo. Madame Calderón de la Barca to W. H. Prescott, Madrid, January 8, 1844, *Correspondence* . . . Prescott, p. 431.

<sup>10</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, February 10, 1844 (Y.).

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>13</sup> W. H. Prescott to Charles Dickens, Boston, August 31, 1842, *Correspondence* . . . Prescott, p. 315.

<sup>14</sup> Madame Calderón, a vivacious Scotswoman, formerly Frances Erskine Inglis, had, with her sister and mother, conducted schools on Staten Island and in Baltimore. At the age of thirty-four (1838) she married Don Ángel Calderón de la Barca, who had served two years as Spanish Minister to Washington. He now became Minister to Mexico, but was recalled in 1841. After stays in Cuba, the United States, and Spain, he was appointed in 1844 Minister at Washington for the second time, until 1853. Irving and Calderón wrote Madame Calderón, "suit each other exactly." Madame Calderón de la Barca to W. H. Prescott, Madrid, January 8, 1844, *Correspondence* . . . Prescott, p. 433. Madame Calderón herself, "a little lady with a bird-like voice" (*idem*, p. xvi), witty, intellectual, published in 1843 her *Life in Mexico*, and was drawn to Irving by various kindred interests. She became a Catholic, and after her husband's death (1861) was given charge of the eldest child of Isabella II. In 1875 she became a marchioness in her own right, and continued her intimate connection with the court until her death in 1882. Irving refers constantly to the Calderóns, even in official dispatches; e.g., March 2, 1844 (D.S.). See indices of *George Ticknor: Letters to Pascual de Gayangos*, ed. C. L. Penney (New York, 1927), *Prescott: Unpublished Letters to Gayangos* . . . , ed. C. L. Penney (New York, 1927), and *Correspondence* . . . Prescott.

<sup>15</sup> Madame Calderón de la Barca to W. H. Prescott, Madrid, January 8, 1844, *idem*, p. 430.

<sup>16</sup> Prescott had sent Madame Calderón a copy in the year of its publication. W. H. Prescott to Madame Calderón de la Barca, Nahant, July 28, 1841, and Madame Calderón de la Barca to Prescott, Havana, February 16, 1842, *idem*, pp. 239, 287.

<sup>17</sup> Madame Calderón lent Irving her copy of this work, in sheets. Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, December 20, 1843. Lord Morpeth wrote vainly to Irving for an article on Prescott's book for the *Edinburgh Review*. Madame Calderón de la Barca to W. H. Prescott, Madrid, January 8, 1844, *Correspondence* . . . Prescott, p. 433. Prescott sent Irving a copy of *The Conquest of Mexico* in January, 1844. W. H. Prescott to Irving, Boston, February 29, 1844 (T.). Irving was of constant service to both Prescott and Ticknor in securing books for use in America; e.g., W. H. Prescott to Irving, [n.p.] December 15, 1845, *Correspondence* . . . Prescott, pp. 564-565.

<sup>18</sup> (London, 1843).

<sup>19</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 7, 1844.

<sup>20</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 18, 1845 (Y.).

<sup>21</sup> The wife of John O'Shea, the banker, whom Irving knew first in 1826. "O'Shea is a warm hearted Irishman who has resided in Madrid for many years . . .

and has accumulated a large fortune by banking and by contracts with the government." *Ibid.*

<sup>23</sup> Calderón spoke of Espartero's "extreme and insufferable vanity and crass ignorance." See his letters to Prescott, Mexico, May 25, 1841, Edinburgh, July 16, 1843, *Correspondence* . . . Prescott, pp. 224, 377.

<sup>28</sup> Don Pascual de Gayangos y Arce was educated in both Spain and France, and married Fanny Revell, the daughter of John Revell, an Englishman. See in the present work, II, 115. He was the tireless literary agent in Spain of Ticknor and Prescott, and was a distinguished editor and writer, best known in America for his translation of Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*. He knew and respected Irving, but few records of their acquaintance have survived either in the Gayangos papers in the Biblioteca Nacional, or elsewhere. Ticknor discussed Irving frequently with Gayangos. See *George Ticknor: Letters to Pascual de Gayangos*, Index. For full details of the career of Gayangos, see Prescott: *Unpublished Letters to Gayangos*, pp. 150-151, and James Fitz-Maurice Kelly's article concerning him in the *Revue Hispanique*, IV (1897), 337-341.

<sup>24</sup> Irving never forgot this singer. Ten years later he wrote fully of her entrance (May 4, 1854) into a convent of a most rigorous order. "Poor Leocadia!" Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, March 28, 1853 (Wentworth C. Bacon, Millbrook, New York). Leocadia Zamora's portrait was painted by Federico de Madrazo. See *Espasa*, XXXI, plate facing p. 1366.

<sup>25</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, March 16, 1844 (Y.).

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>27</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, April 6, 1844 (Y.).

<sup>28</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, May 10, 1844 (Y.).

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>30</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, December 6, 1844 (Y.).

<sup>31</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, February 29, 1844 (Y.). Irving wrote a long, detailed description of this wedding to Mary Irving, Madrid, March 15, 1844, P.M.I., III, 323. "Louis Napoleon and Eugénie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France!—one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other, whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada!" Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, March 28, 1853.

<sup>32</sup> July 30, 1844.

<sup>33</sup> See Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, February 10, 1844.

<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>35</sup> Irving to Mrs. P. M. Irving, Madrid, April 28, 1844, P.M.I., III, 341.

<sup>36</sup> Francisco de Paula Martínez de la Rosa Berdejo Gómez y Arroyo (1787-1862), now the Spanish representative in France. For an interesting glimpse of the amiable Martínez de la Rosa, theater-goer and poet even in the midst of his political vicissitudes, see *The Attaché in Madrid; or, Sketches of the Court of Isabella II*, translated from the German (New York, 1856), p. 87.

<sup>37</sup> Irving to A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State, Madrid, January 19, 1844.

<sup>38</sup> See II, 132.

<sup>39</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, February 9, 1844 (Y.).

<sup>40</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>41</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>42</sup> To Irving this policy was an especial irritant. See, in particular, his letter to Mrs. Paris, Madrid, February 9, 1844.

<sup>43</sup> Irving to A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State, Madrid, February 6, 1844 (D.S.).

<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>45</sup> González Bravo to Irving, Madrid, February 16, 1844, in Notes from the Spanish Government from July 30, 1842, to July 28, 1846 . . . , p. 245 (American Embassy, Madrid).

<sup>46</sup> Madame Calderón de la Barca to W. H. Prescott, Escorial, March 8, 1844, *Correspondence* . . . Prescott, p. 452.

- <sup>47</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, March 23, 1844 (Y.).
- <sup>48</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>49</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, March 16, 1844 (Y.).
- <sup>50</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, March 23, 1844.
- <sup>51</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>52</sup> Irving to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, Madrid, July 10, 1845 (D.S.).
- <sup>53</sup> See H. B. Clarke, *Modern Spain 1815-1898* (Cambridge, England, 1906), pp. 205-206.
- <sup>54</sup> Irving's letter of congratulation (Barcelona, July 4, 1844) to Narváez is in Notes to the Spanish Government, 1840-1846 (American Embassy, Madrid).
- <sup>55</sup> Irving to the Secretary of State, Madrid, May 6, 1844 (D.S.).
- <sup>56</sup> *Ibid.* Another description, less formal, and referring to Narváez's love of lavish entertainment, is contained in a letter to J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, Madrid, December 7, 1844 (D.S.).
- <sup>57</sup> See II, 134-135.
- <sup>58</sup> Hamilton tendered his resignation on July 4, 1844. Alexander Hamilton to J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, Liverpool, July 4, 1844 (D.S.). Hamilton was the last of the three aides who had originally accompanied Irving to Madrid, to return to the United States. In letter after letter of this year Irving expresses his affection for Hamilton. See especially letter to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, May 15, 1844 (Y.): "I had no idea how important he was to my comfort and enjoyment. He has so endeared himself to me by his kindness in sickness; his generous sympathies on all occasions; by his honorable principles; his bright intelligence; his varied information and his happy disposition that, while he was in the house I needed no other companions; and he was almost always at home. . . . To-day there is an inexpressible loneliness in my mansion, and its great saloons seem uncommonly empty and silent. I feel my heart choking me as I walk about and miss Hamilton from the places and seats he used to occupy."
- <sup>59</sup> The son of Irving's old friend Brockholst Livingston, with whom he had read law in New York. Irving admired Livingston's talents, especially his intimate knowledge of the Spanish language. See dispatches of 1844, *passim*. Livingston's arrival in Madrid was noticed by *El Heraldo* on June 15, 1844.
- <sup>60</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Barcelona, June 30, 1844 (Y.).
- <sup>61</sup> *Ibid.* This letter contains long descriptions of Barcelona's plazas, buildings, and, in particular, its opera.
- <sup>62</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Barcelona, July 28, 1844 (Y.).
- <sup>63</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Barcelona, July 14, 1844 (Y.).
- <sup>64</sup> J. H. Livingston to J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, Madrid, August 7, 1844 (D.S.).
- <sup>65</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Barcelona, July 28, 1844. Irving added to this letter under later dates, completing it at Versailles on August 13.
- <sup>66</sup> This was Douglas Fitch, brother of Asa Fitch, the founder of the famous firm of Fitch Brothers and Company, of Marseilles, New York, and other American cities. See Walter Barrett [J. A. Scoville], *The Old Merchants of New York City* (New York, 1872), I, 58-61. Copies of Irving's correspondence with Fitch exist in Consular and Miscellaneous Letters; e.g., Madrid, May 5, 1845 (American Embassy, Madrid).
- <sup>67</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Barcelona, July 28, 1844.
- <sup>68</sup> The chief reason for this visit to Birmingham was Mrs. Van Wart's serious illness, from which she was just recovering. Irving described minutely the family life of the Van Warts. Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, The Shrubbery, Edgbaston [Birmingham], August 30, 1844 (Y.).
- <sup>69</sup> Irving to J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, Paris, October 16, 1844 (D.S.).
- <sup>70</sup> William Rufus Devane King (1786-1853), later Vice-President under President Franklin Pierce. President Tyler sent him to France as Minister in 1844. His chief task was to secure a frank statement from King Louis Philippe concerning his



attitude toward the annexation of Texas. King was recalled in 1846. Irving had first met him in Liverpool when the latter was returning from service in Russia. Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, May 24, 1844 (Y.).

<sup>11</sup> See Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris [Paris, November ? 1844], P.M.I., III, 362-363.

## CHAPTER XXIV

<sup>1</sup> The correspondence concerning the Spanish laws of quarantine began in a dispatch of January 25, 1844, and continued throughout the year. Vessels from America were compelled to be under observation eight days, although ships from other countries, in Europe, were admitted to their ports on arrival. In the semi-official dispatch (D.S.) written to Calhoun on October 16, 1844, from Paris, Irving reported his conversation with the Texan *chargé d'affaires* in that city. This gentleman assured Irving that hopes for annexation of Texas to the United States were at an end, and expressed the desire of Texas for direct representation in Madrid. The best instance of the endless cases of routine which Irving managed is that of Máximo Aguirre, a Spaniard appointed to the consulship at Bilbao. This Spaniard, fined by his own Government, sought refuge under American consular privileges, which were denied him *officially* on the ground that he was a citizen of Spain. Arrogant and obtuse, Aguirre could not be convinced of the illegality of his claims. The letters, beginning in Vail's *régime*, extended through Irving's, and provoked, though an insignificant subject, some of Irving's best official writing. These well-reasoned and sarcastic letters of Irving's concerning Aguirre are in Consular and Miscellaneous Letters (American Embassy, Madrid).

<sup>2</sup> A. P. Upshur to Irving, Washington, January 9, 1844 (D.S.).

<sup>3</sup> J. M. Callahan, "Cuba and Anglo-American Relations," *Annual Report of the American Historical Association for the Year 1897* (Washington, 1898), p. 195.

<sup>4</sup> Quoted in F. E. Chadwick, *The Relations of the United States and Spain . . .* (New York, 1909), p. 183.

<sup>5</sup> Callahan, *op. cit.*, pp. 197, 206.

<sup>6</sup> *Idem*, p. 209.

<sup>7</sup> J. H. Latané, "The Diplomacy of the United States in Regard to Cuba," *Annual Report . . . American Historical Association . . . 1897*, p. 231.

<sup>8</sup> Quoted by Latané, *op. cit.*, p. 231. In January, 1843, Webster wrote Campbell, consul at Havana, to the same effect and sent a copy of the letter to Irving. *Idem*, pp. 231-232. See also A. P. Upshur to Irving, Washington, October 10, 1843, *idem*, p. 232, footnote 2.

<sup>9</sup> C. R. Fish, *The Rise of the Common Man, 1830-1850* (New York, 1929), p. 315.

<sup>10</sup> Irving described during this year a proposed "coalition between the French and Spanish colonies, Brazil, and the Southern parts of the United States to protect themselves from the abolition intrigues and machinations of England." Irving to J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, Paris, October 16, 1844.

<sup>11</sup> See Latané, *op. cit.*, p. 232. In 1838 it was believed that Great Britain planned to revolutionize the island or to occupy it for the purpose of suppressing the slave trade. *Idem*, p. 231.

<sup>12</sup> Irving to A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State, Madrid, March 2, 1844 (D.S.).

<sup>13</sup> Abel Parker Upshur (1790-1844), Secretary of State, 1843-1844, a staunch exponent of slavery and states' rights.

<sup>14</sup> See II, 128.

<sup>15</sup> Irving to A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State, Madrid, March 2, 1844.

<sup>16</sup> A. P. Upshur to Irving, Washington, January 9, 1844. See also A. P. Upshur to Irving, Washington, February 17, 1844 (D.S.).

<sup>17</sup> Irving to A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State, Madrid, March 2, 1844.

<sup>18</sup> One error of Argáiz was in communicating America's attitude to the *second*

person in command in Cuba. This action seemed to imply that he thought General Váldéz, in command, was in league with the enemy. *Ibid.* Another mistake was his mismanagement of the affair of the *Amistad*. See II, 114. Fifty-three pages of manuscript (Y.) show Irving's management of this case during his first year (1842-1843) in Spain.

<sup>19</sup> Irving to A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State, Madrid, March 2, 1844. See also Irving to the Secretary of State, Madrid, April 2, 1844 (D.S.).

<sup>20</sup> "Cuba became an object of desire, not only in the eyes of the slaveholding population of the South as an acquisition to slave territory, but of a large part of the nation, by reason of its strategic importance commanding the interoceanic transit routes of Central America, which formed the most available line of communication with our rapidly developing interests in California; consequently various attempts were made to annex the island to the United States, both by purchase from Spain and forcibly by filibustering expeditions." Latané, *op. cit.*, p. 232.

<sup>21</sup> Irving to the Secretary of State, Madrid, April 23, 1844 (D.S.).

<sup>22</sup> Irving to J. C. Calhoun, Paris, October 16, 1844.

<sup>23</sup> Irving to J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, Madrid, January 18, 1845 (D.S.). The question of Cuba was greatly complicated by that of slavery, which in 1833 England had abolished in all her possessions. If England created a republic of blacks under British control, it would deeply influence the institution in America. "With," Webster wrote, "600,000 blacks in Cuba and 800,000 in her West India islands, she [England] will, it is said, strike a death blow at the existence of slavery in the United States." Daniel Webster to Irving, Washington, January 17, 1843, quoted in Latané, *op. cit.*, p. 232.

<sup>24</sup> Irving to J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, Madrid, February 8, 1845 (D.S.).

<sup>25</sup> Irving to J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, Madrid, January 18, 1845. During Irving's absence Martínez de la Rosa had been relieved of his post in Paris, and had been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs.

<sup>26</sup> Irving to General Narváez, Madrid, March 10, 1845 (copy, D.S.).

<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>28</sup> General Narváez to Irving, Madrid, March 19, 1845 (copy, D.S.).

<sup>29</sup> In a conversation with Irving, Martínez de la Rosa informed him that Argüiz had fully enlightened the Spanish Government in regard to the policy of the United States toward Cuba. Irving to J. C. Calhoun, Madrid, February 8, 1845.

<sup>30</sup> Isabella had now taken part in the political maneuvering, and when the Cortes met in 1844 had made the usual promises about reforms. These were the subject of half-cynical comment from Livingston. J. H. Livingston to J. C. Calhoun, Madrid, October 19, 1844 (D.S.). Irving, however, greatly admired Isabella's speech on this occasion. Discurso pronunciado por S. M. la Reina Doña Isabel II en la solemne apertura de las Cortes el día 10 de octubre de 1844. A copy of this speech is preserved in the American Embassy, Madrid.

<sup>31</sup> "The Queen Mother, being a little tender in conscience and under the influence of some of the most bigotted of the priesthood; is thought to incline to ultra monarchical and apostolical measures. Narváez has come out bravely in opposition to any measures of the kind." Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, February 19, 1845 (Y.).

<sup>32</sup> Irving to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, Madrid, July 10, 1845 (D.S.).

<sup>33</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris, Madrid, February 19, 1845.

<sup>34</sup> Irving to James Buchanan, Madrid, July 10, 1845.

<sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>36</sup> Irving to James Buchanan, Madrid, August 23, 1845 (D.S.).

<sup>37</sup> A letter book of Irving's dispatches from Spain at this time shows the vast correspondence of these years (G.W.).

<sup>38</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris [Madrid, November 26? 1844], P.M.I., III, 366.

<sup>39</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, November 30, 1844 (Y.). Two operas by Verdi were being sung, *Nebuchadnezzar* (Solera's *Nabucco*) and *Hernani*, as well as Irving's favorites, *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, at the Circo, within a short distance from his lodgings in the Calle de las Infantas.

<sup>40</sup> Madame Calderón described this ball. Madame Calderón de la Barca to W. H. Prescott, Madrid, January 8, 1844, *The Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott, 1833-1847*, ed. Roger Wolcott (Boston and New York, 1925), p. 432.

<sup>41</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 10, 18, 25, February 14, 1845 (Y.).

<sup>42</sup> W. H. Prescott to Pascual de Gayangos, Pepperell, August 27, 1845, quoted in *Correspondence . . . Prescott*, p. 551.

<sup>43</sup> Augusto Conte, *Recuerdos de un diplomático* (Madrid, 1901), chap. ix.

<sup>44</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, November 29 [1844 ?] (Y.). For an account of Irving's stay in Naples, see I, 63.

<sup>45</sup> During 1845 Irving alluded frequently to the possibility of his resigning his post. See P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes (G.W.).

<sup>46</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, January 18, 1845.

<sup>47</sup> The Alburquerque and O'Sheas had been living in Irving's old quarters, the hôtel of the Duke of San Lorenzo in the Calle Mayor.

<sup>48</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, April 11, 1845 (Y.). This letter describes Irving's delight in the opera. He had seen Moriani several times in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

<sup>49</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, July 10, 1845 (Y.).

<sup>50</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, February 27, 1845 (Y.).

<sup>51</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, June 13, 1845 (Y.).

<sup>52</sup> Irving to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, Madrid, June 25, 1845 (D.S.). A dispatch to Buchanan on July 10 contains an account of the economic awakening, as he believed it to be, of the Peninsula.

<sup>53</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, February 27, 1845. The change in circumstances included Irving's losses through his investment in Astor's lands: "On December 18, 1844, Doty sold out all his one-fourth interest in the lands at Green Bay to Astor for \$4,000—a striking evidence of the great decline in the property's value." Others had also deserted the enterprise. Irving had sold back his interest, bought at \$4,000, for \$2,100. K. W. Porter, *John Jacob Astor, Business Man* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1931), II, 866-867.

<sup>54</sup> A principal motive in this change was his determination to resign shortly from his post as Minister. The new arrangement, by disposing of his household effects, made it possible for him to leave Madrid almost upon receipt of his discharge. Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, August 29, 1845 (Y.).

<sup>55</sup> Irving left the affairs of the Legation, during the temporary absence of Livingston, in the care of Alburquerque. Irving to Antonio Caballero, Madrid, September 8, 1845 (Archivo del Ministerio de Estado, Madrid). On the journey to Paris, he detoured, in memory of the past, to Tonneins (see I, 52-53). He proceeded from Bordeaux to Nantes by water, thence up the Loire to Orléans, and by rail to Paris.

<sup>56</sup> See E. I. McCormac, "Louis McLane," *The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy*, ed. S. F. Bemis (New York, 1927-1929), IV, 297.

<sup>57</sup> *The Brooklyn Eagle, and Kings County Democrat*, January 24, 1846.

<sup>58</sup> Irving to Mrs. Louis McLane, Madrid, August 16, 1845 (R. M. Hughes, Norfolk, Virginia).

<sup>59</sup> Max Farrand, *The Development of the United States . . .* (Boston [1918]), p. 198.

<sup>60</sup> *Idem*, p. 195. For a history of this issue see J. S. Reeves, *American Diplomacy under Tyler and Polk* (Baltimore, 1907), pp. 190-242.

<sup>61</sup> *Idem*, p. 190.

<sup>62</sup> Louis McLane to James Buchanan, London, January 3, 1846 (D.S.). See also

England, Louis McLane, J. McHenry Boyd, August 4, 1845, November 16, 1845 (D.S.).

<sup>68</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, London, February 2, 1846 (Y.).

<sup>69</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>70</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>71</sup> See Reeves, *op. cit.*, pp. 263-264.

<sup>72</sup> Nothing more is known of the exact nature of Irving's services in respect to this issue. I am informed by Professor Frederick Merck, of Harvard University, that the Polk Papers at Washington, the Buchanan Papers at Philadelphia, the surviving McLane correspondence, and contemporary newspapers throw no further light on the matter. McLane's private papers were long ago destroyed by fire.

<sup>73</sup> Irving to Don Juan Wetherell, Alhambra, July 27, 1829 (H.E.H.).

<sup>74</sup> Jackson perhaps confused G. W. Erving, an earlier Minister to Spain, with Irving. See J. S. Bassett, *The Life of Andrew Jackson* (Garden City, New York, 1911), II, 747.

<sup>75</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, May 10, 1845 (Y.).

<sup>76</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>77</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, June 13, 1845.

<sup>78</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, June 5, 1845 (Y.).

<sup>79</sup> Irving always emphasized this aspect of his appointment.

<sup>80</sup> Irving to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, Paris, December 12, 1845 (D.S.).

<sup>81</sup> Irving described Don Enrique in a dispatch to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, Madrid, July 10, 1845.

<sup>82</sup> Irving to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, Madrid, April 8, 1846 (D.S.).

<sup>83</sup> Irving to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, Madrid, March 19, 1846 (D.S.).

<sup>84</sup> Irving to P. M. Irving, Madrid [June 24, 1846], P.M.I., III, 389.

<sup>85</sup> Irving to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, Madrid, July 18, 1846 (D.S.).

<sup>86</sup> "Calderón was charged to inform himself diligently of occurrences in Cuba, from every vessel that arrived from that island at Washington, — the Minister having supposed Washington a seaport, in frequent intercourse with Havana!" Irving to the Secretary of State, Madrid, April 23, 1844.

<sup>87</sup> "The manner in which we have passed through the great ordeal of the Oregon question, and the firm and fearless way in which we have maintained our rights, to the very verge of a war with the most powerful nation in the world, will have a salutary effect on all our foreign relations. I already feel the benefit of it in my own sphere; and rejoice in seeing the national name breaking with fresh lustre through a cloud of prejudice which had artfully of late years been cast over it in Europe." Irving to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, Madrid, July 18, 1846. Cf. his comment that there "are two events [the Oregon question and the victory on the Rio Grande] calculated to elevate the national name in Europe." Irving to T. W. Storrow, Madrid, July 12, 1846 (Y.).

<sup>88</sup> Copy of a letter of Irving's to Xavier Istúriz, Madrid, July 17, 1846, in Notes to the Spanish Government, 1840-1846 (American Embassy, Madrid).

<sup>89</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, August 14, 1845 (Y.).

<sup>90</sup> Mrs. Storrow was absent from Paris on her visit to America from April to October.

<sup>91</sup> James Buchanan to Irving, Washington, May 14, 1846, quoted in *The Works of James Buchanan* (Philadelphia, 1908-1911), VI, 489. His letter of April 25 informed Irving of General Saunders' appointment (*idem*, VI, 465-466) and also expressed his appreciation of Irving's services as Minister to Spain.

<sup>92</sup> Romulus Mitchell Saunders (1791-1867), Minister to Spain from 1846 to 1849. Prescott lamented his appointment, declaring that Saunders could speak neither Castilian nor French. W. H. Prescott to Pascual de Gayangos, Nahant, June 29, 1846, *Correspondence* . . . Prescott, p. 606.

<sup>88</sup> W. H. Prescott to Pascual de Gayangos, Peppercell, October 9, 1846, *Prescott: Unpublished Letters to Gayangos* . . . , ed. C. L. Penney (New York, 1927), p. 65. See also *George Ticknor: Letters to Pascual de Gayangos*, ed. C. L. Penney (New York, 1927), p. 177.

<sup>89</sup> A manuscript in the Archivo del Ministerio de Estado records that General Saunders' audience was two days later, July 31. See also *Gaceta*, August 1, 1846, and James Buchanan to Irving, Washington, April 25, 1846, *The Works of James Buchanan*, VI, 465-466.

<sup>90</sup> July 29 would appear to be the date from a manuscript dated July 28, 1846, in the Archivo del Ministerio de Estado. President Polk's letter to Queen Isabella, relieving Irving from his appointment, is dated Washington, February 27, 1846 (Archivo del Ministerio de Estado). Irving's letter requesting this audience, directed to the Marquis of Miraflores, Madrid, March 11, 1846, is in the Archivo del Ministerio de Estado.

<sup>91</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris [Madrid, July 29? 1846], P.M.I., III, 391.

<sup>92</sup> Irving to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, Madrid, August 1, 1846 (D.S.).

<sup>93</sup> Irving to Mrs. Catherine Paris [Madrid, July 29? 1846], P.M.I., III, 392.

<sup>94</sup> In London Irving saw very few of his friends. Among many who were disappointed was Leslie. C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, August 20, 1846, C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), p. 344. See also *idem*, p. 334. Irving wrote two more dispatches, one from London, and another from New York, both concerned with mediation by Spain between Mexico and the United States. This course was continued by General Saunders. James Buchanan to General Saunders, Washington, December 7, 1846, quoted in *The Works of James Buchanan*, VII, 129.

<sup>95</sup> See M. B. Field, *Memories of Many Men* . . . (New York, 1874), p. 30.

<sup>96</sup> The great romantic poet José de Espronceda y Delgado died in the year of Irving's arrival in Spain, but, among the other living romantic authors, Irving seems not to have known or read such writers as Ángel de Saavedra (1791-1865), Antonio Gutiérrez (1812-1884), Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch (1806-1880), or José Zorrilla. The last-named, however, was interested in Irving. Irving's sole acquaintance with the romantics of the mid nineteenth century was apparently with Francisco Martínez de la Rosa. See following note, 97.

<sup>97</sup> This Spaniard ranked *The Conquest of Granada* with Florian's *Gonzalo de Córdoba* and Chateaubriand's *El último Abencerraje*. See Francisco Martínez de la Rosa, *Doña Isabel de Solís* (Paris, 1837), "Advertencia," p. ix. The private papers of Martínez de la Rosa, which may have contained references to Irving, have been dispersed. Jean Sarrailh to the present writer, Poitiers, May 28, 1928. An idea of Martínez de la Rosa's attitude toward the Queen may be had from Miguel Martínez de la Riva y Quintas, *Biografía del excmo. Sr. D. Francisco Martínez de la Rosa* . . . (Madrid, 1915), pp. 195-239.

<sup>98</sup> See II, 209-210.

<sup>99</sup> The first letter in this long correspondence is that to J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, Madrid, April 17, 1845 (D.S.). Earlier dispatches of the year are concerned with the mooted question of the quarantine of American vessels. The nature of other business is suggested by the correspondence between Irving and Buchanan. See *The Works of James Buchanan*, VI, 155-156, 287.

<sup>100</sup> Irving to Henry Brevoort, Bordeaux, November 26, 1843 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>101</sup> "What a pity," exclaimed Prescott, "that we cannot have a corps of educated diplomatists to keep up the credit of our country abroad! But we have no idea of regarding diplomacy as a profession that requires particular training, and we fancy that every man among us is by birthright diplomatist, general, and member of Congress. *Omnia novit*." W. H. Prescott to Pascual de Gayangos, Nahant, June 29, 1846, *Correspondence* . . . , Prescott, p. 606.

<sup>102</sup> Irving to M. H. Grinnell, Madrid, February 9, 1844 (Y.).

<sup>103</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Madrid, June 20, 1845 (Y.).

<sup>104</sup> W. C. B., *Discourse*, p. 35.

<sup>105</sup> *Op. cit.*, I, 128-129.

<sup>106</sup> Irving to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, Madrid, May 25, 1845 (D.S.).

## CHAPTER XXV

<sup>1</sup> Journal, September 18, 1846 (H.W.L.D.). See also *The Diary of Philip Hone, 1821-1851*, ed. Allan Nevins (New York, 1927), September 19, 1846.

<sup>2</sup> Irving to Mrs. J. P. Kennedy, Sunnyside, March 11, 1853 (P.I.).

<sup>3</sup> Irving to Mrs. J. P. Kennedy, Sunnyside, February 8, 1855 (P.I.).

<sup>4</sup> *Irv.*, p. lii.

<sup>5</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, July 15, 1852 (Y.).

<sup>6</sup> His letters to the nieces during his stay in Spain are filled with exhortations not to be economical (letters in possession of Mrs. E. M. Grinnell, New York City).

<sup>7</sup> Irving to Mary Kennedy, Sunnyside, April 10, 1853. This series of letters (W. R. Cooke, Galveston, Texas), a product of his friendship with Miss Kennedy's father, J. P. Kennedy, reflects clearly the moods of Irving's last years. See S. T. Williams and L. B. Beach, "Irving's Letters to Mary Kennedy," *American Literature*, March, 1934.

<sup>8</sup> P.M.I., III, 397.

<sup>9</sup> *Harper's Magazine*, June, 1881.

<sup>10</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, [Sunnyside] July 5, 1849 (Y.).

<sup>11</sup> "I have settled with the rail road company who have paid me \$2500 in cash and 1000 in stock at par — which draws seven per cent interest. So I think I have done as well as my neighbors who have been more litigious." Irving to Catherine Irving, April 10 [P.] 1848 (Mrs. E. M. Grinnell).

<sup>12</sup> Irving to Gouverneur Kemble, Sunnyside, August 7, 1850, P.M.I., IV, 67.

<sup>13</sup> J. K. Paulding to J. S. Sims, Hyde Park, July 14, 1854, W. I. Paulding, *Literary Life of James K. Paulding* (New York, 1867), p. 362.

<sup>14</sup> E. V. Blake, *History of the Tammany Society* (New York [1901]), p. 34.

<sup>15</sup> G. P. R. James dedicated to Irving his novel *Thirty Years Since*, and in it described him. For an account of their relations, see *Graham's Magazine*, January, February, 1852.

<sup>16</sup> See E. R. Pennell, *Charles Godfrey Leland . . .* (Boston, 1906), I, 220, 233; Bayard Taylor to Mary Agnew, [n.p.] August 11, 1848, *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, ed. Maric Hansen-Taylor and H. E. Scudder (Boston, 1884), I, 128. Taylor dedicated to Irving his book of travels. A detailed description of Irving's personal appearance at about this time may be found in C. D. Warner, "Washington Irving," *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1880, pp. 399-400.

<sup>17</sup> Thackeray to his daughter, New York, December 3, 1852, J. G. Wilson, *Thackeray in the United States 1852-3, 1855-6* (New York, 1904), I, 45.

<sup>18</sup> Irving's writings had now considerable circulation in Sweden. During 1851-1852 Willard Fiske lectured at Upsala upon Irving and other American writers. "Amerikanska Författare [av] Romantiska. Irving Cooper Hawthorne . . ." (leaflet in possession of H. S. White, Harvard University).

<sup>19</sup> e.g., "Washington Irving; his Home and his Works," *New York Quarterly*, April, 1855; G. W. Bungay, *Off-hand Takings . . .* (New York [1854]), pp. 141-146; *Dublin University Magazine*, March, 1855; *Christian Review*, April, 1850.

<sup>20</sup> Fredrika Bremer to her sister, Brooklyn, November 5, 1849, Fredrika Bremer, *The Homes of the New World*, tr. by Mary Howitt (New York, 1853), I, 57.

<sup>21</sup> This was an unusual privilege. Irving had repeatedly declined to sit for other portraits, of either brush or pencil. Irving to R. W. Griswold, Sunnyside, October 21, 1846, *Passages from the Correspondence and Other Papers of Rufus W. Griswold* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1898), p. 212. Henry Ward Beecher explained Irving's refusals to sit for portraits as part of his "life-long plan of being known

only as he looked in middle life." J. C. Derby, *Fifty Years among Authors, Books and Publishers* (New York, 1886), p. 473. Portraits of Irving continued to appear in books and magazines; e.g., N. P. Willis, *Hurry-Graphs* . . . (New York, 1851), p. 256.

<sup>22</sup> Fredrika Bremer to her sister, Brooklyn, November 5, 1849, Bremer, *op. cit.*, I, 58.

<sup>23</sup> *Idem*, I, 60.

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>25</sup> *Idem*, I, 60-61.

<sup>26</sup> Irving's sister, Catherine Irving Paris, died on December 23, 1849. See the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, December 26, 1849. The nieces at Sunnyside in these years were apparently Catherine Anne (1816-1911); Sarah (1817-1900); Julia (1818-1861); Mary Elizabeth (1820-1868); Charlotte (1824-1911). All these were daughters of Ebenezer Irving. Charlotte in 1847 married W. R. Grinnell and moved to a farm near Aurora, New York. From data in the possession of Mrs. E. M. Grinnell. See Appendix I, The Irving Genealogy, Tables III and IV.

<sup>27</sup> Fredrika Bremer to her sister, Brooklyn, November 5, 1849, Bremer, *op. cit.*, I, 61.

<sup>28</sup> A favorite topic for gossip. See G. H. Putnam, "Personal Recollections of Washington Irving," *Valentine's Manual of Old New York* (New Series, 1920), pp. 53-54.

<sup>29</sup> Brooklyn, June 2, 1850, H. S. White, *Willard Fiske, Life and Correspondence; A Biographical Study* (New York, 1925), p. 346. This letter contains detailed descriptions of Irving and Sunnyside.

<sup>30</sup> Irving visited Willis at Idlewild in 1854, and liked him much better than on other occasions. Irving to J. P. Kennedy, Sunnyside, August 31, 1854 (P.I.). Willis was hardly less a disciple of Irving's than Mitchell; e.g., N. P. Willis to Irving, Idlewild, January 9, 1855 (Y.).

<sup>31</sup> "Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozzens," *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, May, 1890.

<sup>32</sup> Irving to L. G. Clark, Sunnyside, June 14, 1855, in an undated clipping in my possession. Other evidence of these activities is contained in letters of Irving's to E. B. Gurney, Sunnyside, October 8, 1851 (N.Y.P.L.); to A. J. Downing, Sunnyside, September 28, 1850 (T.). Irving had been elected to the Maryland Historical Society in 1845. Irving to Branz Mayer, Madrid, May 6, 1845 (Maryland Historical Society). Irving declined the office of president of the Shakespeare Society. Irving to Robert Balmano, Sunnyside, April 21, 1852 (copy, N.Y.P.L.); Irving to J. Hedges, [n.p.] January 22, 1848 (sold at the American Art Association, New York City, February 13-14, 1924). Various "Irving Societies" were now in existence. Irving to Irving Society of College of St. James, [Sunnyside?] March 28, 1848, in an unidentified newspaper clipping in my possession. See also Irving to C. P. Dewey, Sunnyside, October 15, 1851 (E.W.H.), and Irving to R. F. Adair, Sunnyside, February 6, 1851 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>33</sup> Irving to Charles Lanman, Sunnyside, October 15, 1847 (H.), and January 23, 1852 (N.Y.P.L.). To H. R. Schoolcraft, Sunnyside, May 5, 1851 (N.Y.P.L.), and November 10, 1851 (*Knickerbocker*, January, 1852). After Schoolcraft's dedication of a book to Irving, the latter wrote him: "Go on, my dear Sir, complete the noble work you have commenced and be assured your name will remain among the loved and honored names of our country. You have secured for yourself a lasting reputation that will outlive the temporary clouds of criticism." Sunnyside, October 27, 1853 (L.C.). To the same, June 28 [1855?] (L.C.). See also Irving's letter to Frederick Saunders in *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, April, 1932.

<sup>34</sup> "The names of several important characters are Dutch. The style of the book [*Leather Stocking and Silk*, 1854] is Irvingesque, particularly in passages which contrast the old with the new in the life of the Virginia border." J. O. Beatty, *John Esten Cooke, Virginian* (New York, 1922), p. 34. The *Athenaeum* (London) pointed out this debt, and Cooke admitted it.

<sup>85</sup> See I, 317-318.

<sup>86</sup> See II, 100.

<sup>87</sup> The most complete account of Hawthorne's reading may be found in Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The American Notebooks*, ed. Randall Stewart (New Haven, 1932).

<sup>88</sup> See chap. xx, note 55.

<sup>89</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne, *A Wonder-Book, Tanglewood Tales, and Grandfather's Chair* (Boston, 1888), p. 167. See also "A Book of Autographs," *Tales, Sketches, and Other Papers* (Boston, 1888), p. 106.

<sup>40</sup> e.g., *Athenaeum* (London), June 15, 1850.

<sup>41</sup> "Masterly! masterly!! masterly!!!" Irving said of *The Scarlet Letter*. P.M.L., IV, 86. This and *The House of the Seven Gables* were "two of the best works of fiction that have issued from the American press." Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, May 6, 1851 (Y.). Similar judgments may be found in a letter to the same, Sunnyside, March 28, 1853 (Wentworth C. Bacon, Millbrook, New York). Irving's comments on Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* are of the same character. See "Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozzens."

<sup>42</sup> Irving to Nathaniel Hawthorne, [Sunnyside?] July 19, 1852 (H.E.H.).

<sup>43</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne to Irving, Concord, July 16, 1852 (Y.).

<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.* For a possible meeting with Emerson, see his letter to Bancroft, [New York] March 23 [1850] (Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association, Cambridge, Massachusetts).

<sup>45</sup> See I, 177.

<sup>46</sup> See Irving to H. T. Tuckerman, Sunnyside, December 8, 1852, and to Sir Robert Harry Inglis (describing Tuckerman's literary achievements), Sunnyside, December 8, 1852 (Mrs. Edwin Dimock, New London, Connecticut).

<sup>47</sup> The old friendships were drawing to a close. In 1849 Irving wrote his reminiscences of Thomas Campbell. Moore died in 1852, Rogers in 1855. For Irving's last communications with Leslie, see C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, May 31, 1847, Hampton, August 29, 1852, and [n.p.] May 13, 1854. C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), pp. 336, 348, 350. Irving aided Payne, probably for the last time, in 1849. Irving to J. M. Clayton, Secretary of State, New York, April 4, 1849 (Y.). This letter recommends J. H. Payne for a position in the State Department. The last record of the friendship with William C. Preston occurs in a letter to Irving, Columbia, South Carolina, March 31, 1852 (G.S.H.). Paulding outlived Irving by one year. With Kennedy, Irving was on friendly terms until 1859. He continued his relations with Bancroft. George Bancroft to Irving, [n.p.] November 4, 1850 (G.S.H.). See also M. A. De W. Howe, *The Life and Letters of George Bancroft* (New York, 1908), II, 105. An interesting friendship of these later years was that with R. C. Winthrop, begun in 1840. Irving to R. C. Winthrop, Sunnyside, April 4, 1853, and April 23, 1854 (Mass.). See also R. C. Winthrop, *A Memoir of Robert C. Winthrop* (Boston, 1897), p. 229.

<sup>48</sup> D. G. Mitchell, *Bound Together* (New York, 1884), pp. 3-4.

<sup>49</sup> The standard biography of Mitchell is by W. H. Dunn, *The Life of Donald G. Mitchell: Ik Marvel* (New York, 1922). An excellent sketch of Mitchell may be found in R. D. French, *The Memorial Quadrangle . . .* (New Haven, 1929), pp. 265-270.

<sup>50</sup> Mitchell, *Bound Together*, p. 4.

<sup>51</sup> Irving's acknowledgment is printed in Dunn, *op. cit.*, p. 228.

<sup>52</sup> He eulogized, in particular, *Reveries of a Bachelor*. Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, May 6, 1851.

<sup>53</sup> Irving to D. G. Mitchell, Sunnyside, December 31, 1851 (E. Ryerson, Lake Forest, Illinois).

<sup>54</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, November 10, 1852 (Y.). The two writers were frequently linked in the magazines; e.g., *Dodge's Literary Museum*, March 26, 1853.



<sup>55</sup> See Irving to Catherine Irving, Saratoga Springs, July 25, 1852 (Mrs. E. M. Grinnell).

<sup>56</sup> See *Dream Life* . . . (New York, 1876) "A New Preface," pp. v-xiii.

<sup>57</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>58</sup> *Idem*, p. vii.

<sup>59</sup> See the *New York Ledger*, January 21, 1860.

<sup>60</sup> See II, 278. Kennedy dedicated the American edition of *Horseshoe Robinson* (1835) to Irving. See also Irving to J. P. Kennedy, Baltimore, February 24, 1833 (P.L.). Kennedy and Irving first met at Baltimore on June 18, 1832. J. P. Kennedy, Manuscript Diary (P.L.). P. M. Irving names a later date. P.M.I., III, 50.

<sup>61</sup> See E. M. Gwathmey, *John Pendleton Kennedy* (New York, 1931), and *Swallow Barn*, ed. J. B. Hubbell ([New York 1929]).

<sup>62</sup> Irving to Mrs. J. P. Kennedy, Sunnyside, February 8, 1855.

<sup>63</sup> This collection, in the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, has recently been made available. Some of the letters have been ably edited and published by Professor Killis Campbell. For these and other Kennedy papers, see the *Sewanee Review*, January, April, and July, 1917. The collection includes also letters to Edward Gray and to J. P. Kennedy's niece, Mary Kennedy. The letters begin in 1833 and end in 1859. A few of the letters in this collection were published by H. T. Tuckerman (*The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy*, New York, 1871) and by P. M. Irving.

<sup>64</sup> June 20 to July 11, 1853. This journey included Charlestown, where Irving, in search of material, inspected Audley, Mrs. Washington Lewis' home. See Tuckerman, *The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy*, pp. 358 ff. About ten days later Kennedy saw Irving in New York, and again met him at Saratoga on August 1. The two friends then passed a few days together at Niagara. Kennedy visited Sunnyside on August 30, and Irving made a second pilgrimage with Kennedy to Virginia between October 13 and 22. See also *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, August, 1862.

<sup>65</sup> Davis made his New York house for a time a resort for Halleck and other Knickerbocker "wits." More light is thrown upon his friendship with Irving in various letters; e.g., A. H. Everett to Henry Clay, Madrid, December 18, 1826 (United States Legation, Madrid, No. 60); Irving to Davis, Sunnyside, February 11, 1850 (G. A. Baker Company, New York City); to the same, Sunnyside, September 12, 1851 (G. A. Baker Company); to the same, Sunnyside, August 10, 1852 (N.Y.P.L.). See also *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, April 8, 1850.

<sup>66</sup> Irving to J. P. Kennedy, New York, June 5, 1835; June 9, 1835; December 25, 1835; November 8, 1846; November 11, 1853 (P.L.). Irving was at one time a director of the Niagara Fire Insurance Company. Clipping from an unidentified newspaper, December 30, 1850 (N.Y.H.S.).

<sup>67</sup> Irving to Mrs. J. P. Kennedy, Sunnyside, February 8, 1855.

<sup>68</sup> Edward Gray, Kennedy's father-in-law, with whom Irving spent much time. He describes his life in Gray's home in various letters to Kennedy; e.g., Sunnyside, March 22, 1856 (P.L.). See also J. P. Kennedy to Irving, Baltimore, March 21, 1856 (G.S.H.).

<sup>69</sup> J. P. Kennedy, Diary, February 27, 1853.

<sup>70</sup> *Idem*, January 26, 1853.

<sup>71</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, March 28, 1853.

<sup>72</sup> Irving was on intimate terms with the Fillmores. See R. C. Winthrop, *Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions, from 1869 to 1879* (Boston, 1879), III, 308.

<sup>73</sup> Irving to J. P. Kennedy, Sunnyside, April 2, 1853 (P.L.).

<sup>74</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>75</sup> A friendly letter from Irving to Cooper, evidently a result of this interview, is printed in *Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper*, ed. J. F. Cooper (New Haven, 1922), II, 690.

<sup>76</sup> Irving was one of six executors. Irving to J. F. Watson, New York, April 6,

1848 (Penn.). See also *Diary of Philip Hone*, ed. Nevins, March 29, 1848, and James Parton, *Life of John Jacob Astor* (New York, 1865), p. 98.

<sup>17</sup> *Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper*, II, 588.

<sup>18</sup> The amount paid to Irving was \$10,592.66. See K. W. Porter, *John Jacob Astor, Business Man* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1931), II, 1055.

<sup>19</sup> The committee consisted of Rufus W. Griswold, Bancroft, Bryant, Halleck, and Irving. The original plan included an address by J. P. Kennedy. J. P. Kennedy, *Diary*, October 11, 1851. Irving lamented to Kennedy that once more he had failed in a public speech. He attended the Publishers' Festival in New York in 1855, but apparently made no speech. See the *Philadelphia North American*, September 29, 1855, and Derby, *op. cit.*, pp. 39-40. At this dinner he again met Moses Thomas, his old publisher.

<sup>20</sup> *Memorial of James Fenimore Cooper* (New York, 1852), p. 7. A letter written immediately after Cooper's death eulogizes him in the same vague terms, saying: "His works form an invaluable part of our literature, and from the nature of their subjects are in some measure identified with our political and social history. His 'Leather-Stocking Tales' and his 'Tales of the Sea,' those eminent inventions of his genius, have opened regions of romance which he has made his own." Irving to L. G. Clark, Sunnyside, October 6, 1851, in an unidentified newspaper clipping in my possession.

<sup>21</sup> P.M.I., IV, 104.

<sup>22</sup> See *Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper*, II, 610-611.

<sup>23</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, July 17, 1848 (Y.).

<sup>24</sup> *Hogg's Weekly Instructor* (Edinburgh, 1848), I, 402.

<sup>25</sup> This office Irving held until his death. See Irving to Joseph Cogswell, Sunnyside, August 27, 1850 (N.Y.P.L.); to the same, Sunnyside, February 15, 1852 (Boston Public Library). He had been made a trustee in 1842. See the *Southern Literary Messenger*, April, 1842, and H. M. Lydenberg, *History of the New York Public Library* (New York, 1923), pp. 6, 9, 13.

<sup>26</sup> One such distinction was the rare honorary membership in the Smithsonian Institution, conferred on August 1, 1849. Only seven such members have been elected, among them Albert Gallatin and Benjamin Silliman. Records of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

<sup>27</sup> Irving is generally believed to have lived at the corner of Irving Place and Seventeenth Street. This has been denied by John Irving, a grand-nephew of Washington Irving, "The third-story front room in my father's house [John Treat Irving, nephew of Washington Irving] was set apart for his uncle, who had his books and papers there and could work undisturbed. He came and went as he pleased, sometimes staying a week or a month; and once he stayed nearly all Winter. . . .

"I can say positively that he never lived at the corner of Irving Place and Seventeenth Street. . . . We lived in East Twenty-first Street when my uncle stayed with us." *New York Times*, September 10, 1927. See *idem*, September 5, 1927, and the *New York Sun*, December 21, 1934. See also Irving to Aaron Ward, New York, April 7[?] 1848 (T.), and Lawrence Williams, "A Ghost in Irving Place," *Bookman*, September, 1909, pp. 53-55.

<sup>28</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, New York, February 27, 1848 (Y.). His interest in the drama still survived, and he was among the signers of a letter to Macready, the actor, on May 9, 1849. See *The Memorial History of the City of New York*, ed. J. G. Wilson (New York, 1893), III, 432, footnote. See also B. J. Lossing, *History of New York City* (New York [1844]), p. 517. This incident was discussed in Spain.

<sup>29</sup> *New York Commercial Advertiser*, May 5, 1845.

<sup>30</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, New York, February 27, 1848.

<sup>31</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Van Wart, [Sunnyside] August 29, 1847, P.M.I., IV, 25.

<sup>32</sup> "I wish to heavens nature would restore to the poor negroes their tails and settle them in their proper place in the scale of creation. It would be a great relief

to both them and the abolitionists, and I see no other way of settling the question effectually." Irving to J. P. Kennedy, Sunnyside, April 27, 1851 (P.L.). Irving alludes jokingly to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852). See also Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, January 13, 1852 (Y.). He was still deeply interested in European politics. Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, January 13, 1852; Sunnyside, May 29, 1852; Sunnyside, June 27, 1855 (Y.). See also Irving to George Sumner, New York, August 2, 1848 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>98</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, September 19, 1853 (Y.). Among Irving's most recent losses was Henry Brevoort, who died on May 17, 1848. See *Diary of Philip Home*, ed. Nevins, May 17, 1848.

<sup>99</sup> In 1839 he was still negotiating for the publication of this ill-fated book. Irving to Marsh, Capon, Lyon and Webb, Greenburgh, April 15, 1839 (G.W.).

<sup>100</sup> Published in January, 1855. See II, 226-227.

<sup>101</sup> See II, 227-231.

<sup>102</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, February 15, 1847 (Y.).

<sup>103</sup> Irving to Mrs. P. M. Irving, Sunnyside, April 30, 1847, P.M.I., IV, 19.

<sup>104</sup> Scores of articles appeared in magazines outside New York; e.g., T. S. Perry, "Washington Irving," *Portland Transcript*, November 23, 1850.

<sup>105</sup> *United States Magazine* . . . , December, 1847. In 1845 the packet ship *Washington Irving* had been built for Train's Boston-Liverpool line. *Grace Log*, January-February, 1931.

<sup>106</sup> *United States Magazine* . . . , December, 1847.

<sup>107</sup> "Washington Irving," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, April, 1851.

<sup>108</sup> W. M. Thackeray, "Nil Nisi Bonum," *Roundabout Papers* (London, 1863), pp. 339-352.

<sup>109</sup> e.g., *The Irving Offering for 1852* (New York).

<sup>110</sup> Irving to J. L. [?] Whitney, Sunnyside, February 2, 1852 (Penn.). One example of this kind of influence was *The Irving Sketch Book*, published semi-monthly by the Irving Association (Elmira [New York], 1854). Irving to the Irving Association of Cambridge, Sunnyside, December 27, 1857, in a newspaper clipping in my possession.

<sup>111</sup> e.g., *The Crayon Reading Book; Comprising Selections from the Various Writings of Washington Irving*, Prepared for the Use of Schools (New York, 1849). See also the selections from Irving's writings in Wiley and Putnam's "Library of American Books" (New York, 1847). See Bibliography. His sketches and stories were still republished in magazines; e.g., *Boston Museum*, December 8, 1849.

<sup>112</sup> Félix Bourquelat and Alfred Maury, *La Littérature française contemporaine 1827-1849* (Paris, 1852), IV, 357-359. Émile Montégut analyzed Irving's work in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, October 15, 1849, pp. 325-326, 328. His reputation in Spain continued. *Semanario Pintoresco Español*, August 12, 1849. A revised version of Villalta's translation of the *Columbus* (1851) passed through three editions in four years.

<sup>113</sup> July, 1845, p. 69.

<sup>114</sup> December, 1847. See also the *Eclectic Magazine*, November, 1848; *Christian Review*, April, 1850; *New Monthly Magazine*, April, 1853; *Eclectic Magazine*, June, 1853 (reprinted from *Colburn's Magazine*). The ghost of Navarrete rose again in the newspapers of 1850. Irving to C. A. Davis, Sunnyside, February 11, 1850. A eulogy typical of the period may be found in Bungay, *op. cit.*, pp. 141-146. A curious little pamphlet was published by G. P. Putnam, presumably about 1855, called *Tributes to Washington Irving on the Publication of Wolfert's Roost* [New York, 1855?]. It contains excerpts from some twenty-five American newspapers, including those of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, New Bedford, Raleigh, Cleveland, Zanesville, St. Louis, Chicago, and New Orleans. All these are in the familiar strain of sentimental praise.

<sup>115</sup> The cheap London editions had had their influence in Germany. Tauchnitz

says that during five years (1850-1855) the sale of the recent books was as follows : "Life of Mahomet 2057 copies, Successors of Mahomet 1505 copies, Oliver Goldsmith 1278 copies." Bernhard Tauchnitz to Irving, Leipzig, August 4, 1855 (G.W.).

<sup>111</sup> *Recollections of a Literary Life* (New York, 1852), p. 516. The passage records at length evidence of the currency of Irving's writings.

<sup>112</sup> There is no record of the printing of this novel, by John Holt Ingraham, in newspaper form. The earliest dated edition was brought out by Harper and Brothers in 1839.

<sup>113</sup> Robert Montgomery Bird (1803-1854).

<sup>114</sup> October 12, 1839, p. 127.

<sup>115</sup> e.g., in 1850 Bohn added *The Conquest of Granada* to his "Shilling Series." *Critic* (London), June 15, 1850. Irving's writings also reappeared in England in large, handsomely illustrated editions. See the *Athenaeum* (London), February 23 and May 4, 1850. See also Bibliography.

<sup>116</sup> *Harper's Weekly*, May 27, 1871, p. 492. See also the *Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1850; *Critic* (London), March 15, 1850. For a discussion of the rights of foreigners to English copyright, see R. E. Spiller and P. C. Blackburn, *A Descriptive Bibliography of the Writings of James Fenimore Cooper* (New York, 1934), Introduction. "A revision in 1838 did not clarify this point materially, and the rights of English publishers rested in a series of favorable court decisions until the House of Lords decided in 1854, in the case of *Jeffreys vs. Boosey*, that there existed under the law no such protection." *Idem*, pp. 4-5. See Bibliography, Introduction.

<sup>117</sup> This document attempted to prove Irving an English author by reason of his birth and his long residence in England. Murray's efforts to establish these facts are revealed in a letter to him from an unknown correspondent, [u.p.] July 26, 1850 (G.W.).

<sup>118</sup> For an estimate of Irving's income from his writings in England and the United States, see P.M.I., IV, 410-411.

<sup>119</sup> Irving to Colburn and Bentley [n.p., n.d.], quoted in *Harper's Weekly*, May 27, 1871.

<sup>120</sup> John Murray, Jr., to Irving [n.p., 1853 ?], Samuel Smiles, *A Publisher and His Friends: Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray . . .* (London, 1891), II, 162.

<sup>121</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>122</sup> See the *Knickerbocker*, January, 1840.

<sup>123</sup> Boston, December 24, 1839, George Ticknor, *Life of William Hickling Prescott* (Philadelphia [1863]), p. 166.

<sup>124</sup> See the *Knickerbocker*, January, 1840.

<sup>125</sup> *Ibid.* See Irving to James Wynne, New York, October 23, 1848, *Harper's Magazine*, February, 1862.

<sup>126</sup> "There is no American writer who awakens such associations as Mr. Irving. Salmagundi carries us back to the very dawn of our literature; Knickerbocker was like the opening of an exhaustless mine; the Sketch Book was the first American book which Englishmen read." *Christian Review*, April, 1850. The New York *Evening Post*, August 31, 1848, praised the reappearance of Diedrich Knickerbocker.

<sup>127</sup> This edition was Putnam's first important venture after he established himself alone in 1848. Derby, *op. cit.*, pp. 306-307. He had, however, approached Irving on the subject in 1845. See G. H. Putnam, *George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir* (New York, 1912), p. 85. Putnam was to publish at his own expense, and Irving was to receive twelve and a half per cent on the retail price of all copies sold. P.M.I., IV, 41. The project was successful. "That these dealings have been profitable is mainly owing to your own sagacity and enterprise. You had confidence in the continued vitality of my writings when my mousing Philadelphia publishers had suffered them to mould in their hands and had almost persuaded me they were defunct. You called them again into active existence and gave them a circulation

that I believe has surprised even yourself." Irving to G. P. Putnam, Sunnyside, December 27, 1852, in J. L. Graham's copy of Irving's biography of Washington (N.Y.P.L.). An interesting account of Irving's difficulties in securing the publication of his works is contained in the *Life and Writings of Frank Forester* (Henry William Herbert), ed. D. W. Judd (New York, 1882), I, 48.

<sup>128</sup> Cooper had watched Irving's scheme: "The sale of Irving's works had altogether stopped, but several thousands will go off, and have indeed gone off, under this new plan." *Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper*, II, 607.

<sup>129</sup> *A History of New York*, September, 1848; *The Sketch Book*, October, 1848; *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, Vol. I, November, 1848; *Bracebridge Hall*, December, 1848; *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, Vol. II, January, 1849; *idem*, Vol. III, February, 1849; *Tales of a Traveller*, March, 1849; *Astoria*, April, 1849; *The Crayon Miscellany*, May, 1849; *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A.*, June? 1849; *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, August? 1849; *Mahomet and His Successors*, Vol. I, December, 1849; *idem*, Vol. II, April, 1850; *The Alhambra*, May, 1850; *The Conquest of Granada*, August? 1850. Through this edition the circulation of Irving's writings received new impetus. "Of all American authors," wrote H. C. Carey in 1853, "those of school-books excepted, there is no one of whose books so many have been circulated as those of Mr. Irving. Prior to the publication of the edition recently issued by Mr. Putnam, the sale had amounted to some hundreds of thousands, and yet of that edition, selling at \$1.25 per volume, it has already amounted to 144,000 volumes." *Letters on International Copyright* (New York, 1868, 2d ed.), p. 63.

<sup>130</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, New York, February 27, 1848.

<sup>131</sup> See Irving to P. M. Irving, Sunnyside, April 15, 1847, P.M.I., IV, 17.

<sup>132</sup> *Idem*, IV, 64-65.

<sup>133</sup> He declined to do more hack work, such as the "miscellaneous volume" planned by G. P. Morris. Irving to G. P. Morris, Sunnyside, January 3, 1853, and January 6, 1853 (Y.).

<sup>134</sup> Charles Lanman to Peter Force, [Washington] February 20, 1853, in an undated newspaper clipping (April 8, 1883?) in my possession.

<sup>135</sup> Irving to his nieces, Washington, February 4 [1853], P.M.I., IV, 129.

<sup>136</sup> *Idem*, IV, 152.

## CHAPTER XXVI

<sup>1</sup> See I, 283.

<sup>2</sup> The school editions of the life of Goldsmith are numerous; see Bibliography.

<sup>3</sup> *The Collected Works of William Hazlitt*, ed. A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover . . . (London, 1902), IX, 183.

<sup>4</sup> See I, 177-178.

<sup>5</sup> e.g., *Literary Gazette*, September 26, 1820; *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*, May 25, 1822; *Universal Review*, November, 1824; *Quarterly Review*, March, 1825.

<sup>6</sup> *Tales of a Traveller*, pp. 149-151.

<sup>7</sup> pp. 317-323.

<sup>8</sup> Preface, p. 4.

<sup>9</sup> *Irv.*, p. xvi.

<sup>10</sup> See *Tales of a Traveller*, pp. 149-151. See also Ferdinand Künzig, *Washington Irving und seine Beziehungen zur englischen Literatur des 18. Jahrhunderts* (Heidelberg, 1911), pp. 45-54.

<sup>11</sup> See I, 79.

<sup>12</sup> p. 4.

<sup>13</sup> P.M.I., IV, 60-61.

<sup>14</sup> *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, with Selections from His Writings* (New York, 1840), I, 10, footnote. Irving's source was probably the "Prefatory Memoir

to Goldsmith" in "Ballantyne's Novelist's Library." See *The Novels of Sterne, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Mackenzie, Horace Walpole, and Clara Reeve* (London, 1823), pp. xxiii-xxxix.

<sup>15</sup> See P.M.L., IV, 59. See also the *Knickerbocker*, November, 1840, p. 442. See Bibliography.

<sup>16</sup> See Preface, p. 4. See James Wynne, "Washington Irving," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, February, 1862.

<sup>17</sup> John Forster, *The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith* (London, 1877), II, 148, footnote. See *idem*, I, 153-154.

<sup>18</sup> *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, ed. E. W. Emerson and W. E. Forbes (Boston, 1910), VIII, 97, February, 1850.

<sup>19</sup> December 1, 1849.

<sup>20</sup> November 17, 1849.

<sup>21</sup> See the *Critic* (London), February 1, 1850. See also *idem*, January 1, 15, 1850.

<sup>22</sup> See I, 357.

<sup>23</sup> Irving's studies in this tongue were elementary.

<sup>24</sup> e.g., the thirty-four pages on Islamism in the *Southern Quarterly Review*, July, 1851. The nineteenth-century interest in Mahomet was stimulated by Gustav Weil, *Mohammed der Prophet* (Stuttgart, 1843); J. L. Merrick, *The Life and Religion of Mohammed* (Boston, 1850); Aloys Sprenger, *Life of Mohammed . . .* (Part I, Allahabad, 1851), and his *Das Leben und die Lehre des Mohammed . . .* (Berlin, 1861-1865); William Muir, *Life of Mahomet* (London, 1858-1861). Once more, then, Irving availed himself of a stream of popular interest.

<sup>25</sup> Irving to an unknown correspondent, Paris, September 24, 1844 (Good-speed's Book Shop, Boston).

<sup>26</sup> e.g., Irving's version, I, 115, with *La Vie de Mahomet . . . traduite et compilée de l'Alcoran . . .* par Mr. Jean Gagnier (Amsterdam, 1732), I, 196 ff. Cf. also Irving's version, I, 294-301, with Weil, *op. cit.*, pp. 268-277.

<sup>27</sup> e.g., cf. Irving's version, II, 122-128, and Simon Ockley, *The History of the Saracens . . .* (London, 1718), I, 193-206; Irving, II, 50-56, and the Abbé de Marigny, *The History of the Arabians* (London, 1758), I, 79-87; Irving, II, 270-277, and Joseph Hammer-Purgstall, *Gemäldeaal der Lebensbeschreibungen grosser moslemischer Herrscher der ersten sieben Jahrhunderte der Hidschret* (Leipzig, 1837-1838), I, 290-292.

<sup>28</sup> Preface, p. vi.

<sup>29</sup> I, 196-197.

<sup>30</sup> October, 1850, p. 274. On the other hand, some magazines censured him for his evasion of these issues. See the *New York Church Review*, October, 1850.

<sup>31</sup> April 13, 1850. See also *idem*, March 16, 1850; *New York Evening Post*, January 5, 1850; *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes* (Berlin), 1850, pp. 213-215 (a partial translation); *idem*, 1851, pp. 333-335, 339-340, 343-344, 346-348, 350-351; *idem*, 1849, p. 484 (this reviewer christened Irving "the American Plutarch").

<sup>32</sup> P.M.L., IV, 13-19.

<sup>33</sup> See *Harper's Weekly*, May 27, 1871, p. 495.

<sup>34</sup> See Bibliography. Some of the essays had been republished since their appearance in the *Knickerbocker*; e.g., *Dodge's Literary Museum*, November 26, 1853.

<sup>35</sup> See *Littell's Living Age*, January, February, March, 1855.

<sup>36</sup> (New York, 1856), p. 66. See also *idem*, pp. 64-88.

<sup>37</sup> D. G. Mitchell, *Dream Life . . .* (New York, 1876), "A New Preface," pp. ix-x.

<sup>38</sup> *Athenaeum* (London), February 17, 1855.

<sup>39</sup> *Littell's Living Age*, August 11, 1855.

<sup>40</sup> See *idem*, March 24, 1855.

<sup>41</sup> *Ibid.* In Germany *Wolfert's Roost* was popular. See *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes* (Berlin), 1855, p. 201.

- <sup>42</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, New York, October 20, 1851 (Y.).
- <sup>43</sup> Irving to Archibald Constable, Paris, August 19, 1825 (H.E.H.). See also Thomas Constable, *Archibald Constable and His Literary Correspondents . . .* (Edinburgh, 1873), II, 430-432.
- <sup>44</sup> H. B. Adams, *The Life and Writings of Jared Sparks* (Boston, 1893), II, 598.
- <sup>45</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>46</sup> J. K. Paulding, *A Life of Washington* (New York, 1835).
- <sup>47</sup> Irving to Messrs. Langleys, Sunnyside, December 13 [1841], *Historical Magazine*, January, 1868.
- <sup>48</sup> (N.Y.P.L.).
- <sup>49</sup> Irving to R. C. Winthrop, Sunnyside, May 23, 1853 (Mass.): "I doubt whether the world will ever get a more full and correct idea of Washington than is furnished by Sparks collection of his letters with the accompanying notes and illustrations; and the preliminary biography." See also Irving to P. M. Irving, Washington, February 6, 1853, P.M.I., IV, 130.
- <sup>50</sup> H. B. Adams, *op. cit.*, II, 509.
- <sup>51</sup> Preface, p. vi.
- <sup>52</sup> H. B. Adams, *op. cit.*, II, 509.
- <sup>53</sup> G. E. Ellis, *Memoir of Jared Sparks, LL.D.* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1869), p. 61. Irving presented Sparks with an autographed set of the biography. See *Catalogue of the Library of Jared Sparks . . .* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1871), p. 91.
- <sup>54</sup> See G. P. Fisher, *Life of Benjamin Silliman . . .* (New York, 1866), II, 249-250. See also Irving to Benjamin Silliman, Sunnyside, July 15, 1856 (Y.).
- <sup>55</sup> C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, November 22, 1848, and January 18, 1852, C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections* (Boston, 1860), pp. 341, 347.
- <sup>56</sup> See Irving to R. C. Winthrop, Sunnyside, May 23, 1853.
- <sup>57</sup> W. H. Prescott to Irving, Boston, May 10, 1842 (N.Y.P.L.).
- <sup>58</sup> Irving to W. A. Duer, Sunnyside, December 5, 1855 (N.Y.H.S.).
- <sup>59</sup> Other instances of Irving's researches through correspondence are: Irving to Charles Lanman, Sunnyside, August 24, 1855 (G.S.H.); Irving to P. M. Irving [n.p., 1855?] (N.Y.P.L.); C. R. Leslie to Irving, London, November 22, 1848, Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 341; Irving to T. W. Storrow, Sunnyside, October 27, 1851 (H.); Irving to unknown correspondents, Sunnyside, October 15, 1855 (H.E.H.), and Sunnyside, 1857 (Penn.); Irving to S. C. Foster, New York, March 23, 1855 (N.Y.P.L.); Irving to Alfred Beebe, Sunnyside, December 7, 1855 (T.); Irving to R. S. Mackenzie, Sunnyside, September 4, 1855 (N.Y.P.L.).
- <sup>60</sup> D. G. Mitchell, *Bound Together* (New York, 1884), pp. 12-13.
- <sup>61</sup> See the *New-York Mirror*, January 23, 1836.
- <sup>62</sup> See chap. xxii, note 75.
- <sup>63</sup> See Irving to H. T. Tuckerman, Sunnyside, January 8, 1855[?] (Brick Row Bookshop, New York City).
- <sup>64</sup> "Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozzens," *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, May, 1890, p. 745.
- <sup>65</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>66</sup> Irving to H. T. Tuckerman, Sunnyside, January 8, 1855[?].
- <sup>67</sup> "Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozzens," pp. 741-742.
- <sup>68</sup> W. C. B., *Discourse*, p. 38.
- <sup>69</sup> See *Historical Magazine*, February, 1859, p. 257; *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, September, 1872.
- <sup>70</sup> e.g., the pages dealing with the "paternal cares of Washington." "The 'hysterical alarms' of the peaceful inhabitants of New York, which had provoked the soldierlike impatience and satirical sneers of Lee, inspired different sentiments in the benevolent heart of Washington. . . . How vividly does this call to mind the compassionate sensibility of his younger days." II, 327.
- <sup>71</sup> See H. B. Adams, *op. cit.*, II, 509.

<sup>72</sup> After Irving's death the manuscript of the biography was separated and widely distributed by Putnam, the publisher, and by P. M. Irving. Nearly every collection of Irvingiana contains sheets of this manuscript (N.Y.P.L.; H.E.H.; Y.; T. etc.).

<sup>73</sup> Irving to H. T. Tuckerman, Sunnyside, January 8, 1855[?].

<sup>74</sup> October, 1856, p. 537.

<sup>75</sup> "... less didactic and political than Marshall's, less historical and official than that of Sparks, and more familiar and minute than either." *North American Review*, July, 1856. The use of anecdote made a deep impression on contemporary readers. See T. W. Higginson, *Life and Times of Stephen Higginson* (Boston, 1907), pp. 3-4.

<sup>76</sup> e.g., *Washington and His Country; Being Irving's Life of Washington Abridged for the Use of Schools* . . . (Boston, 1887). See also the abridgment by John Fiske (Boston, 1887).

<sup>77</sup> July, 1856. For other notices of this biography see the *New York Tribune*, January 25, 1856; *New York Evening Post*, May 26, 1855; *Eclectic Review*, July, 1855; *Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1859; *Athenaeum* (London), August 16, 1856; *Putnam's Magazine*, July, 1855. See also *The Complete Writings of Charles Dudley Warner* (Hartford, Connecticut, 1904), IX, 248.

<sup>78</sup> See *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, XLIV, *passim*, and in particular in this volume, October, December, 1910. See the *Literature of American History* (Boston, 1902), p. 149. Abroad the biography was widely translated. See Bibliography.

<sup>79</sup> Few lives of Washington written between 1860 and 1880 omit respectful reference to the biography, and the customary attitude is that expressed by Edward Everett in his *The Life of George Washington* (New York, 1860), p. iv: "the great national works of MARSHALL, SPARKS, and IRVING." The more critical attitude toward the book seems to have begun about 1880; e.g., II. C. Lodge, *George Washington* (Boston [1889]), I, 12. The modern point of view is, on the whole, neglectful.

## CHAPTER XXVII

<sup>1</sup> See Irving to Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, March 28, 1853 (Wentworth C. Bacon, Millbrook, New York).

<sup>2</sup> e.g., Jonathan Oldstyle, Peter Stuyvesant, Nicholas Vedder, Squire Bracebridge, Fray Antonio Agapida.

<sup>3</sup> Asthma was the precursor and probably the cause of the enlargement of the heart which brought about Irving's death. J. O. Noyes, "Washington Irving As an Invalid," from an unidentified magazine clipping in my possession. Irving impressed upon Dr. J. C. Peters secrecy concerning the "danger of his life being brought to a close suddenly at any time." *New York Herald*, March 30, 1884. "Do not," he said, "tell it to the family." *Irv.*, p. lviii.

<sup>4</sup> Many expressions of this fear occur in P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes (G.W.).

<sup>5</sup> P.M.I., IV, 255.

<sup>6</sup> See *Irv.*, p. 1. See also Irving to L. G. Clark, New York, April 27, 1849 (T.).

<sup>7</sup> The bulk of his estate Irving left to his brother Ebenezer, "as a return for the early and brotherly affection shewn to me . . . when he was a man of business with a growing family to provide for, [he] generously shared his worldly advantages with me. . . ." Copy of Irving's will, December 3, 1858 (Morgan). This is apparently a revision of the earlier will. See II, 117. See also I, 144.

<sup>8</sup> P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes.

<sup>9</sup> Assertions concerning his orthodoxy were abundant after his death. See in particular, "Mr. Irving's Religious Character," *Irv.*, pp. xlii-xliii. See L. A. Banks,



*The Religious Life of Famous Americans* (Chicago [1904]), pp. 137-147. On the other hand, Daniel Wise lamented that Irving was not actually a Christian. See *Washington Irving* (New York, 1883), pp. 1-15.

<sup>10</sup> Irving's church affiliations began almost simultaneously with his occupation of Sunnyside. On June 1, 1837, he contributed money to Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry, in which his nephew Oscar Irving was already active. From this time he served at various times as committeeman, vestryman, and delegate to the national diocesan conventions, until his departure for Spain in 1842. He also attended in these years, in all probability, the services in Christ Church, organized by the Reverend Doctor Creighton in 1836. Doctor Creighton, later an intimate friend of Irving's, was rector of both churches until he devoted himself wholly, beginning in 1846, to the growing, fashionable Christ Church. It was this church, in which Ebenezer Irving was a warden until succeeded by Washington in 1851, which claimed the latter's allegiance from the time of his return from Spain until his death. Christ Church became the vital center of his religious life, though it should be noted that he probably maintained for a year or two his connection with Zion Church. Tradition says that he attended services here under Doctor Creighton's successor, the Reverend Grant Heyer; that this clergyman's sermons were sent to Sunnyside for Irving's more leisurely perusal; and that he offered to stand sponsor in baptism for children for whom no official godfather could be found. Irving was evidently interested in the Reverend Mr. Heyer's Unitarian heresies, which eventually caused his temporary withdrawal from the Episcopalian faith. I have been unable to locate certain letters of Irving's to Heyer which might throw further light on Irving's religious views in this period.

Beginning in 1848, Irving's name is omnipresent in the vestry records of Christ Church. He was a delegate to the national diocesan conventions in the years 1852, 1853, 1855, 1856, and 1857. During the last three years of his life he was an active member of the finance committee and devoted much time and money toward the building of the new church. He was a warden from 1851 to 1859. On December 12, 1859, were adopted the "Resolutions," a long, sincere, and moving memorial of Irving's association with the church. For these facts I am indebted to the Minutes of the Vestry, Records of Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry, and to the Minutes of the Vestry, Records of Christ Church, Tarrytown, and in particular to Edward Nichols, "The Religious Life of Washington Irving," unpublished essay (Y.).

Christ Church contains a tablet in Irving's memory, his pew, and his prayer book. Another prayer book bearing his name is in the possession of Wentworth C. Bacon, of Millbrook, New York. As part of Tarrytown's celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth, Christ Church used during Holy Week "the silver communion service set that Irving brought from Europe and gave to the church." *New York Times*, April 9, 1933. See the testimony of Mrs. John Morgan, a Sunday-school pupil of Irving's, *idem*, March 17, 1933; O. M. Sanford, "An Irving Centennial Fifty Years Ago," *Americana*, October, 1933, p. 459.

<sup>11</sup> *Harper's Weekly*, May 27, 1871, p. 496.

<sup>12</sup> See I, 5-6, 264.

<sup>13</sup> Vestry Records, Christ Church, Tarrytown.

<sup>14</sup> P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes.

<sup>15</sup> Manuscript (G.W.).

<sup>16</sup> See chap. xiv, note 100. See also "Autobiographical Notes of Washington Irving" (May 16, 1857), in an unidentified newspaper clipping in my possession.

<sup>17</sup> P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes. During these years it was rumored that Irving had turned Millerite. See the *Weekly Argus and Democrat* (Madison, Wisconsin), May 29, 1855.

<sup>18</sup> Irving to Edgar Irving, Sunnyside, January 28, 1858 (George Van Noddall, New York City).

<sup>19</sup> See *Irv.*, *passim*, and almost any New York newspaper between November 28 and December 5, 1859. See chap. xxvii, note 81.

<sup>20</sup> *Irv.*, p. lvi.

<sup>21</sup> Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, March 28, 1853. See to the same, April 24, 1856, and August 4, 1857 (Y.).

<sup>22</sup> Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book II, Hymn 19.

<sup>23</sup> Irving to R. C. Winthrop, Sunnyside, April 4, 1853 (Mass.).

<sup>24</sup> "I was for some time kept in anxious suspense as to my own affairs; stocks seeming to have lost their value and my publisher being in a state of insolvency. Fortunately I have experienced but a very moderate loss in my investments. . . ." Irving to Mrs. Sarah Storrow, Sunnyside, February 15, 1858 (Y.).

<sup>25</sup> Irving to C. A. Davis, Sunnyside, June 2, 1857 (G. A. Baker Company, New York City). See also to the same, Sunnyside, September 27, 1857 (Oliver Barrett, Chicago); G. F. Cogswell to George Ticknor, New York, November 25, 1858, [A. E. Ticknor] *Life of Joseph Green Cogswell As Sketched in His Letters* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1874), p. 277. In May, 1856, Irving was elected president of the consulting board in charge of Central Park. B. J. Lossing, *History of New York City* (New York [1884]), p. 609. On February 23, 1859, Irving heard Webster's speech before the Historical Society, delivered to an audience of more than three thousand. F. H. Wolcott, Manuscript Diary, February 23, 1859 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>26</sup> P.M.I., IV, 283. See also J. P. Kennedy to Irving, New York, October 23, 1859 (N.Y.P.L.), and J. P. Kennedy to Irving, New York, May 27, 1857 (T.). See also H. T. Tuckerman, *The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy* (New York, 1871), p. 142.

<sup>27</sup> See Marian Gouverneur, *As I Remember . . .* (New York, 1911), p. 127. See also, for Cozzens' account of a visit to Irving, *Lippincott's Magazine*, May, 1890, p. 739-748. Cozzens also described in detail a call at Sunnyside, *New York Ledger*, December 17, 1859. See also O. W. Holmes, in *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, 1859; E. E. Hale, *Memories of a Hundred Years* (New York, 1902), II, 75; J. E. Cooke, "Irving at Sunnyside in 1858," in an unidentified magazine clipping in my possession. P. M. Irving took exception to Cooke's description of Irving's personal appearance, and stated, also, that this visit was in 1859. P. M. Irving to R. W. Lawrence, Irvington, October 18 [?] 1865 (E.W.J.). See also H. A. Beers, *Nathaniel Parker Willis* (Boston, 1885), pp. 332-333; *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, July, 1864; "Washington Irving at Home," *Leisure Hour*, July 21, 1859; *Irv.*, pp. xlvii-1; *New York Herald*, May 2, 1855; *Journal of Thought and Happening*, November 19, 1859; *Home Journal*, November 20, 1856. Possibly the best of all these final descriptions is that by Theodore Tilton, "Half an Hour at Sunnyside," *Independent*, November 24, 1859.

<sup>28</sup> T. L. Cuyler, *Recollections of a Long Life* (New York [1902]), p. 119.

<sup>29</sup> P.M.I., IV, 310, 314.

<sup>30</sup> Poe died in 1849, Percival in 1856. Irving may have recalled in the *New-York Mirror* of some thirty years earlier a cluster of portraits, including his own, in which Percival's occupied the central position. See chap. xi, note 135. See the discussion of this poet's contemporary fame in H. R. Warfel, James Gates Percival: A Biographical Study, 1795-1834, Dissertation (Y.).

<sup>31</sup> G. W. Curtis, *Orations and Addresses* (New York, 1894), I, 46 (July 20, 1857). See the biographical sketch of Irving in the *Irish Quarterly Review*, October, 1858.

<sup>32</sup> See P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes.

<sup>33</sup> E. A. Duyckinck, Manuscript Diary, December 1, 1859 (N.Y.P.L.).

<sup>34</sup> P.M.I., IV, 305. "What a capital hit that was — such a strange, weird interest in it!"

<sup>35</sup> J. G. Wilson, *Thackeray in the United States 1852-3, 1855-6* (New York, 1904), I, 118.

<sup>36</sup> P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes.

<sup>37</sup> Thomas Gray, *The Bard*, II, 2.

- <sup>38</sup> P.M.I., IV, 277.
- <sup>39</sup> Congrevo's *The Mourning Bride*, Act II, Scene 1. This was the passage praised by Dr. Samuel Johnson.
- <sup>40</sup> P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes.
- <sup>41</sup> P.M.I., IV, 268.
- <sup>42</sup> E. A. Duyckinck, Manuscript Diary, August 25, 1857.
- <sup>43</sup> P.M.I., IV, 241-242.
- <sup>44</sup> See *idem*, IV, 279.
- <sup>45</sup> O. W. Holmes, in *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, December, 1859, p. 420.
- <sup>46</sup> P.M.I., IV, 320.
- <sup>47</sup> Clarence Cook, "A Glimpse of Washington Irving at Home," *Century*, May, 1887.
- <sup>48</sup> Irving to C. A. Davis, Sunnyside, April 4, 1859 (Y.).
- <sup>49</sup> P.M.I., IV, 261.
- <sup>50</sup> "In person he is not tall; probably he may be five feet six or seven inches high; his form rather round and full, but not corpulent; his countenance florid and slightly bronzed; his lips thick; his eyes blue or gray; his expression mild and benignant, with a slight tinge of mirthfulness; his air modest, with even a shade of diffidence; his voice is not clear, but rather husky, as if catarrhal; his conversation is animated and engaging, and he appears quite as willing to hear as to speak." G. P. Fisher, *Life of Benjamin Silliman* . . . (New York, 1866), II, 250 (August 20, 1856). See also Irving to Benjamin Silliman, Sunnyside, December 13, 1853 (Y.).
- <sup>51</sup> One of Irving's favorite books was still Alexander Slidell Mackenzie's *A Year in Spain*. His earlier connections with this book will be recalled. See I, 300-301.
- <sup>52</sup> See I, 335.
- <sup>53</sup> Mrs. Henry Fuller to Irving, [n.p.] May 25, 1856 (W. R. Langfeld, Philadelphia).
- <sup>54</sup> See Cook, "Irving at Sunnyside in 1858"; *The Memorial History of the City of New York*, ed. J. G. Wilson (New York, 1893), II, 633, footnote.
- <sup>55</sup> P.M.I., IV, 296.
- <sup>56</sup> Irving referred constantly to the burden of this correspondence; e.g., to J. A. Maitland, Sunnyside, December 12, 1857 (N.Y.P.L.). On one occasion he printed in the newspapers an apology for his laxity in letter-writing.
- <sup>57</sup> P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes.
- <sup>58</sup> *A History of New York* (1809), II, 102.
- <sup>59</sup> P.M.I., IV, 48.
- <sup>60</sup> *Idem*, IV, 196.
- <sup>61</sup> *Idem*, IV, 209. "I put it to the press with more doubt and diffidence than any work I ever published." *Idem*, IV, 212.
- <sup>62</sup> e.g., George Bancroft to Irving, [n.p.] May 30, 1855, P.M.I., IV, 194; J. L. Motley to Irving, Boston, August 7, 1857, *idem*, IV, 233-235; Irving to W. H. Prescott, Sunnyside, August 25, 1857, George Ticknor, *Life of William Hickling Prescott* (Philadelphia [1863]), p. 394; Prescott to Irving, Boston, January 3, 1856, P.M.I., IV, 203-205; Prescott to Irving, Lynn, August 7, 1857, *idem*, IV, 232-233. See also Irving to L. H. King, Sunnyside, June 17, 1857 (Ad. MS. 31897, B.M.); Irving to C. C. Felton, Sunnyside, May 17, 1859 (H. J. Mahars, Roselle, New Jersey).
- <sup>63</sup> P.M.I., IV, 252.
- <sup>64</sup> *Idem*, IV, 256.
- <sup>65</sup> *Idem*, IV, 270, 275.
- <sup>66</sup> Irving to Mrs. Edwin Bartlet, Sunnyside, March 14, 1859 (W.T.); P.M.I., IV, 275.
- <sup>67</sup> *Idem*, IV, 268.
- <sup>68</sup> J. C. Peters, *A Review . . . With an Appendix on the Illnesses of W. Irving* (New York, 1860).

<sup>60</sup> P. M. Irving, Manuscript Notes.

<sup>70</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>71</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>72</sup> P.M.I., IV, 279. See also the *New York Tribune*, April 19, 1859.

<sup>73</sup> Irving Paris to T. W. Storrow, New York, December 5 [?], 1859 (H.). See also E. A. Duyckinck, Manuscript Diary, January 1, 1860.

<sup>74</sup> See W. C. Preston to Irving, Charlottesville, Virginia, May 11, 1859, P.M.I., IV, 286-287. *Idem*, IV, 320. Irving to Preston, Sunnyside, August 9, 1859 (Mrs. W. C. Hopkins, Richmond, Virginia).

<sup>75</sup> See P.M.I., IV, 324.

<sup>76</sup> J. P. Kennedy, Manuscript Journal, October 31, 1859 (P.I.).

<sup>77</sup> From an unidentified newspaper clipping in my possession.

<sup>78</sup> Sarah Irving, the eighth child of Ebenezer Irving.

<sup>79</sup> Many accounts of this last day survive, but the most authentic is the hitherto unknown letter of Irving Paris to T. W. Storrow, New York, December 5 [?], 1859 (H.).

<sup>80</sup> *Ibid.* Another important record of this day is Edgar Irving to J. P. Kennedy, New York, November 29, 1859 (P.I.).

<sup>81</sup> Among the innumerable tributes at the time of his death the following may be particularly noted: Fitz-Greene Halleck to C. A. Davis, Guilford, Connecticut, December 19, 1859 (N.Y.P.L.); E. A. Duyckinck, Manuscript Diary, December 1, 1859; *Cornhill Magazine*, February, 1860; *Athenaeum* (London), January, 1860; *New York Times*, December 7, 1859; *New York Herald*, December 7, 1859. A collection of articles concerning Irving's death may be found in the Duyckinck Papers (N.Y.P.L.). A new flood of reminiscences, poems, articles, and other eulogies was released by the Memorial Meeting of the New York Historical Society, on April 3, 1860, at which Bryant spoke. Concerning this N. P. Willis wrote Brantz Meyer, [New York?] March 24, 1860 (Burton Historical Collection, Detroit): "They will overdo that. . . . Dear old Irving would wither in his grave if he were not past hearing of it." Abroad, Irving's death was almost unnoticed. See *El Museo Universal*, January 8, 1860, and *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes* (Leipzig), 1860, pp. 16-17.

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